

6

E

E

1

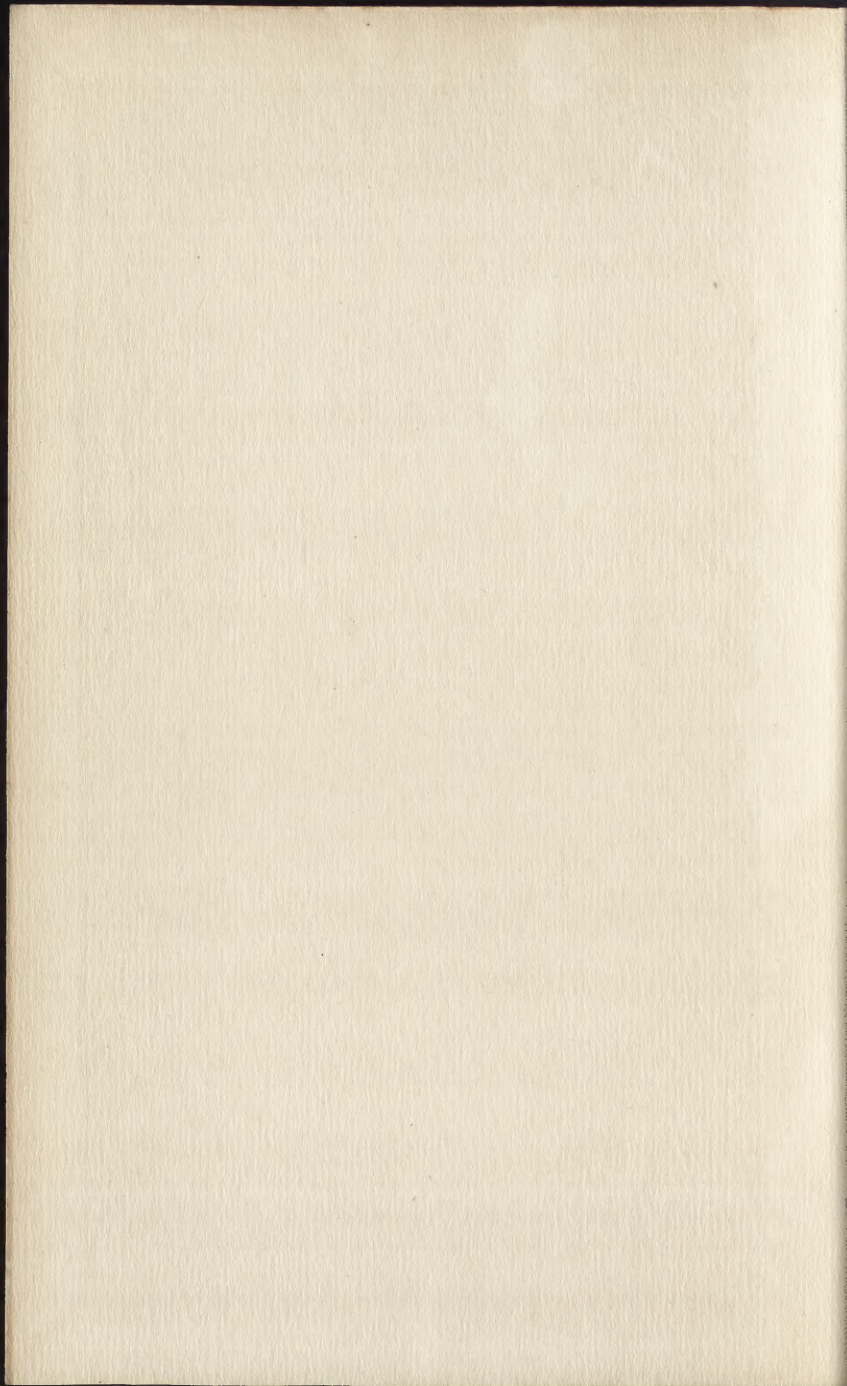
10



Ellis K. Waterhouse.

16. Feb. 1926.

d. d. Aunt Ruth & Uncle Jack.



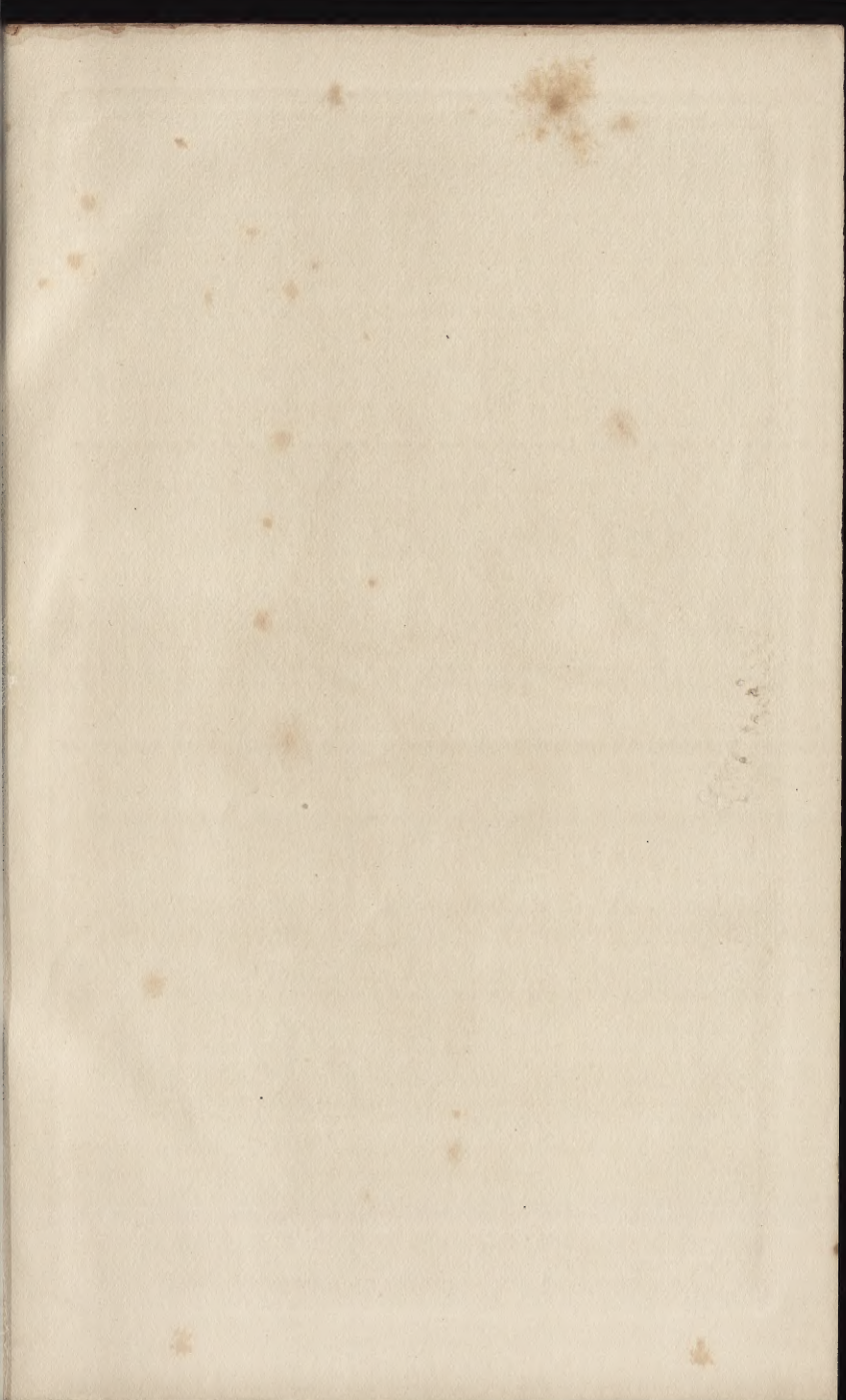
THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
LONDON
NEW YORK

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH
NEW YORK

LETTERS OF
HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

OXFORD
PRINTED AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
BY HORACE HART, M.A.
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY





Horace Walpole
from a drawing by Bernard Lens.

THE LETTERS
OF
HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED
AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY
MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES
WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. I: 1732—1743

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

MCMIII

THE ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN LIBRARY

TO THE
EARL AND COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE
IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT
OF MANY
PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE DAYS
PASSED AMONG
THE WALPOLE MANUSCRIPTS
AT
CHEWTON PRIORY



CONTENTS OF VOL. I

	PAGES
LIST OF PORTRAITS, &c.	x
LIST OF LETTERS IN VOLUME I	xi-xiv
PREFACE	xv-xxx
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.	xxxi-xxxiii
SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE, BY HORACE WALPOLE	xxxiv-lvi
LETTERS 1-137	1-400

LIST OF PORTRAITS, &c.

HORACE WALPOLE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>From drawing by Bernard Lens (1682-1740), in possession of Earl Waldegrave.</i>	
FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO CHARLES LYTTTELTON	<i>To face p. 1</i>
<i>From original in possession of Viscount Cobham.</i>	
THOMAS GRAY	„ 132
<i>From bust (attributed to John Bacon) in National Portrait Gallery.</i>	
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE	„ 256
<i>From painting by Jean Baptiste Van Loo in National Portrait Gallery.</i>	

LIST OF LETTERS IN VOL. I

T

C

1732.

1 August 7, 1732 . . Charles Lyttelton.

1734.

2 August 28, 1734 . . Charles Lyttelton.

1735.

3 August 18, 1735 . . Charles Lyttelton.

4 From Cambridge,
1735 [Oct. 9] Thomas Gray.

5 Nov. 9, 1735 . . Richard West . . . 1

1736.

6 May 2, 1736 . . George Montagu . . . 2

7 May 6, 1736 . . George Montagu . . . 3

8 May 20, 1736 . . George Montagu . . . 4

9 May 22, 1736 . . Charles Lyttelton.

10 May 30, 1736 . . George Montagu . . . 5

11 July 27, 1736 . . Charles Lyttelton.

12 August 17, 1736 . . Richard West . . . 6

1737.

13 March 20, 1737 . . George Montagu . . . 10

14 Sept. 18, 1737 . . Charles Lyttelton.

1739.

15 April 21, N.S. 1739 . Richard West . . . 12

16 From Paris, 1739. . Richard West . . . 13

17 June 18, 1739. N.S. . Richard West . . . 14

18 July 20, 1739 . . Richard West . . . 16

19 July [1739] . . Thomas Ashton.

20 Sept. 28, 1739. N.S. . Richard West . . . 17

21 Nov. 11, 1739. N.S. . Richard West . . . 18

22 From Bologna, 1739 . Richard West . . . 20

T

C

1740.

23	Jan. 24, 1740. N.S.	Richard West	22
24	Feb. 27, 1740. N.S.	Richard West	23
25	March 6, 1740. N.S.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	24
26	March 22, 1740. N.S.	Richard West	25
27	April 16, 1740. N.S.	Richard West	27
28	April 23, 1740. N.S.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	23
29	May 7, 1740. N.S.	Richard West	29
30	May 14, 1740 . . .	Thomas Ashton.	
31	May 28, 1740 . . .	Thomas Ashton.	
32	June 14, 1740. N.S.	Richard West	30
33	July 5, 1740. N.S.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	31
34	July 31, 1740. N.S.	Richard West	32
35	Sept. 25, 1740. N.S.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	33
36	Oct. 2, 1740. N.S.	Richard West	34
37	From Florence,		
	Nov., 1740	Richard West	35

1741.

38	Feb. 21, 1741. N.S.	Rev. Joseph Spence	36
39	March 25, 1741. N.S.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	37
40	May 10, 1741. N.S.	Richard West	38
41	Friday [Sept. 11, 1741]	Horace Mann	40
42	[Sept., 1741] . . .	Horace Mann	41
43	Oct. 8, 1741. O.S.	Horace Mann	43
44	Oct. 13, 1741 . . .	Horace Mann	44
45	Oct. 19, 1741. O.S.	Horace Mann	45
46	Oct. 22, 1741. O.S.	Horace Mann	46
47	Oct. 31, 1741 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	
48	Nov. 2, 1741 . . .	Horace Mann	47
49	Nov. 5, 1741. O.S.	Horace Mann	48
50	Nov. 12, 1741 . . .	Horace Mann	49
51	Nov. 23, 1741 . . .	Horace Mann	50
52	Nov. 26 [1741] . . .	Horace Mann	51
53	[London, 1741] . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	42
54	Dec. 3, O.S. 1741 . . .	Horace Mann	52
55	Dec. 10, 1741 . . .	Horace Mann	53
56	Dec. 16, 1741 . . .	Horace Mann	54
57	Thursday, six o'clock		
	[Dec. 17, 1741]	Horace Mann	55
58	Christmas Eve, 1741 .	Horace Mann	56
59	Dec. 29, 1741 . . .	Horace Mann	57

List of Letters

xiii

T		C
	1742.	
60	Jan. 7, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$. O.S.	58
61	Jan. 22, 1742.	59
62	Feb. 4, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$.	60
63	Feb. 9, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$.	61
64	Feb. 18, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$.	62
65	Feb. 25, 1742.	63
66	March 8, 1742	64
67	March 10, 1742	65
68	March 22 [1742]	66
69	March 24, 1742	67
70	April 1, 1742.	68
71	April 8, 1742.	69
72	April 15, 1742	70
73	April 22, 1742	71
74	April 29 [1742]	72
75	May 4, 1742.	73
76	May 6, 1742.	74
77	May 13, 1742.	75
78†	May 17, 1742.	
79	May 20, 1742.	76
80	May 26, 1742.	77
81	June 3, 1742.	78
82	June 10, 1742	79
83	June 17, 1742	80
84	Midsummer Day, 1742	81
85	June 30, 1742	82
86	[End of June, 1742]	83
87	July 7, 1742.	84
88	July 14, 1742	85
89	[July, 1742]	86
90	July 29, 1742.	87
91	[August, 1742]	88
92	Aug. 20, 1742	89
93	August 28, 1742	90
94	Sept. 11, 1742	91
95	Sept. 25, 1742	92
96	Oct. 8, 1742.	93
97	Oct. 16, 1742.	94
98	Oct. 23, 1742.	95
99	Nov. 1, 1742.	96
100	Nov. 15, 1742	97

† Now printed for the first time.

T

C

101	Dec. 2, 1742 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	98
102	Dec. 9, 1742 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	99
103	Dec. 23, 1742 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	100

1743.

104	Jan. 6, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	101
105	Jan. 13, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	102
106	Jan. 27, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	103
107	Feb. 2, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	104
108	Feb. 13, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	105
109	Feb. 24, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	106
110	March 3, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	107
111	March 14, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	108
112	March 25, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	109
113	April 4, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	110
114	April 14, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	111
115	April 25, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	112
116	May 4, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	113
117	May 12, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	114
118	May 19, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	115
119	June 4, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	116
120	June 10, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	117
121	June 20, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	118
122	June 24, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	119
123	July 4, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	120
124	July 11, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	121
125	July 19 [1743] . . .	Horace Mann . . .	122
126	July 31, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	123
127	Aug. 14, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	124
128	Aug. 20, 1743 . . .	John Chute . . .	125
129	Aug. 29, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	126
130	Sept. 7, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	127
131	Sept. 17, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	128
132	Oct. 3, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	129
133	Oct. 12, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	130
134	Nov. 17, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	131
135	Nov. 30, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	132
136	Dec. 15, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	133
137	Dec. 26, 1743 . . .	Horace Mann . . .	134

PREFACE

THE present edition of the Letters of Horace Walpole is based upon that of Peter Cunningham (first published in nine volumes octavo in 1857).

The latest issue (1891) of Cunningham's edition contains 2,654 letters¹, representing 95 correspondents; the present edition contains 3,061 letters, representing 150 correspondents². Of the 407 letters not included in Cunningham's edition, 111 are now printed for the first time³.

The letters to Sir Horace Mann (823 in number, which include eleven now printed for the first time) have been collated with the original MS. in the possession of Earl Waldegrave at Chewton Priory. The MS. of these letters (which is contained in six folio volumes) consists of transcripts (partly in the handwriting of Horace Walpole, partly in that of his secretary, Thomas Kirgate) of the original letters. The annotations throughout, and the dates, are in Horace Walpole's own hand.

The original letters sent to Mann were returned periodically to Horace Walpole at his own request during Mann's lifetime (see, for instance, letters to Mann of Sept. 17, 1778, No. 1,892 in the present edition; of May 9, 1779, No. 1,941; and of March 30, 1784, No. 2,473). These originals appear to have been destroyed by Walpole after the existing transcripts had

¹ The total number of letters is 2,665, but among them are included eight letters written by Richard West, one by Edward Walpole, and two by Conway.

² Exclusive of sundry unidentified correspondents.

³ The bulk of the remainder have been privately printed, and are now for the first time published.

been made. Evidence is in existence which proves that certain passages in the original letters were deliberately suppressed by Walpole, whose intention was that they should neither be transcribed nor printed. This intention, it seems, was defeated in part by his secretary Kirgate, who appears to have made unauthorized copies of the suppressed passages, which copies, after his death, were handed over by his daughter to Mrs. Damer, Horace Walpole's executrix, to be by her destroyed¹.

On examining Horace Walpole's transcript of these letters, the surprising discovery was made that a very large number of passages have been suppressed in the printed version, although no indication whatever of any omission was given by the original editors. Not a few of these suppressed passages are quite unfit for publication; these occur chiefly in the earlier letters. The passages omitted from the later letters (as well as the letters hitherto unprinted) are of a harmless character. All the suppressed passages which it was possible to print have now been restored to the text; omissions, wherever they have been made, are indicated both in the text and in the notes.

¹ This evidence is contained in the following memorandum (kindly communicated by Mr. J. F. Rotton, who is in possession of the original document). The paper is endorsed (apparently in Mrs. Damer's handwriting);

'Dec. 12, 1810. Memorandum concerning the Destruction of Extracts from Letters of Lord Orford, &c., by T. Kirgate.'

The contents are as follows:—

'Dec. 11, 1810.

'To MR. GEORGE P. HARDING,

'Understanding that the Collection of Extracts of Letters from Lord Orford to Sir Horace Mann at Florence (which Extracts were in

the Possession of my Father the late Mr. Thomas Kirgate at his Death) were not intended by his Lordship to be either transcribed or printed I hereby authorize and desire you will destroy the same Extracts in the Presence of the Honourable Mrs. Damer the Executrix of His Lordship.
'ELEANOR THOMASS.'

Below is added, in the same handwriting as the endorsement:—

'December 12, 1810. The Extracts above referred to were destroyed in the Presence of us

'ANNE SEYMOUR DAMER,

'GEORGE PERFECT HARDING.

'Witness, M. HOPER.'

The letters to George Montagu (263 in number, of which one is now printed for the first time) have been collated with the originals in the possession of the Duke of Manchester, whose trustees kindly allowed the volume containing them to be temporarily deposited in the British Museum for that purpose. A comparison of the printed letters with the originals revealed the fact that Cunningham's text (in spite of his having had access to the originals)¹ is very incorrect. As in the case of the Mann letters, many passages have been suppressed, without any indication of the fact; but these are for the most part unfit for publication. One or two harmless passages, which have been scored through in the MS., and which Cunningham failed to decipher, have now been restored.

The arrangement of these letters hitherto followed is that of the bound volume containing the originals. This arrangement proves on investigation to be not always strictly chronological, no less than eleven letters being out of place, several of them to the extent of a year or more. The correct dates of these misplaced letters have been determined principally by means of internal evidence. The reasons for placing each particular letter have been stated at length, from time to time, in communications to the *Academy* (under the editorship of Mr. J. S. Cotton) and to *Notes and Queries*. References to these communications will be found in the notes to the several letters in question.

Of the 177 letters written by Horace Walpole to his cousin Henry Seymour Conway (Marshal Conway) twenty-four have been collated with the originals in the possession of Earl Waldegrave. Three other letters to Conway which are printed in the *Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry*,

¹ See Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. p. 499.

but are not included by Cunningham, have been collated with the originals in the possession of the late Sir Thomas Villiers Lister. I have unfortunately been unable to discover the whereabouts of the remainder of the originals of these letters.

The letters to the Rev. William Cole have been collated with the originals in the British Museum, where they are preserved in two quarto volumes (*Addit. MSS.* 5952, 5953). These letters are also 177 in number, including ten short letters which are not included in Cunningham's edition, but which are printed in the *Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to the Rev. William Cole and Others*, published in 1818.

The letters to Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry (written between 1788 and 1796) are 161 in number. Of these, fifty-four were printed (more or less incompletely) by Cunningham. The remainder were printed (also incompletely) by Lady Theresa Lewis in *The Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry* (London, 1865; second edition, 1866). Lady Theresa, further, printed a number of passages which had been omitted from the letters in Cunningham's edition.

The collation of the printed portions of the Berry letters with the originals showed that even in the *Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry* (which work, as has been mentioned, contains many passages previously omitted) the letters were by no means printed in full. Through the kindness of the late Sir Thomas Villiers Lister, who was in possession of all the originals (save three) of the letters to the Miss Berrys, these are now for the first time printed without omissions of any kind.

The three letters which were not in Sir Villiers Lister's collection are dated Aug. 16, 1796, Aug. 24, 1796, and Dec. 1796. Of these, the first is in the British Museum (*Addit.*

MSS. 21,555); the second was kindly lent for collation by Messrs. Pearson. Both these letters are among those printed by Cunningham. The third, which is in the Morrison collection, is now published for the first time by kind permission of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

Of the thirty-four letters to Hannah More, five of the originals were kindly lent for collation by Miss Drage of Hatfield, and one by Mrs. Macquoid of St. Albans. One letter is now printed for the first time from the original in the possession of Messrs. Maggs. Parts of two letters (not included by Cunningham) are reprinted from Messrs. Sotheby's Catalogue of July 14, 1896 (lots 344¹ and 345²).

I particularly regret not having been able to see the originals of the rest of the letters to Hannah More, as several of those which have passed through my hands have been tampered with, and disfigured by the cancelling of passages, the erasure of proper names, and, worse than all, by the insertion (apparently in the handwriting of Hannah More herself) of words and phrases which Walpole never wrote.

For instance in the letter of Sept. 1789 (Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. pp. 218-21, No. 2,710 in the present edition) two paragraphs and a postscript have been cancelled, and a name obliterated beyond recovery. In the letter of Sept. 29, 1791 (Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. pp. 352-4, No. 2,824 in the present edition), where Horace Walpole has mentioned Mrs. Barbauld in an uncomplimentary manner, his remarks have been toned down by the insertion (in another handwriting) of the words 'whom you admire,' whilst the words 'of compassion' have been substituted for

¹ Two pages and a half quarto, sold for 3*l.* 6*s.*

² Two pages quarto, sold for 3*l.* 10*s.*

a carefully erased description of Mrs. Barbauld's 'rhymes,' which, whatever it may have been, was evidently regarded as too severe.

Two paragraphs are cancelled in the letter of Jan. 1, 1792 (Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. pp. 365-7, No. 2,840 in the present edition), as well as about half of the letter of March 23, 1793 (Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. pp. 405-7, No. 2,882 in the present edition).

Not only have these alterations been made in the MSS., but they have been faithfully reproduced in the printed editions, including that of Cunningham.

In Walpole's letter to Hannah More of June 23, 1789 (Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. pp. 182-3, No. 2,680 in the present edition), the name 'Madame Piozzi' has been erased, but is still legible through the erasure. Wright, the editor of the 1840 edition of the letters, filled the blank with the name of Bruce, the African traveller!—in which he is followed by Cunningham. The word 'she,' referring to Mrs. Piozzi, has been altered into 'this,' and the word 'author' has been inserted, in order to veil Horace Walpole's reference, which is uncomplimentary¹.

These letters are now printed (except where the writing has been obliterated) as Walpole wrote them.

In spite of repeated inquiries through the medium of the press in England and America, as well as through private channels, I have not been able to trace the originals of any of the letters to the Countess of Ailesbury, Charles Bedford, Grosvenor Bedford, Richard Bentley, Dr. Ducarel, Edward Gibbon, John Henderson, the Earl of Hertford, Lady Hervey, David Hume, Robert Jephson, the Rev. William Mason, John Nichols, Dr. Robertson, the Earl of Strafford, Countess

¹ See *Athenæum*, Dec. 8, 1900.

Temple, Thomas Warton, Richard West, and the Rev. Henry Zouch.

A few passages in the Mason letters, which were omitted by the original editor, the Rev. John Mitford, have been recovered from his note-books in the British Museum (*Addit. MSS.* 32,563).

The originals of the letters to Earl Harcourt and to the Earl and Countess of Upper Ossory are in private hands, but I have unfortunately not been able to gain access to them.

As in the case of the letters to George Montagu, several of those to Lady Ossory have been wrongly placed. In no less than four instances also, single letters have been split up into two; in one case, on the other hand, several short notes, written at widely different times, have been run together so as to appear as one letter (No. 1692 in Cunningham's edition). These blunders were due to the original editor (Vernon Smith) of the letters to Lady Ossory, and were perpetuated without comment by Cunningham.

In the case of the letters to Thomas Astle, Lady Browne, the Earl of Buchan, the Earl of Charlemont, John Chute, John Craufurd, Henry Fox (Lord Holland), the Duchess of Gloucester, Lord Hailes, George Hardinge, Bishop Percy, George Selwyn, the Countess of Suffolk, and to various occasional correspondents, I have seen a certain proportion of the originals, or have been supplied with copies made direct from the originals.

Among the letters which form the new matter in the present edition may be mentioned those to Thomas Astle, the Rev. William Beloe, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Dickenson, Sir John Fenn, Lady Fenn, Sir William Hamilton, the Earl of Hardwicke, the Rev. Daniel Lysons, Charles Lyttelton,

the Rev. Robert Nares, the Duke of Newcastle, and Miss Anne Pitt. These have for the most part been printed from the originals. The most important exceptions are the letters to Miss Anne Pitt and to Lady Mary Coke. The former, which are among the Dropmore papers (to which unfortunately it was impossible for me to have access), are reprinted from the *13th Report of the Historical MSS. Commission* (Appendix, Part III, Vol. I). The letters to Lady Mary Coke were printed in the *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke* (edited by the Hon. James A. Home, four vols., privately printed, 1889–1896) from the originals in the possession of the late Lady Anne Home-Drummond-Moray, by whose permission they are included in the present edition. Besides these there are letters written in French to Madame du Deffand, to the Duchesse de Choiseul, to Count Schuwaloff, and to several other French correspondents.

Some of the most interesting of the new letters are those addressed by Horace Walpole to his schoolfellow Charles Lyttelton (afterwards Dean of Exeter and Bishop of Carlisle). These letters, which were first published many years ago in *Notes and Queries* (Jan. 2, 1869), are now printed from the originals in the possession of Viscount Cobham. The first of these is of particular interest, as being the earliest extant letter of Horace Walpole, written at the age of fifteen¹.

The letters to Lady Mary Coke (twenty-six in number) are full of the wit and charm which Walpole invariably had at command when writing to his lady friends—a charm which is not absent even from the letters written in his extreme old age, although some of those addressed to Miss Mary Berry almost deserve the epithet of *larmoyant*, which

¹ A facsimile of this letter is given in vol. i. p. 1.

he himself applied to some of the letters of his favourite, Madame de Sévigné.

The letters in French to Madame du Deffand are seven in number. Five of them are in Horace Walpole's own handwriting¹. Of the other two, one was dictated to a friend (apparently George Selwyn) during one of Walpole's frequent attacks of gout; the other, which is incomplete, is a copy, in the handwriting of Wiart, Madame du Deffand's secretary. These letters, the originals of which are in the possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis, are of unique interest, inasmuch as, with the exception of a few fragments, printed in Miss Berry's notes to her edition of the letters of Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole (four vols., 1810), they are the only remaining relics on Walpole's side of the almost weekly correspondence carried on during sixteen years between him and Madame du Deffand. All the rest of his letters to her were destroyed, either by Madame du Deffand at his request, or by Miss Berry, in obedience to his wishes, after his death. The preservation of the above letters is no doubt due to their having been overlooked by some accident when the rest were destroyed².

The motives which induced Walpole to cause his letters to Madame du Deffand to be destroyed were in all likelihood those indicated by himself in his letter to Conway of Sept. 28, 1774 (No. 1564 in the present edition), viz. the fact that they were written in 'very bad French,' and the wish to prevent the publication by ill-natured persons of his freely expressed opinions of various people in England and France. Besides which, no doubt, he was unwilling to

¹ A facsimile of one of these is given in a later volume.

² For the possible explanation of

their preservation, see my letter in the *Athenæum* of July 13, 1901.

risk having published to all the world the somewhat severe 'scoldings' (*gronderies*—to use Madame du Deffand's term) which, as we know from her, he repeatedly administered to his correspondent for what he considered her indiscretions with regard to their intercourse and somewhat peculiar relations.

Among the letters now printed for the first time is a literary curiosity in the shape of a French letter to the Comtesse de Viry, an Englishwoman, the wife of the Sardinian Minister at Paris—the Miss Speed of Gray's and Walpole's letters. This letter, originally written in English, was translated into French for the benefit of Madame du Deffand by the Rev. Louis Dutens, author of *Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose*. This French version was copied into a manuscript book of *Lettres Choiesies*, which was among the papers bequeathed by Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole¹. In a marginal note on the letter in this book, Horace Walpole observes that it was 'certainly written in English.' The English version, so far, has not been traced.

Not a few of the letters included in this edition are undated. The majority of these, however, I have been able to place by means of internal evidence. Such as I have not been able to place with certainty are printed (in the alphabetical order of the correspondents) in an Appendix.

In the course of my inquiries for Walpole letters I learned that a certain number of unpublished originals were in the possession of the Earl of Ilchester at Holland House. I regret to say that Lord Ilchester was unable to accede to my request for permission to include these letters in the present edition.

¹ The whole of these papers were sold at the Strawberry Hill sale of

1842, and are now in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

A few words of explanation may be added with regard to the principal features of the present edition.

Horace Walpole's *Short Notes of my Life* (which end with the month of May, 1779) are prefixed, by way of introduction, to the first volume, together with a continuation (by the Editor) down to the date of his death. These *Short Notes* are invaluable as supplying personal information concerning the writer of the Letters, which is not accessible in any other form.

As it has only been possible to print a portion (less than half) of the letters from the originals it has been necessary, in order to present a consistent text, to follow the example of previous editors in modernizing Horace Walpole's spelling and revising his punctuation¹. For similar reasons, it has been necessary to omit the addresses of the letters, and, in a few cases, the signatures. The latter, however, have been inserted wherever it was possible to recover them. Horace Walpole's spelling of proper names, even when inconsistent, has been retained as far as possible, his laxness in this respect being characteristic. In my own notes, as well as in the indices, the modern forms are employed, with cross references where necessary.

The notes to the letters have been compiled anew for this edition throughout, except in the case of the notes written by Horace Walpole himself. These have been retained in every instance, save where their retention would have involved needless repetition. Owing to the fact that Walpole annotated the several collections of his letters independently of each other, it not infrequently happens

¹ The only exceptions to this rule are the five letters in French in Horace Walpole's handwriting, addressed to Madame du Deffand,

which are printed from the originals exactly as Horace Walpole wrote them.

that the same note is repeated by him many times over in almost identical terms. Superfluous notes of this description, but these only, have been discarded. All notes written by Walpole are distinguished by the addition of his name.

To each volume is prefixed a list, in chronological order, of the letters contained in it. This list supplies in each case the number of the letter in the present edition (in the left-hand column), the date of the letter, the name of the correspondent, and (in the right-hand column) the corresponding number, if any, of the letter in Cunningham's edition. Letters now printed for the first time are distinguished by the addition of a dagger to the number in the left-hand column. The absence of a number in the right-hand column indicates, of course, that the letter in question is not included in Cunningham's edition.

A second list supplying the same information, but classified under the names of the correspondents in alphabetical order, will be found at the end of the work. By means of one or other of these lists, the whereabouts of any particular letter may be found at once without difficulty.

The sources of the letters not included by Cunningham are indicated in the notes to the letters in question.

In order to render the contents of Horace Walpole's letters as easily accessible as possible, three full indices have been provided, viz. an index of persons; an index of places (including streets, buildings, &c., in the case of towns, such as London and Paris); and a subject-index. These, together with the complete list of the letters, and sundry genealogical tables, will form the concluding volume of the edition.

Of the eleven portraits of Horace Walpole included in this edition, those by Lens, Richardson, and Angelica Kauffmann are now published for the first time. For per-

mission to reproduce these, and a number of other portraits, I am indebted to the kindness of Earl Waldegrave, who allowed them to be specially photographed for the purpose from the originals at Chewton Priory. For the remaining portraits, other than those belonging to public collections, I am indebted to the courtesy of various private owners, whose names appear in the lists of portraits prefixed to each volume.

The three facsimiles of Horace Walpole's handwriting are from letters to Charles Lyttelton, Madame du Deffand, and Mrs. Dickenson, kindly lent by Viscount Cobham, Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis, and Sir William Anson, respectively.

It remains for me to express my acknowledgements to the many friends and correspondents, in England and America, who have supplied me with original letters, or with copies, in response to my appeals, or from whom I have received assistance of one kind or another.

My special thanks are due, in the first place, to Lord Waldegrave, who generously placed at my disposal at Chewton Priory the whole of his unrivalled collection of Walpole MSS., among which, as already mentioned, are Horace Walpole's own transcripts of his letters to Mann, more than 800 in number; to the late Sir Thomas Villiers Lister, for the loan of the originals of the letters to Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry; and to Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis, for the loan of the MSS. bequeathed to Horace Walpole by Madame du Deffand, which include the letters to Walpole's various French correspondents referred to above.

I am also indebted to Lord Cobham, for the loan of nine letters to Charles Lyttelton; to Mr. Arthur H. Frere, for the loan of eight letters to Sir John and Lady Fenn; to Miss Drage, for the loan of five letters to Hannah More; to

Mr. W. R. Smith, for the loan of five letters to the Rev. Robert Nares; to Mr. F. Barker, for the loan of five letters to Thomas Astle and another; to Sir William Anson, for the loan of four letters, three of which are addressed to his great-grandmother, Mrs. Dickenson; to Mr. John W. Ford, for copies of five letters to Sir William Hamilton and others; to Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, N.Y., for copies of four letters to George Selwyn and others; and to Mr. John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, N.Y., who kindly supplied me with a photograph of an original letter in his possession; also to the following, for the loan of one or more letters or for copies:—the Duke of Bedford; the Earl of Carlisle; the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe; Mrs. Chappel; Mrs. Chute; Messrs. Alexander Denham & Co.; Messrs. Ellis and Elvey; Mr. John D. Enys; Mr. G. Beresford Fitzgerald; Mrs. Fogg, of Boston, Mass.; the Executors of the late Mr. Townley Green; Mr. Simon Gratz, of Philadelphia; the Earl of Home; Mr. John W. Jordan, of Philadelphia; Messrs. Langham; Mr. G. Locker-Lampson; Mrs. Macquoid; Messrs. Pearson; Mr. George Pritchard; Mr. Charles Roberts, of Philadelphia; Mr. E. S. Roscoe; Mr. J. F. Rotton; Dr. H. T. Scott; Messrs. Sotheran; the Hon. Mrs. J. R. Swinton; Mr. H. Yates Thompson; Mr. Vernon Watney (the present occupant of Horace Walpole's house in Berkeley Square); the Rev. John Wild; and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania (the custodians of the collection presented by Mr. Ferdinand J. Dreer).

My thanks are also due to Sir Spencer Walpole, for permission to reprint the thirty letters to Thomas Walpole and his son, recently published by him¹; to Mr. J. B. Fortescue, for permission to reprint twelve letters from the *13th Report*

¹ *Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole.* London: 1902.

of the *Historical MSS. Commission*; to Mrs. Alfred Morrison, for permission to print eleven letters from the Morrison collection; to Mr. Aubrey Harcourt, for permission to reprint four letters from the *Harcourt Papers*; to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, for permission to reprint three letters published in the Rev. D. C. Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*; to the Duke of Grafton, for permission to reprint a letter published in the *Memoirs of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton*, edited by Sir William Anson; and to Mr. Stopford Sackville, for permission to reprint a letter published in the *9th Report of the Historical MSS. Commission*.

To the Hon. James A. Home I am deeply indebted for constant assistance and advice during the progress of my work. From him I have received not only information of a kind not easily obtainable elsewhere, but also valuable assistance in tracing the whereabouts of original letters. I am, further, indebted to Mr. Home's good offices for permission to include the letters to Lady Mary Coke, and also for a copy (kindly presented by Lord Home) of the privately-printed *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, which was edited by Mr. Home.

My special acknowledgements are due to Mr. L. Pearsall Smith, whose exertions on my behalf resulted in the discovery of the seven letters of Horace Walpole to Madame du Deffand, already referred to.

I desire also to express my thanks for valuable assistance to my friend Dr. Charles L. Shadwell, of Oriel College, Oxford; and to Mr. C. E. Doble, of the Clarendon Press, to whom I am indebted for numerous helpful suggestions and corrections; as well as to Mr. F. G. Bain; Mr. Richard Bentley; the Vice-Provost of Eton College (Mr. F. Warre

Cornish); Professor Edward Dowden; Mr. W. C. L. Floyd (who supplied me with an interesting extract from the unpublished Journal of his grandfather, Sir John Floyd); Dr. Richard Garnett; Mr. Algernon Graves; the late Dr. Birkbeck Hill; Mr. F. C. Hodgson, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; Dr. Kells Ingram (who kindly copied for me three letters from the Charlemont MSS. in the library of the Royal Irish Academy); Mr. F. G. Kenyon, of the MSS. Department of the British Museum; the Provost of King's College, Cambridge (the Rev. A. Austen Leigh); Mr. E. P. Merritt, of Boston, Mass.; Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian at Oxford; Colonel W. F. Prideaux; Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge; Mr. F. G. Stephens; Mr. T. Humphry Ward; and to my friend, Mr. F. G. Stokes. I ought further to acknowledge my indebtedness to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and to G. E. C.'s *Complete Peerage*.

Lastly, I desire to express my gratitude for the invaluable advice and encouragement, and never-failing assistance, which I have received from my husband at every stage of my work, but for which this laborious undertaking could never have been completed.

HELEN TOYNBEE.

DORNEY WOOD, BURNHAM, BUCKS,
May, 1903.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

- (1) The Works of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford. London: printed for G. G. and J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, and J. Edwards, Pall Mall. MDCCXCVIII. 4to. 5 vols.
[Contains 376 letters of Horace Walpole, 13 in Vol. II, 25 in Vol. IV, and 338 in Vol. V.]
- (2) Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq., from the year 1736 to the year 1770. Published from the originals, in the possession of the editor. London: printed for Rodwell and Martin, New Bond Street, and Henry Colburn, Conduit Street. 1818. 4to.
- (3) Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to the Rev. William Cole, and others; from the year 1745, to the year 1782. Now first published from the originals. London: printed for Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street, and Henry Colburn, Conduit Street. 1818. 4to.
- (4) Letters from the Honble. Horace Walpole, to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris. To which are added Mr. Walpole's Letters to the Rev. Henry Zouch. London: printed for Charles Knight, Pall Mall East. MDCCCXXV. 4to.
- (5) Private Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Now first collected. London: printed for Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street; and Colburn and Co., Conduit Street. 1820. 8vo. 4 vols.
- (6) Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, British Envoy at the Court of Tuscany. Now first published from the originals in the possession of the Earl of Waldegrave. Edited by Lord Dover. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1833. 8vo. 3 vols.

- (7) Correspondence of Horace Walpole with George Montagu, Esq., Hon. H. S. Conway, Rev. W. Cole, Lady Hervey, Richard West, Esq., Gray the Poet, Countess of Ailesbury, Rev. Mr. Birch, Hon. G. Hardinge, Earl of Strafford, John Chute, Esq., David Hume, Esq., Lady Craven, Rev. W. Mason. Mrs. Hannah More, &c. New Edition, in three volumes, with numerous illustrative notes, now first added. London: Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13 Great Marlborough Street. 1837. 8vo.

[Identical with the edition of 1820 (No. 5) as far as the letters are concerned, save for certain omissions. The reason for these omissions is stated as follows in the preface:—'It is hoped, that the *omission* of several passages, unsuited to the taste of the present period, more particularly to that of Female Readers of any refinement, will render the present edition most acceptable to the Public.']

- (8) The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford: including numerous letters now first published from the original Manuscripts. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. 1840. 8vo. 6 vols.

[Edited by John Wright¹. Contains, as stated in the preface, 'several hundred letters, which have hitherto existed only in MS. or made their appearance singly and incidentally in other works.' The following statement is contained in the advertisement to the sixth volume:—'The present volume will be found to contain upwards of one hundred letters, introduced into no former edition of the Correspondence of Horace Walpole. The greater part of them were written between the years 1789 and 1797, and were addressed to the Miss Berrys, during their absence in Italy.']

- (9) Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, his Britannic Majesty's Resident at the Court of Florence, from 1760 to 1785. Now first published from the original MSS. Concluding Series. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. M.DCCC.XLIII. 8vo. 4 vols.
- (10) Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory, from the year 1769 to 1797. By Horace Walpole, Lord Orford. Now first printed from original MSS. Edited, with notes, by the

¹ See Cunningham's ed., vol. i. p. xlix, note.

Rt. Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. 1848. 8vo. 2 vols.

- (11) The Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, and the Rev. William Mason. Now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with notes, by the Rev. J. Mitford. London: Richard Bentley, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. 1851. 8vo. 2 vols.
- (12) The Letters of Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford. Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first chronologically arranged. London: Richard Bentley, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. MDCCCLVII. 8vo. 9 vols. (ninth edition, 1891).

[The title-page of the first volume of the original edition bears the statement 'in 8 volumes.']

- (13) Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole. Edited by Sir Spencer Walpole. Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, New York and Bombay. 1902. 8vo.

[Contains thirty letters to Horace Walpole's first cousin, Thomas Walpole, and his son, Thomas Walpole, jun.]

SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE

BY HORACE WALPOLE

I WAS born in Arlington Street, near St. James's, London, September 24th, 1717, O.S. My godfathers were Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, and my uncle Horatio Walpole ; my godmother, my aunt Dorothy, Lady Viscountess Townshend.

I was inoculated for the small-pox in 1724.

In 1725 I went to Bexley, in Kent, with my cousins, the four younger sons of Lord Townshend, and with a tutor, Edward Weston, one of the sons of Stephen, Bishop of Exeter ; and continued there some months. The next summer I had the same education at Twickenham, Middlesex ; and the intervening winters I went every day to study under Mr. Weston, at Lord Townshend's.

April 26th, 1727, I went to Eton School, where Mr. Henry Bland (since Prebendary of Durham), eldest son of Dr. Henry Bland, Master of the School, and since Dean of Durham and Provost of Eton, was my tutor.

I was entered at Lincoln's Inn, May 27th, 1731., my father intending me for the law ; but I never went thither, not caring for the profession.

I left Eton School September 23rd, 1734 ; and March 11th, 1735, went to King's College, Cambridge. My public tutor was Mr. John Smith ; my private, Mr. Anstey : afterwards Mr. John Whaley was my tutor. I went to lectures in civil law to Dr. Dickens, of Trinity Hall ; to mathematical lectures, to blind Professor Saunderson, for a short time ; afterwards, Mr. Trevigar read lectures to me in mathematics and

philosophy. I heard Dr. Battie's anatomical lectures. I had learned French at Eton. I learnt Italian at Cambridge, of Signor Piazza. At home I learned to dance and fence; and to draw of Bernard Lens, master to the Duke and Princesses.

In 1736 I wrote a copy of Latin verses, published in the *Gratulatio Acad. Cantab.*, on the marriage of Frederic, Prince of Wales.

My mother died August 20th, 1737.

Soon after, my father gave me the place of Inspector of the Imports and Exports in the Custom House, which I resigned on his appointing me Usher of the Exchequer, in the room of Colonel William Townshend, January 29th, 1738—and as soon as I came of age, I took possession of two other little patent-places in the Exchequer, called Comptroller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Estreats. They had been held for me by Mr. Fane.

My father's second wife, Mrs. Maria Skerret, died June, 1738.

I had continued at Cambridge, though with long intervals, till towards the end of 1738, and did not leave it in form till 1739, in which year, March 10th, I set out on my travels with my friend Mr. Thomas Gray, and went to Paris. From thence, after a stay of about two months, we went with my cousin Henry Conway to Rheims, in Champagne, stayed there three months; and passing by Geneva, where we left Mr. Conway, Mr. Gray and I went by Lyons to Turin, over the Alps, and from thence to Genoa, Parma, Placentia, Modena, Bologna, and Florence. There we stayed three months, chiefly for the sake of Mr. Horace Mann, the English Minister. Clement the Twelfth dying while we were in Italy, we went to Rome in the end of March, 1740, to see the election of the new Pope; but the Conclave continuing, and the heats coming on, we (after an excursion to Naples)

returned in June to Florence, where we continued in the house of Mr. Horace Mann till May of the following year, 1741, when we went to the fair of Reggio. There Mr. Gray left me, going to Venice with Mr. Francis Whithed and Mr. John Chute, for the festival of the Ascension. I fell ill at Reggio of a kind of quinsy, and was given over for five hours, escaping with great difficulty.

I went to Venice with Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and Mr. Joseph Spence, Professor of Poetry, and after a month's stay there, returned with them by sea from Genoa, landing at Antibes, and by the way of Toulon, Marseilles, Aix, and through Languedoc to Montpellier, Toulouse, and Orleans, arrived at Paris, where I left the Earl and Mr. Spence, and landed at Dover, September 12th, 1741, O.S., having been chosen Member of Parliament for Kellington, in Cornwall, at the preceding General Election, which Parliament put a period to my father's administration, which had continued above twenty years.

February 9th, 1743, my father resigned, and was created Earl of Orford. He left the house in Downing Street belonging to the Exchequer, and retired to one in Arlington Street, opposite to that in which I was born, and which stood where the additional building to Mr. Pelham's house now stands.

March 23rd, 1742, I spoke in the House of Commons for the first time, against the motion for a Secret Committee on my father. This speech was published in the magazines, but was entirely false, and had not one paragraph of my real speech in it.

July 14th, I wrote *The Lesson for the Day*, in a letter to Mr. Mann; and Mr. Coke, son of Lord Lovel, coming in while I was writing it, took a copy, and dispersed it till it got into print, but with many additions, and was the original of a great number of things of that sort.

In the summer of 1742 I wrote a *Sermon on Painting*, for the amusement of my father in his retirement. It was preached before him by his chaplain; again, before my eldest brother at Stanno, near Houghton; and was afterwards published in the *Aedes Walpolianae*.

June 18th, 1743, was printed, in a weekly paper called *Old England, or the Constitutional Journal*, my Parody on some Scenes of *Macbeth*, called *The Dear Witches*. It was a ridicule of the new ministry.

The same summer, I wrote *Patapan, or the Little White Dog*, a tale, imitated from Fontaine; it was never printed.

October 22nd, 1743, was published No. 38 of the *Old England Journal*, written by me to ridicule Lord Bath. It was reprinted with three other particular numbers.

In the summer of 1744 I wrote a parody of a scene in Corneille's *Cinna*; the interlocutors, Mr. Pelham, Mr. Arundel, and Mr. Selwyn.

My father died March 28th, 1745. He left me the house in Arlington Street in which he died, 5,000*l.* in money, and 1,000*l.* a year from the Collector's place in the Custom House, and the surplus to be divided between my brother Edward and me.

April 12th, 1746, was published, in a magazine called *The Museum*, my *Scheme for a Tax on Message Cards and Notes*; and soon after, *An Advertisement of a pretended new book*, which I had written in Florence in 1741.

In July of the same year, I wrote *The Beauties*, which was handed about till it got into print, very incorrectly.

In August I took a house within the precincts of the Castle at Windsor.

November 4th and 5th, Mrs. Pritchard spoke my Epilogue to *Tamerlane* on the suppression of the Rebellion, at the theatre in Covent Garden; it was printed by Dodsley the next day.

About the same time, I paraphrased some lines of the first book of Lucan ; but they have not been printed.

In 1747 I printed my account of the collection at Houghton, under the title of *Aedes Walpolianae*. It had been drawn up in the year 1743. I printed but two hundred copies, to give away. It was very incorrectly printed ; another edition, more accurate, and enlarged, was published March 10th, 1752.

In May, 1747, I took a small house near Twickenham, for seven years. I afterwards bought it, by Act of Parliament, it belonging to minors ; and have made great additions and improvements to it. In one of the deeds I found it was called Strawberry Hill.

In this year (1747) and the next, and in 1749, I wrote thirteen numbers in a weekly paper, called *Old England, or the Broad-bottom Journal*, but being sent to the printer without a name, they were published horribly deformed and spoiled. I was rechosen in the new Parliament for Kellington, in Cornwall. About the same time was published a *Letter to the Tories*, written, as I then believed, by Mr. George Lyttelton, who with his family had come over to Mr. Pelham. As Mr. Lyttelton had been a great enemy of and writer against my father, and as Mr. Pelham had used my father and his friends extremely ill, and neglected the Whigs to court the Tories, I published an answer to that piece, and called it a *Letter to the Whigs*. It was a careless performance, and written in five days. At the end of the year I wrote two more Letters to the Whigs, but did not publish them till April the next year, when they went through three editions immediately. I had intended to suppress them, but some attacks being made by the Grenvilles on Lord Chief Justice Willes, an intimate friend of my father, particularly by obtaining an Act of Parliament to transfer the assizes from Ailesbury to Buckingham, I printed them and other pieces.

On the same occasion I had a remarkable quarrel with the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Onslow. The bill was returned from the Lords with amendments. The friends of the Chief Justice resolved to oppose it again. Mr. Potter desired me to second him. He rose, but entering on the merits of the bill, Mr. T. Townshend, and my uncle, Horace Walpole (to prevent me), insisted that nothing could be spoken to but the amendments. The Speaker supporting this, I said I had intended to second Mr. Potter, but should submit to his *oracular* decision, though I would not to the complaisant peevishness of anybody else. The Speaker was in a great rage, and complained to the House. I said I begged his pardon, but had not thought that submitting to him was the way to offend him. During the course of the same bill, Sir William Stanhope had likewise been interrupted, in a very bitter speech against the Grenvilles. I formed part of the speech I had intended to make, into one for Sir William, and published it in his name. It made a great noise. Campbell answered it for a bookseller. I published another, called *The Speech of Richard Whiteliver*, in answer to Campbell's. All these things were only excusable by the lengths to which party had been carried against my father; or rather, were not excusable even then.

In 1748 were published, in Dodsley's *Collection of Miscellaneous Poems*, three of mine: an *Epistle to Mr. Ashton from Florence* (written in 1740), *The Beauties*, and the *Epilogue to Tamerlane*.

I next wrote two papers of the *Remembrancer*, and two more of the same in the year 1749. In the latter year, too, I wrote a copy of verses on the fireworks for the Peace; they were not printed. About the same time I wrote a pamphlet, called *Delenda est Oxonia*. It was to assert the liberties of that University, which the ministry had a plan

of attacking, by vesting in the Crown the nomination of the Chancellor. This piece (which I think one of my best) was seized at the printer's and suppressed.

One night in the beginning of November, 1749, as I was returning from Holland House by moonlight, about ten at night, I was attacked by two highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them going off accidentally, razed the skin under my eye, left some marks of shot on my face, and stunned me. The ball went through the top of the chariot, and if I had sat an inch nearer to the left side, must have gone through my head.

January 11th, 1751, I moved the Address to the King, on his Speech at the opening of the Session.

March 20th, 1751, died my eldest brother Robert, Earl of Orford.

About this time I began to write my *Memoirs*. At first, I only intended to write the history of one year.

About the same time happened a great family quarrel. My friend Mr. Chute had engaged Miss Nicoll, a most rich heiress, to run away from her guardians, who had used her very ill; and he proposed to marry her to my nephew, Lord Orford, who refused her, though she had above 150,000*l*. I wrote a particular account of the whole transaction. In this year, too, I imitated a fable of Fontaine, called *The Funeral of the Lioness*.

In 1752 I was appointed by Sir Hans Sloane's will one of his trustees.

Feb. 8th, 1753, was published a paper I had written in a periodical work, called the *World*, published by E. Moore. I wrote eight more numbers, besides two that were not printed then; and one containing a character of Mr. Fox, which I had written some years before.

This year I published a fine edition of *Six Poems of Mr. Gray, with Prints from Designs of Mr. R. Bentley*.

In November I wrote a burlesque poem, called *The Judgment of Solomon*.

In December died Erasmus Shorter, Esq., the last and youngest of my mother's brothers. He dying without a will, his fortune of 30,000*l.* came in equal shares between my brother Sir Edward, me, and my cousins, Francis, Earl of Hertford, Col. Henry Seymour Conway, and Miss Anne Seymour Conway.

In 1754 I was chosen for Castlerising, in Norfolk, in the new Parliament. In July of that year I wrote *The Entail*, a fable, in verse.

About the same time I erected a cenotaph for my mother in Westminster Abbey, having some years before prepared a statue of her by Valory at Rome. The pedestal was carved by Rysbrach.

In March, 1755, I was very ill used by my nephew Lord Orford, upon a contested election in the House of Commons, on which I wrote him a long letter, with an account of my own conduct in politics.

In Feb. 1757, I vacated my seat for Castlerising in order to be chosen for Lynn; and about the same time used my best endeavours, but in vain, to save the unfortunate Admiral Byng.

May 12th of that year, I wrote in less than an hour and a half the *Letter from Xo Ho*; it was published on the 17th, and immediately passed through five editions.

June 10th, was published a Catalogue of the collection of Pictures of Charles the First, to which I had written a little introduction. I afterwards wrote short prefaces or advertisements in the same manner to the Catalogues of the collections of James the Second and the Duke of Buckingham.

June 25th, I erected a printing-press at my house at Strawberry Hill.

Aug. 8th, I published *Two Odes by Mr. Gray*, the first production of my press.

In Sept. I erected a tomb in St. Anne's Churchyard, Soho, for Theodore, King of Corsica.

In Oct. 1757, was finished at my press an edition of Hentznerus, translated by Mr. Bentley, to which I wrote an advertisement. I dedicated it to the Society of Antiquaries, of which I am a member, as well as of the Royal Society.

In April, 1758, was finished the first impression of my *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, which I had written the preceding year in less than five months. About the same time Mrs. Porter published Lord Hyde's play, to which I had written the advertisement.

In the summer of 1758, I printed some of my own *Fugitive Pieces*, and dedicated them to my cousin, General Conway. About autumn I erected at Linton, in Kent, a tomb for my friend Galfridus Mann; the design was by Mr. Bentley. The beginning of October I published Lord Whitworth's *Account of Russia*, to which I wrote the advertisement.

Nov. 22nd was published a pamphlet written by Mr. Bentley, called *Reflections on the different Ideas of the French and English in regard to Cruelty*. It was designed to promote a bill (that I meditated) of perpetual insolvency. I wrote the dedication. It was *not* printed at Strawberry Hill.

Dec. 5th was published the second edition of my *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*. Two thousand were printed, but *not* at Strawberry Hill. I was much abused for it in the *Critical Review*, and more gently in the *Monthly Review*; by the former for disliking the Stuarts; by the latter for liking my father,—opinions I am not likely to change. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of February following was another railing criticism, but so foolish, that some parts of my book

were printed in italics, to turn them into puns ; and it was called unintelligible for such reasons as my not having specified Francis the First by his title of King of France !

1759. Feb. 2nd. I published Mr. Spence's *Parallel of Magliabecchi and Mr. Hill, a Tailor of Buckingham* ; calculated to raise a little sum of money for the latter poor man. Six hundred copies were sold in a fortnight, and it was reprinted in London.

Feb. 10th. Some anonymous author (I could not discover who it was—it was said to be Dr. Hill) published a pamphlet, called *Observations on the Account given of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors of England, &c., in the Critical Review, No. 35, for Dec. 1758, where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work, and the honourable author of it, are examined and exposed*. This defence of me was full of gross flattery, and displeased me so much, that I was going to advertise my disapprobation of it, and ignorance of the author, but was dissuaded by my friends.

March 17. I began to distribute some copies of my *Fugitive Pieces*, collected and printed together at Strawberry Hill, and dedicated to General Conway.

May 5th was published a pamphlet, called *Remarks on Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, &c., in which many of his censures and arguments are examined and disproved ; his false principles are confuted, and true ones established ; several material facts are set in a true light ; and the characters and conduct of several crowned heads, and others, are vindicated. Part the first*. And it advertised that in a few days would be published *Walpolian Principles exposed and confuted*. It was written by one Carter, who had been bred a surgeon, and who had married the daughter of Deacon of Manchester, who was hanged in the last Rebellion. This Carter had lost an estate of eight hundred pounds a year, which had been intended for him,

rather than renounce his principles, and was turned a non-juring preacher, and had lately been sent away from an apothecary's, where he lodged, for his treasonable conversation, and for sending fifteen or sixteen letters every post-night, which the people of the house suspected were written for purposes not more innocent. Whatever his designs were, he had too little prudence to do much harm, and too little sense. His book was a rhapsody of Jacobitism, made still more foolish by the style and manner, and of the lowest scurrility. I wish I may never have wiser enemies, or tyranny abler advocates! It is observable that this Carter distributed hand-bills, and left them at doors, promising this answer, and begging assistance towards it. In May, too, was published in the *Critical Review* a letter to the authors of it, from some anonymous person, denying the fact mentioned in the life of the Duke of Wharton in the same *Catalogue*, of Serjeant Wynne borrowing and using Bishop Atterbury's speech: yet it was absolutely true. Mr. Morrice, the bishop's grandson, often told it to Mr. Selwyn; Mr. Fox remembered the fact, when he was at Oxford; and Mr. Baptist Leveson Gower says he perfectly remembers it, and that his (then) party affected to cry him up for it; that he got three thousand pounds the first year on the credit of it; but they were forced to drop him, as he had no parts to support his reputation. In truth, when I wrote the passage in question, I did not know Mr. Wynne was still living, am sorry to have shocked a man who had given me no provocation, and therefore, to avoid adding one mortification to another, which I did not mean, I have chosen to make no reply.

In August, I wrote a copy of verses, called *The Parish Register of Twickenham*. It is a list of all the remarkable persons who have lived there.

Sept. 1st. I began to look over Mr. Vertue's MSS., which

I bought last year for one hundred pounds, in order to compose the lives of English Painters.

September 21st. I gave my Lady Townshend an epitaph and design for a tomb for her youngest son, killed at Ticonderoga ; neither were used.

Oct. 28th. I finished the eighth book of my *Memoirs*.

Oct. 29th. I began the account of a new discovery of painting upon wax ; it was invented at Paris by the Comte de Caylus, and was improved here by Mr. Müntz.

Nov. 12th. I dismissed Mr. Müntz ; and, upon his leaving me, laid aside the intention of publishing the account of the new encaustic.

1760. Jan. 1st. I began the lives of English Artists, from Vertue's MSS. (that is, *Anecdotes of Painting, &c.*). About the same time, there being thoughts of erecting a monument for Sir Charles Hanbury Williams in Westminster Abbey, I wrote an epitaph for it.

March 13th. Wrote the *Dialogue between Two Great Ladies*. It was published April 23rd, being deferred till after the trials of Lord G. Sackville and Lord Ferrers.

April. In this month wrote a poem on the *Destruction of the French Navy*, as an exercise for Lord Beauchamp at Christchurch, Oxford.

Aug. 14th. Finished the first volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting in England*.

Sept. 5th, began the second volume.

Oct. 23rd, finished the second volume.

1761. Jan. 4th, began the third volume.

In March, I was appointed trustee for Mrs. Day by Richard Lord Edgecumbe, in his will.

May 30th, wrote a mock sermon to dissuade Lady Mary Coke from going to the King's birthday, as she had lately been ill.

June 11th, wrote an epigram on the Duchess of Grafton going abroad.

June 29th, resumed the third volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, which I had laid aside after the first day.

July 16th, wrote *The Garland*, a poem on the King and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name, nor did ever own it.

Aug. 22nd, finished the third volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting*.

Dec. 20th, wrote a few lines to Lady Mary Coke, on her having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek.

Dec. 23rd, wrote a portrait of Lord Granville, in verse, to serve as an epitaph for him.

March 24th. I was chosen a Member of the Society of Arts and Sciences.

June 12th. I was attacked in a new weekly paper, No. 2, called the *North Briton*, and accused of having *flattered* the Scotch in my *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*. I made no answer to it. I could not have been charged with anything of which I am less guilty than flattery. The passage was written and published five years before this period, and in the reign of the late King, when partiality to Scotland was no merit at court; and so little was it calculated to make a friend of Lord Bute, that, having had occasion to write two or three letters to him, I constantly disclaimed any desire or intention of having a place. I have copies of these letters, and of others to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, equally, and as fully disinterested. Before this accusation was made Lord Bute had had two levees; I was at neither, nor ever was at the levee of any minister, but my father, and once at the Duke of Newcastle's, while my father was in power. I believe the author of the *North Briton* will ask for and have a place before I shall.

Aug. 2nd, began the *Catalogue of Engravers*.

October 10th, finished it.

I had been told that Bishop Warburton resented something

in the chapter of Architecture, in the second volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, and that he intended to abuse me in the new edition of Mr. Pope's Works, which he proposed to have printed at Birmingham. As I had not once thought of him in that work, it was not easy to guess at what he was offended. On looking over the chapter, I concluded he had writ some nonsense about the Phenicians, but having read very few of his works, it was impossible for me to know where to find it. As I would not disoblige even a coxcomb unprovoked, and know how silly a literary controversy is, in which the world only laughs at both sides, I desired Dr. Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle, to ask him if what I had said of the Phenicians was the rock of offence, and to assure him I had read few of his things, and had had no intention of laughing at him. I name Bishop Lyttelton, because if it had not come from one of his own order, all-arrogant and absurd as Warburton is, one should scarce believe it possible that he could have pushed vanity and folly to such a height as appeared in his answer. He replied, 'The Phenicians! no, no. He alluded to my note in the edition of Pope, in which I have spoken of Gothic architecture; I have exhausted the subject.' I will only remark on this excess of impertinent self-conceit, that if he can *exhaust* subjects in so few lines, it was very unnecessary for him to write so many thousands. After this, I would as soon have a controversy with a peacock, or with an only daughter that her parents think handsome. The fowl, the miss, and the bishop, are alike incorrigible. The first struts naturally; the second is spoiled; reason itself has been of no use to the last.

1763. Beginning of September wrote the Dedication and Preface to Lord Herbert's *Life*.

1764. May 29th. Began an answer to a pamphlet against Mr. Conway, called *An Address to the Public on the late Dis-*

mission of a General Officer. My answer was finished June 12th, but not published till Aug. 2nd, under the title of *A Counter-Address to the Public, &c.*

June. I began *The Castle of Otranto*, a Gothic story, and finished it Aug. 6th.

Oct. 15th. Wrote the fable of *The Magpie and her Brood* for Miss Hotham, then near eleven years old, great-niece of Henrietta Hobart, Countess Dowager of Suffolk. It was taken from *Les Nouvelles Récréations de Bonaventure des Periers*, Valet-de-Chambre to the Queen of Navarre.

Dec. 24th. *The Castle of Otranto* was published; 500 copies.

1765. April 11th. The 2nd edition of *The Castle of Otranto*; 500 copies.

Sept. 9th. Set out for Paris.

End of this year wrote the *Letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau*.

1766. April 22nd. Arrived in London, from Paris.

June 28th, 29th. Wrote an *Account of the Giants lately discovered*. It was published Aug. 25th following.

Aug. 18th. Began *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third*.

1767. Feb. 1. Began the *Detection of the Testament Politique* of my father at Strawberry Hill; and finished it the next time I went thither, Feb. 17th. Did not print it, as no translation was made into English of that fictitious work.

March 13th. Wrote to the Mayor of Lynn, that I did not intend to come into Parliament again.

A bad translation of *The Castle of Otranto* into French was published at Paris this month.

May 28th. My letter to the Mayor of Lynn was first published in the *St. James's Chronicle*.

Aug. 20th. I went to Paris. Wrote there an account of

my whole concern in the affair of Rousseau, not with intention to publish it yet.

In Sept. were published, in the *Public Advertiser*, two letters I had written on political abuse in newspapers. They were signed, *Toby*, and *A Constant Correspondent*.

1768. Feb. 1. Published my *Historic Doubts on Richard the Third*. I had begun it in the winter of 1767; continued it in the summer, and finished it after my return from Paris. Twelve hundred copies were printed, and sold so very fast that a new edition was undertaken the next day of 1,000 more, and published the next week.

March 15. I finished a tragedy called *The Mysterious Mother*, which I had begun Dec. 25, 1766; but I had laid it aside for several months while I went to Paris, and while I was writing my *Historic Doubts on Richard the Third*. The two last acts were not now as much finished as I intended.

June 20. Received a letter from Voltaire desiring my *Historic Doubts*. I sent them, and *The Castle of Otranto*, that he might see the preface, of which I told him. He did not like it, but returned a very civil answer, defending his opinion. I replied with more civility, but dropping the subject, not caring to enter into a controversy; especially on a matter of opinion, on which whether we were right or wrong, all France would be on his side, and all England on mine.

Nov. 18. At the desire of her son George William Hervey, Earl of Bristol, I wrote the elegy for the monument of Mary Lepelle Lady Hervey, to be erected in the church at Ickworth, in Suffolk.

I should have mentioned that on the Dissolution of the Parliament this year, I refused to serve again, agreeably to a letter I had written to the Mayor of Lynn, and which was published in the newspapers.

1769. April 24. Mrs. Clive spoke an epilogue I had written for her on her quitting the stage. It alluded to Robertson's *History of Charles the Fifth*, then lately published.

May. Mr. David Hume had introduced to me one Diverdun, a Swiss in the Secretary's office. This man wrote *Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne*; and Mr. Hume desired I would give him a copy of Lord Herbert's Life, that he might insert an extract in his journal. I did. In April this Diverdun went to travel with a young English gentleman, and a few days afterwards a Swiss clergyman delivered to me from him his Memoirs for the year 1768; he published but one before, for 1767. In this new journal I found a criticism on my *Historic Doubts*, with notes by Mr. Hume, to which the critic declared he gave the preference. Mr. Hume had shown me the notes last year in manuscript, but this conduct appeared so paltry, added to Mr. Hume's total silence, that I immediately wrote an answer, not only to these notes, but to other things that had been written against my *Doubts*. However, as I treated Mr. Hume with the severity he deserved, I resolved not to print this answer, only to show it to him in manuscript, and to leave it behind as an appendix to, and confirmation of, my *Historic Doubts*.

About the same time Voltaire published in the *Mercure* the letter he had written to me, but I made no answer, because he had treated me more dirtily than Mr. Hume had. Though Voltaire, with whom I had never had the least acquaintance or correspondence, had voluntarily written to me first, and asked for my book, he wrote a letter to the Duchess of Choiseul, in which, without saying a syllable of his having written to me first, he told her I had officiously sent him my Works, and declared war with him in defence *de ce bouffon* Shakspeare, whom in his reply to me he pretended so much to admire. The Duchess sent me Voltaire's

letter, which gave me such contempt for his disingenuity that I dropped all correspondence with him.

In July and August finished two more books of my *Memoirs* for the years 1765, 1766.

1770. In the summer of this year wrote an answer to Dr. Milles' Remarks on my *Richard the Third*.

1771. End of September, wrote the Advertisement to the *Letters of King Edward the Sixth*.

1772. Finished my *Memoirs*, which conclude with the year 1771; intending for the future only to carry on a Journal. This year, the last, and some time before, wrote some *Hieroglyphic Tales*. There are only five. I had long left off going to the Antiquarian Society. This summer I heard that they intended printing some more foolish notes against my *Richard the Third*; and though I had taken no notice of their first publication, I thought they might at last provoke me to expose them. I determined, therefore, to be at liberty by breaking with them first; and Foote having brought them on the stage for sitting in council, as they had done, on Whittington and his cat, I was not sorry to find them so ridiculous, or to mark their being so, and upon that nonsense, and the laughter that accompanied it, I struck my name out of their book. This was at the end of July.

In July wrote the *Life of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, No. 11 of my edition of *Miscellaneous Antiquities*.

Sept. 16. The Duke of Gloucester notified to the King his marriage with my niece Lady Waldegrave.

Sept. Wrote some lines to Lady Anne Fitzpatrick with a present of shells.

1773. Wrote *Nature will Prevail*, a moral entertainment in one act, which I sent anonymously to Mr. Colman, manager of Covent Garden. He was much pleased with it, but thinking it too short for a farce, pressed to have it

enlarged, which I would not take the trouble to do for so slight and extempore a performance.

1774. Wrote an introduction to, and a parody of, Lord Chesterfield's three first Letters.

At the beginning of this year wrote my answer to Mr. Masters' Remarks in the *Archæologia*. In July wrote the verses on *The Three Vernons*.

1775. In February wrote the Epilogue to *Braganza*; and three letters to the author, Mr. Jephson, on Tragedy.

1777. In April my nephew, Lord Orford, went mad again, and was under my care, but as he had employed a lawyer, of whom I had a bad opinion, in his affairs, I refused to take care of them.

1778. Lord Orford recovering in March, I gave up the care of him.

1778. In June was acted *Nature will Prevail*, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, with success. At the end of July wrote my answer to the editor of Chatterton's Works.

1779. In the preceding autumn had written a defence of myself against the unjust aspersions in the Preface to the Miscellanies of Chatterton. Printed 200 copies at Strawberry Hill this January, and gave them away. It was much enlarged from what I had written in July.

At the end of May wrote a Commentary and Notes to Mr. Mason's later poems.

[*Here Horace Walpole's Notes end; the continuation is supplied by the Editor.*]

1779. February. Sale of the Houghton pictures to the Empress of Russia.

July. Death of the Duke of Ancaster, who wished to marry Walpole's great-niece, Lady Horatia Waldegrave.

August. Walpole concluded the purchase of a house in

Berkeley Square, which was his town house until his death.

1780. January. Publication of *Modern Anecdotes of the Family of Kenvervankotsprachengatchdern, a Tale of Christmas*, by Lady Craven, with dedication to Horace Walpole.

Charles Miller's *Verses to Lady Horatia Waldegrave, on the Death of the Duke of Ancaster*, printed at Strawberry Hill.

Walpole's relations with Chatterton mentioned in Croft's *Love and Madness*.

July. Lady Maria Waldegrave (Walpole's great-niece) became engaged to the Earl of Egremont. The engagement was shortly afterwards broken off by her.

September. Death, at Paris, of Walpole's friend and correspondent, Madame du Deffand, aged eighty-three. She bequeathed to Walpole her MSS., and her dog 'Tonton.'

The fourth volume of *Anecdotes of Painting* printed at Strawberry Hill.

1781. January. Death, at Pisa, of Walpole's sister-in-law, the Countess of Orford. Her will was disputed by her son, the third Earl of Orford. The dispute was eventually settled by arbitration, in which Horace Walpole acted on behalf of Lord Orford.

May. Walpole published his tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother*, in order to put a stop to the issue of a pirated edition.

Reynolds' portrait of the Ladies Waldegrave (painted for Horace Walpole) exhibited at the Royal Academy.

August. Ode (written by William, afterwards Sir William, Jones) on the marriage of Lord Althorp and Miss Bingham, entitled *The Muse Recalled*, printed at Strawberry Hill.

September. Madame du Deffand's MSS. received by Walpole.

November. Production at Covent Garden of Robert Jephson's tragedy, *The Count of Narbonne*, founded upon Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*.

1782. May. Marriage of Walpole's great-niece, Lady Laura Waldegrave, to her cousin, Lord Chewton (afterwards fourth Earl Waldegrave).

October. Death of Walpole's former friend and correspondent, Richard Bentley, for the benefit of whose children Walpole had some years previously placed a sum of money in the funds.

November. Death of the Countess of Hertford, wife of Walpole's first cousin, to whom he was much attached.

December. Death of the Rev. William Cole, Walpole's schoolfellow, friend, and correspondent.

1784. January. Death of Walpole's elder brother, Sir Edward Walpole. In consequence of this event, Walpole's income was diminished by 1,400*l.* a year, derived from the sinecure place of Collector of Customs, which he held jointly with his brother.

February. Quarrel (on politics) between Walpole and his friend and correspondent, William Mason; they remained estranged until 1796.

November. Marriage of Lady Maria Waldegrave (Walpole's great-niece) to the Earl of Euston.

1785. September. The Duc de Nivernois' translation of Walpole's *Essay on Modern Gardening* printed at Strawberry Hill, with English and French on opposite pages.

December. Death of Mrs. Clive, Walpole's friend and tenant at Little Strawberry Hill.

1786. March. Walpole received from his nephew the legacy left to him by Sir Robert Walpole in 1745.

April. Marriage of Lady Horatia Waldegrave (Walpole's great-niece) to Captain Hugh Conway.

November. Death, at Florence, of Walpole's friend, Sir

Horace Mann, with whom he had corresponded for forty-five years.

1787. January. Account of the Earl of Salisbury and Christine de Pise printed at Strawberry Hill as a postscript to *Royal and Noble Authors*.

1788. Beginning of Walpole's intimate friendship with Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry, whose father had taken a house at Twickenham for the summer.

1789. July. Hannah More's poem, *Bonner's Ghost*, printed at Strawberry Hill.

September. Death of Walpole's niece, the Countess of Dysart.

October. Death of Walpole's great-nephew (by marriage), the fourth Earl Waldegrave.

1790. October. Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry and their father left England for the Continent, where they remained for more than a year.

1791. January. Death of George Selwyn, with whom Horace Walpole had been on terms of close friendship since childhood.

November. Return of Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry from the Continent.

December. Walpole succeeded to the Earldom of Orford on the death of his nephew, the third Earl.

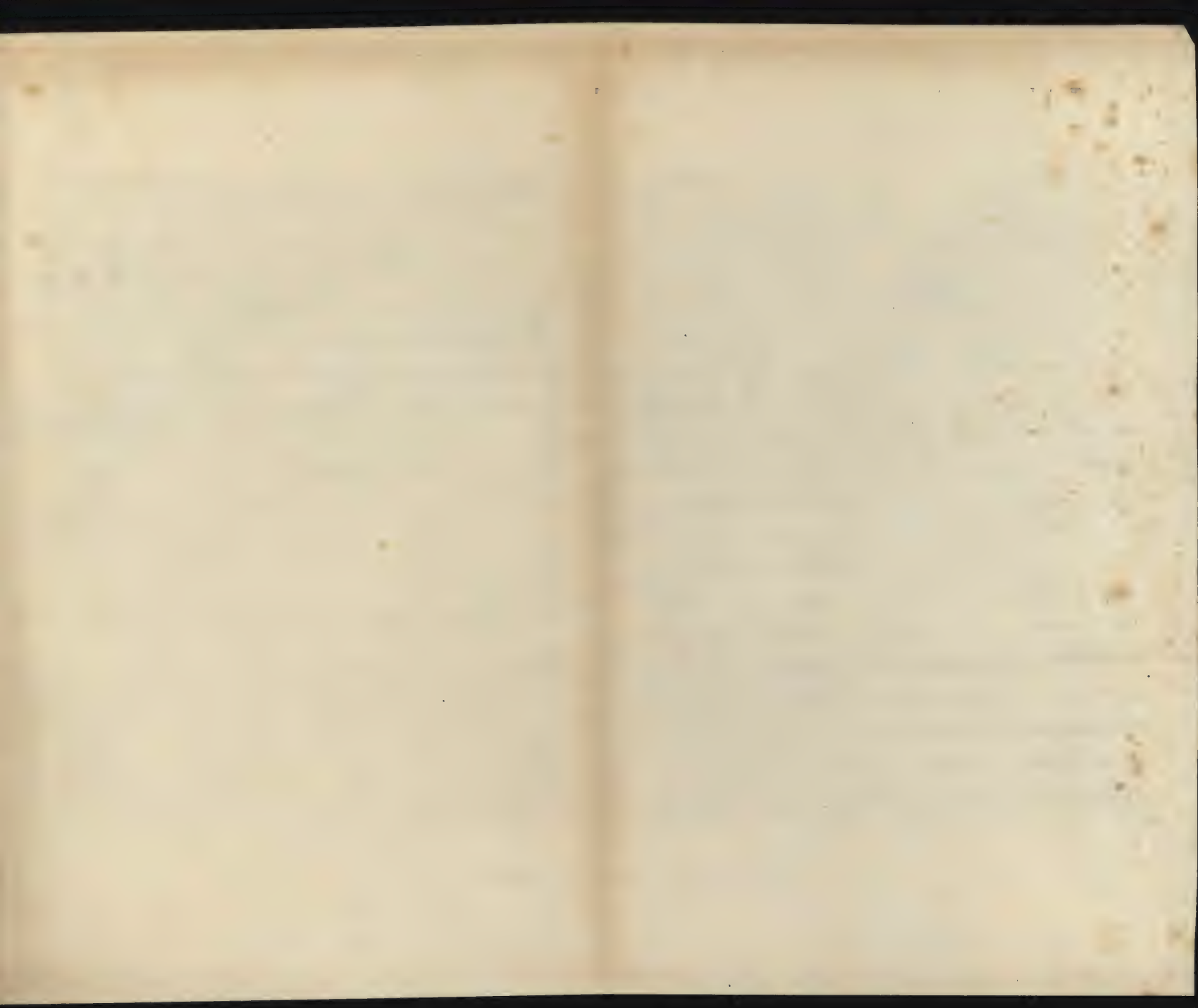
During 1791 he made over the house and grounds of Little Strawberry Hill to Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry.

1792. July. A letter signed 'Scrutator,' containing strictures on Walpole's relations with Chatterton, appeared in the *European Magazine*, reprinted from the *Cambridge Chronicle*.

1793-1796. Horace Walpole (now Earl of Orford) during these years suffered from constant attacks of gout. His time was chiefly passed in the company of the Miss Berrys, or in corresponding with them during their absence.

1797. January. Horace Walpole's last extant letter (addressed to the Countess of Upper Ossory) is dated on the 15th of this month.

March 2. Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford, died at his house in Berkeley Square in his eightieth year.



My Dearest Charles

The pleasure that the Interview, tho' so very short, that I had with you the Night before you left Town, gave me, has I think made your absence seem still more insupportable. That little Snatch of Conversation was so agreeable, that I am continually thinking how happy we should be in a much longer. I can reflect with great joy on the Moments we pass'd together at Ston, & long to talk 'em over, as I think we could recollect a thousand passages, which were something above the common rate of School-Boys's Diversions. I can remember with no small Satisfaction that we did not pass our Time in gloriously beating great Clowns, who would patiently bear children's Thumps for the collections, which I think some of our Co-temporaries were so wise as to make for them afterwards. We had other amusements which I long to call to mind with you: when shall I be so

happy? Let me know, my Dr Charles, how far you are from Ragley; I have some thoughts of going down thither this Summer & if it is not too far, I will spend a Day with you in Worcester. You may assure Yourself I am mightily put to it for news, when for Want of that, I send you some trifling Verses of my own, which have nothing to recommend 'em but the Subject. I know you will excuse 'em, when you consider they come from

My Dearest Charles

Yr. Sincere Friend & Servant
Hor: Walpole.

Chelsea August 7. 1735.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

1. TO CHARLES LYTTELTON¹.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

The pleasure that the interview, tho' so very short, that I had with you the night before you left town, gave me, has I think made your absence seem still more insupportable. That little snatch of conversation was so agreeable, that I am continually thinking how happy we should be in a much longer. I can reflect with great joy on the moments we passed together at Eton, and long to talk 'em over, as I think we could recollect a thousand passages, which were something above the common rate of schoolboy's diversions. I can remember with no small satisfaction that we did not pass our time in gloriously beating great clowns, who would patiently bear children's thumps for the collections, which I think some of our cotemporaries were so wise as to make for them afterwards. We had other amusements which I long to call to mind with you: when shall I be so happy?

LETTER 1.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham. This letter, which is written in a boyish hand, appears to be the earliest of Horace Walpole's which has been preserved. He was at this time not quite fifteen years old.

¹ Born 1714, d. 1768; third son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, fourth Baronet, of Hagley, Worcestershire.

He took orders in 1742, was Dean of Exeter, 1748-62; Bishop of Carlisle, 1762-68; President of the Society of Antiquaries, 1765. Lyttelton, with whom Horace Walpole was evidently on very friendly terms at this time, was almost certainly the 'Charles' of the Eton 'triumvirate' mentioned in the letter to Montagu of May 6, 1736. (See *Athenaeum*, Feb. 16, 1901.)

Let me know, my dear Charles, how far you are from Ragley²; I have some thoughts of going down thither this summer, and if it is not too far, I will spend a day with you in Worcestershire³. You may assure yourself I am mightily put to it for news, when for want of that, I send you some trifling verses⁴ of my own, which have nothing to recommend 'em but the subject. I know you will excuse 'em, when you consider they come from

My dearest Charles

Yr sincere Friend and Servant

Chelsea⁵, August 7, 1732.

HOR: WALPOLE.

2. TO CHARLES LYTTELTON.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

Eton, August 28, 1734.

I find we not only sympathize in the tenderest friendship for one another, but also in the result of that, which is the jealousy you mention. If you have given me a kind trial in your own mind and condemned me, I assure you I have over and over, tho' unwillingly, returned you the compliment; but to set the matter to rights, in which I have had the pleasure first to acquit you, you must know I came here but yesterday from home, where I have been, almost ever since I saw my dear Charles, detained with a violent cold

² Near Alcester in Warwickshire, the seat of Walpole's first cousin, Lord Conway (afterwards Earl and Marquis of Hertford).

³ At Hagley; see note 1.

⁴ These verses apparently have not been preserved.

⁵ Sir Robert Walpole had a house at Chelsea. 'A small house in the Stable yard of the College was given by George I to Catherine Shorter, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, who greatly augmented the house and garden, and built the summer house at the end of the terrace, and vast green-

houses for a most noble collection of orange trees and exotics. One summer, when Queen Caroline was Regent on the King's absence at Hanover, Sir Robert fitted up his largest greenhouse, and hung his finest pictures there, to give her Majesty a dinner.' (MS. note of H. W. in his copy of Robertson's *Topographical Survey of the Great Road from London to Bath and Bristol*. London, 1792.)

LETTER 2.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

and fever, and thro' the illnatured stupidity of our people here, who can't judge of what friends suffer by not hearing from one another, I did not receive so much as the alleviation of my illness by my dear Charles's letters, which they had hoarded up for me like old gold, equally dear to me indeed with that, but hoarded up without my having the pleasure of knowing my riches. But I am afraid my eagerness to clear myself from the imputation of neglecting to answer my dear Charles's letters, has made me tire your patience with a tedious roll of excuses, when I know one word would have satisfied my dear Charles's good nature of my innocence. I wish Randal were but as sensible of the pleasure I take in writing to you, as I am, and then he would indulge me a few more minutes without forcing me so hastily to repeat how much

I am

My Dearest Charles

Y^r most sincere friend

HOR: WALPOLE.

Tell me immediately that you have sealed my pardon.

3. TO CHARLES LYTTELTON.

DEAR CHARLES,

Augst 18th, 1735.

If I was impatient to see you to talk with you, I am much more so now to thank you for being so extremely obliging in your invitation to Hagley. My Lord¹ is come

LETTER 3.—Not in C. ; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

¹ Francis Seymour Conway (1718–1794), second Baron Conway; cr. Earl of Hertford, Aug. 3, 1750; cr. Marquis of Hertford, July 5, 1793. He was first cousin of Horace Walpole, through the marriage of his father, the first Baron Conway (whom he succeeded in 1732), with

Charlotte, daughter of John Shorter, and sister of Lady Walpole (see Table I). As Earl of Hertford he was Ambassador at Paris, 1763–65 (during which period Horace Walpole's published letters to him were, with one exception, written); Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1765–66; Master of the Horse, 1766; Lord Chamberlain, 1766–82, April–Dec., 1783.

to town, but I believe he will go down to Warwickshire in September, when if you are at Hagley I will certainly make myself so happy as to pass a day with you. My Lord Conway thinks himself no less obliged to my dear Charles than I do, and has given me a very hard task, which is to return you the thanks your civility deserves. While I say this, I fear you will think as we are friends I might have spared these speeches; but, my dear Charles, tho' friends ought not to stand on compliments, they ought the more to say what they think, and I hope friends are capable of thinking as fine things of each other, as the most polite courtier could say without meaning. Such a one would tell you out of mere civility, that he was, what I am with the greatest sincerity,

My dear Charles

Y^r most affect: friend

and humble servant

HOR: WALPOLE.

4. TO THOMAS GRAY¹.

From Cambridge, 1735.

In the style of Addison's *Travels*.

DEAR SIR,

I believe you saw in the newspapers that I was going to make the tour of Italy; I shall therefore give you some

LETTER 4.—Not in C.; printed from copy in Walpole's writing in possession of Sir T. V. Lister. The heading and marginal notes on this letter are by Walpole.

¹ Thomas Gray (1716-1771), the poet; Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, 1768-71. He became intimate with Horace Walpole at Eton, and was his contemporary at Cambridge. In 1739 he joined Walpole on a continental tour, and the two continued together till 1741, when they quarrelled and parted

at Reggio. Gray and Walpole were reconciled some years later by a common friend, and continued on friendly terms till Gray's death at Cambridge in 1771. His two Odes, *The Bard* and *The Progress of Poesy*, were the first productions of the Strawberry Hill Press, and his *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat* commemorated the death of one of Horace Walpole's cats. The 'lofty vase' which figures in the poem is mentioned in Walpole's *Description of Strawberry Hill*.

account of the places I have seen, which are not to be found in Mr. Addison, whose method I shall follow². On 9th of Oct^r., 1735, we set out from Lodone^a (the Lugdunum of the Ancients), the capital city of Lombardy, in a chariot-and-four. About 11 o'clock, we arrived at a place the Italians call Tempialbulo^b. Virgil seems to have prophesied of this town when he says—

Amisit verum vetus Albula nomen.

By *Time* the founder's great design was crost,
And *Albula* its genuine title lost.

Here are no remains of Roman antiquity but a statue of Marc Aurelius^c, which the Lombards call Guglielmo Terzo, one of their kings, and some learned men^d St. George and the Dragon. It is an equestrian statue, and almost equal to that of Charlemagne, at the Great Cross^e, at Lodone. The church is an old Gothic building, and reckoned the most ancient in Italy. Here was some time ago an altar-piece of the Lord's Supper, in which the painter having quarrelled with the Abbot^f of this church, represented him like Judas³, with this epigram:—

*Falleris, hâc qui te pingi sub imagine credis,
Non similis Judas est tibi—poenituit.*

Think not, vain man, thou here art represented,
Thou art not like to *Judas*—he repented.

From thence we made the best of our way to a town, which in English we should call Stony-Stratford, and corresponds with the description which Virgil has given of it—

— *vivo praetervehor Ostia Saxo
Stratfordi, Megarosque sinus, Tapsumque iacentem.*

² The places mentioned in this letter are on the high road from London to Cambridge.

³ The correct version of this story is as follows: Dr. Richard Welton (d. 1726), the nonjuring Rector of

Whitechapel, who resented Kennett's opposition to Sacheverell, employed the artist James Fellowes (d. 1730) to depict Kennett as Judas in an altar-piece in his church.

^a London.

^b White-chapel.

^c Statue of King William at a stone-cutter's.

^d See Addison, *Trav.*, p. 26.

^e Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross.

^f Dr. White Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough.

Those that follow are little dirty towns, that seem to have been built only to be 'knocked s' on the head, like

Antitheum, Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.

s Expression of Addison on this line.

h Bow.

The next town of note is Arc^h, so called from its being built in the shape of a bow—*ab Eoo curvatur in Arcum*. From Arc we travelled through a very pleasant country to Epinoⁱ, whose forest is celebrated by Virgil in these lines:—

i Epping.

*Sylva Epini latè dumis, atque ilice nigrâ
Horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes;
Rara per occultos ducebat semita calles.*

Epinum's woods with shrubs and gloomy oak
Horrid, and all with brambles thick o'ergrown,
Through which few narrow paths obscurely led.

*Mr. Trap*⁴.

We were here shown, at a distance, the thickets rendered so famous by the robberies of Gregorio^j. Here I was met by a very distant and troublesome relation. My namesake hints at such an one in those lines of his—

j Gregory, a noted highwayman. See Addison, *Trav.*, p. 1.

*Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum
Arreptâque manu, Quid agis, Cosinissime, rerum?*

Horace.

There stepp'd up one to me I hardly knew,
Embraced me, and cried, Cousin, how d' ye do?

*Mr. Creech*⁵.

k Hockerel.

We lay that night at Oggerell^k, which is famous for nothing but being Horace's Oppidulo, *quod versu dicere non est*.

l Little-bury.

m Audley Inn, the seat of the Earl of Suffolk.

In our way to Parvulun^l, we saw a great castle^m, belonging to the Counts of Suffolcia; it is a vast pile of building, but quite in the old taste. Parvulun is a small village, but formerly remarkable for several miraclesⁿ, said to be per-

n Winstanley's Wonders, or Tricks in Mechanics.

⁴ Joseph Trapp (d. 1747), first Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1708). He translated Virgil into blank verse.

⁵ Thomas Creech (d. 1701), of

Wadham and All Souls Colleges, Oxford, the translator of Lucretius, Horace, and Theocritus.

formed there by a Welsh saint⁶, who, like Jupiter, was suckled by a goat, whence they think it

Porrum et Caepe nefas violare. Juv.

The wonders of Parvulun are in great repute all over Lombardy. We had very bad ways from hence to Pont Ossoria^o, where are the ruins of a bridge that gives name to the town. The account they give of it is as follows:—St. Bona being desirous to pass over the river, met with a man who offered to carry her over; he took her up in his arms, and under pretence of doing her service, was going to ravish her; but she praying to the Virgin Mary for help, the wretch fell into the stream and was drowned, and immediately this bridge rose out of the water for her to go over. She was so touched with this signal deliverance, that she would not leave the place, but continued there till her death in exercises of devotion, and was buried in a little chapel at the foot of the bridge, with her story at length and this epitaph—*Hæc sita sunt fossâ Bonæ Venerabilis ossa*^p!

^o Bone Bridge⁷.

From Pont Ossoria we travelled by land to Nuovo Foro^q (the Novum Forum of Jockius), where are held the greatest races in all Italy. We were shown in the treasury of the Benedictines' Convent an ancient gold cup which cost an hundred guineas (a great sum in those days)⁸, and given, as the friar told us that attended us, by a certain German Prince, he did not very well know who, but he believed his name was one King George^r. The inhabitants are wonderfully fond of horses, and to this day tell you most surprising stories of one Looby, a Boltognian. I saw a book dedicated to the head of that family, intituled *A Discourse on the*

^p Epitaph of Venerable Bede.

^q New-market.

^r See p. 78.

⁶ Henry Winstanley (d. 1703), draughtsman and engineer. The 'tricks in mechanics' mentioned by Walpole were shown, for the benefit of his widow, at Winstanley's former

house at Littlebury in Essex.

⁷ Bournbridge, between Saffron Walden and Cambridge.

⁸ A fling at George II's parsimony.

Magnanimity of Bucephalus, and of the Duke of Boltogne's Horse Looby^{s 10}.

^s See p. 30.
Duke of
Bolton⁹.

^t Cambridge.

^u Lord Godolphin's
house on
Gogmagog
Hills.

I staid here three days, and in my way to Pavia^t stopped at the Palace of Delfini^u, which is built on the top of a large barren mountain, and at a distance looks like the Ark resting on Mount Ararat. This mountain is called Gog, and opposite to one called Magog. They are very dangerous precipices, and occasioned the famous verse—

Incidit in Gogum qui vult vitare Magogon^v.

^v Incidit in
Scyllam
qui vult
vitare
Charibdim.

I need not repeat the history of Gog and Magog, it being known to every child, and to be found at large in most books of travels.

Pavia and its University are described by Mr. Addison, so I shall only mention a circumstance which I wonder escaped that learned gentleman. It is the name of the town, which is derived from the badness of the streets: *Pavia à non pavendo*, as *Lucus à non lucendo*.

Till next post, adieu !

Yours ever,

HORATIUS ITALICUS.

5. TO RICHARD WEST¹.

DEAR WEST,

King's College, Nov. 9, 1735.

You expect a long letter from me, and have said in verse all that I intended to have said in far inferior prose. I intended filling three or four sides with exclamations against an University life ; but you have showed me how

⁹ Charles Paulet (1685–1754), third Duke of Bolton.

¹⁰ Looby, whose sire was Bay Bolton, won a royal plate at Newmarket.

LETTER 5.—¹ Richard West (1716–1742); son of Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by Elizabeth, second daughter of Bishop Burnet.

He was educated at Eton (where his character and literary tastes gained for him the friendship of Walpole and Gray), and at Christ Church, Oxford. He died June 1, 1742. His death was the subject of Gray's sonnet beginning 'In vain to me the smiling mornings shine.'

strongly they may be expressed in three or four lines. I can't build without straw; nor have I the ingenuity of the spider, to spin fine lines out of dirt: a master of a college would make but a miserable figure as a hero of a poem, and Cambridge sophs are too low to introduce into a letter that aims not at punning:

Haud equidem invideo vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

But why mayn't we hold a classical correspondence? I can never forget the many agreeable hours we have passed in reading Horace and Virgil; and I think they are topics will never grow stale. Let us extend the Roman Empire, and cultivate two barbarous towns o'er-run with rusticity and mathematics. The creatures are so used to a circle, that they plod on in the same eternal round, with their whole view confined to a *punctum, cujus nulla est pars*:

Their time a moment, and a point their space².

Orabunt causas melius, coelique meatus

Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:

Tu coluisse novem Musas, Romane, memento;

Hae tibi erunt artes. . . .

We have not the least poetry stirring here; for I can't call verses on the 5th of November and 30th of January by that name, more than four lines on a chapter in the New Testament is an epigram. Tydeus³ rose and set at Eton: he is only known here to be a scholar of King's. Orosmales and Almanzor are just the same; that is, I am almost the only person they are acquainted with, and consequently

² 'His time a moment, and a point his space.'—Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. I. 72.

³ Tydeus, Orosmales (probably a transcriber's or printer's error for Oromasdes), Almanzor, and Plato were four Cambridge men, who, as Miss Berry notes, had been Eton contemporaries of Walpole and West. Tydeus and Almanzor have not yet been identified. The sug-

gested identification of Tydeus with Walpole is excluded by the fact that Tydeus is referred to as a 'scholar' of King's, a description which, if the term scholar is to be used in the strict sense, could not apply to Horace Walpole. 'Orosmales' is evidently Gray. Plato appears to be Thomas Ashton. (See Tovey, *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 80-1, 138.)

the only person acquainted with their excellencies. Plato⁴ improves every day; so does my friendship with him. These three divide my whole time, though I believe you will guess there is no quadruple alliance⁵; that was a happiness which I only enjoyed when you was at Eton. A short account of the Eton people at Oxford would much oblige,

My dear West, your faithful friend,

H. WALPOLE.

6. TO GEORGE MONTAGU¹.

DEAR SIR,

King's College, May 2, 1736.

Unless I were to be married myself, I should despair ever being able to describe a wedding so well as you have done: had I known your talent before, I would have desired an epithalamium. I believe the Princess² will have more beauties bestowed on her by the occasional poets, than even a painter would afford her. They will cook up a new Pandora,

⁴ Thomas Ashton (1716-1775), contemporary of Horace Walpole at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, where his knowledge of Greek seems to have gained him the nickname of 'Plato.' He took orders and was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, 1737; Fellow of Eton College, 1745; Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, 1752; Preacher to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, 1762. Ashton was for many years on very intimate terms with Horace Walpole (who in 1740 addressed to him a *Poetical Epistle from Florence*), but in 1750 they quarrelled, and their acquaintance ceased entirely. Walpole accused Ashton of interested motives ('my father is dead, and I can make no bishops'), and finally forbade him his house, in consequence of Ashton's having written against the *Free Inquiry* of Conyers Middleton, who was a friend of Horace Walpole. (See letter to Mann, July 25, 1750.)

⁵ Thus as boys they had called the

intimacy formed at Eton between Walpole, Gray, West, and Ashton. (*Berry*.)

LETTER 6.—¹ George Montagu (d. 1780), eldest son of Brigadier Edward Montagu, and nephew of the second Earl of Halifax. He was Usher of the Black Rod in Ireland during the Viceroyalty of his cousin, the Earl of Halifax (1761-63); Ranger of Selsey Forest; Private Secretary to Lord North when Chancellor of the Exchequer; and sometime member for Northampton. His friendship with Horace Walpole began at Eton, and lasted till within ten years of Montagu's death, the breach, according to Walpole, being due partly to political differences, and partly to caprice on Montagu's part. (See letter to Cole, May 11, 1780.)

² Frederick Prince of Wales married (April 27, 1736) Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, who survived him and died in 1772.

and in the bottom of the box enclose Hope, that all they have said is true. A great many, out of excess of good breeding, having heard it was rude to talk Latin before women, propose complimenting her in English; which she will be much the better for. I doubt most of them, instead of fearing their compositions should not be understood, should fear they should: they write they don't know what, to be read by they don't know who. You have made me a very unreasonable request, which I will answer with another as extraordinary: you desire I would burn your letters: I desire you would keep mine. I know but of one way of making what I send you useful, which is, by sending you a blank sheet: sure you would not grudge three-pence for a half-penny sheet, when you give as much for one not worth a farthing. You drew this last paragraph on you by your exordium, as you call it, and conclusion. I hope, for the future, our correspondence will run a little more glibly, with dear George, and dear Horry; not as formally as if we were playing a game at chess in Spain and Portugal; and Don Horatio was to have the honour of specifying to Don Georgio, by an epistle, whither he would move. In one point I would have our correspondence like a game at chess; it should last all our lives—but I hear you cry check; adieu!

Dear George, yours ever.

7. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

King's College, May 6, 1736.

I agree with you entirely in the pleasure you take in talking over old stories, but can't say but I meet every day with new circumstances, which will be still more pleasure to me to recollect. I think at our age 'tis excess of joy, to think, while we are running over past happinesses, that it is still in our power to enjoy as great. Narrations of the

greatest actions of other people, are tedious in comparison of the serious trifles, that every man can call to mind of himself, while he was learning those histories. Youthful passages of life are the chippings of Pitt's diamond¹, set into little heart-rings with mottos; the stone itself more worth, the filings more gentle and agreeable. Alexander at the head of the world never tasted the true pleasure that boys of his own age have enjoyed at the head of a school. Little intrigues, little schemes, and policies, engage their thoughts, and at the same time that they are laying the foundation for their middle age of life, the mimic republic they live in furnishes materials of conversation for their latter age; and old men cannot be said to be children a second time with greater truth for any one cause, than their living over again their childhood in imagination. To reflect on the season when first they felt the titillation of love, the budding passions, and the first dear object of their wishes! how unexperienced they gave credit to all the tales of romantic loves! Dear George, were not the playing fields at Eton food for all manner of flights? No old maid's gown, though it had been tormented into all the fashions from King James to King George, ever underwent so many transformations as those poor plains have in my idea. At first I was contented with tending a visionary flock, and sighing some pastoral name to the echo of the cascade under the bridge. How happy should I have been to have had a kingdom only for the pleasure of being driven from it, and living disguised in an humble vale! As I got further into Virgil and Clelia², I found myself transported from Arcadia to the garden of Italy; and saw Windsor Castle in no other

LETTER 7.—¹ The 'Pitt Diamond' was bought for about £20,000 in India by Thomas Pitt (grandfather of the Earl of Chatham), when Governor of Madras. It was purchased from him in 1717 by the Regent Duc d'

Orléans, on behalf of Louis XV, for £130,000. The fragments from it when cut were valued at several thousand pounds.

² *Clelie*, the celebrated novel by Madeleine de Scudéry.

view than the *Capitoli immobile saxum*. I wish a committee of the House of Commons may ever seem to be the senate; or a bill appear half so agreeable as a billet-doux. You see how deep you have carried me into old stories; I write of them with pleasure, but shall talk of them with more to you. I can't say I am sorry I was never quite a school-boy: an expedition against bargemen, or a match at cricket, may be very pretty things to recollect; but, thank my stars, I can remember things that are very near as pretty. The beginning of my Roman history was spent in the Asylum, or conversing in Egeria's hallowed grove; not in thumping and pummelling King Amulius's herdsmen. I was sometimes troubled with a rough creature or two from the plough; one, that one should have thought, had worked with his head, as well as his hands, they were both so callous. One of the most agreeable circumstances I can recollect is the Triumvirate, composed of yourself, Charles³, and

Your sincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

8. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

King's College, May 20, 1736.

YOU will excuse my not having wrote to you, when you hear I have been a jaunt to Oxford. As you have seen it, I shall only say I think it one of the most agreeable places I ever set my eyes on. In our way thither we stopped at the Duke of Kent's¹ at Wrest². On the great staircase is a picture of the Duchess³; I said it was very like; oh, dear sir! said Mrs. Housekeeper, it's too handsome for my lady Duchess; her grace's chin is much longer than that. In

¹ Charles Lyttelton. See note 1, letter to Lyttelton, Aug. 7, 1732.

LETTER 8.—¹ Henry Grey (1671-1740), first Duke of Kent.

² Wrest Park, near Silsoe, in

Bedfordshire.

³ Lady Sophia Bentinck (d. 1748), daughter of first Earl of Portland; m. (1729), as his second wife, the first Duke of Kent.

one old closet hangs a portrait of one of the old Dame de Greys, in a gown of her own work, embroidered all over with little flowers of all colours, like the border of an under-petticoat, round her head is a kind of hoop-petticoat of gauze, her face is of a dead complexion ; with her needle and thread in her hand. She was a great workwoman and died at it. In the garden are monuments in memory of Lord Harold⁴, Lady Glenorchy⁵, the late Duchess⁶,—and the present Duke. At Lord Clarendon's⁷, at Cornbury⁸ is a prodigious quantity of Vandykes ; but I had not time to take down any of their dresses. By the way, you gave me no account of the last Masquerade. Coming back, we saw Easton Neston⁹, a seat of Lord Pomfret's¹⁰, where in an old green-house is a wonderful fine statue of Tully, haranguing a numerous assembly of decayed emperors, vestal virgins with new noses, Colossus's, Venus's, headless carcases and carcaseless heads, pieces of tombs, and hieroglyphics¹¹. I saw Althorp¹² the same day, where are a vast many pictures ; some mighty good ; a gallery with the Windsor beauties¹³, and Lady

⁴ Antony Grey (1696-1723), Earl of Harold ; eldest son of first Duke of Kent, whom he predeceased.

⁵ Lady Amabel Grey (d. 1727), daughter of first Duke of Kent ; m. (1718) John Campbell, Lord Glenorchy, eldest son of second Earl of Breadalbane.

⁶ Hon. Jemima Crewe (d. 1728), daughter and co-heir of second Baron Crewe of Stene ; m. (1695), as his first wife, Henry Grey, first Duke of Kent.

⁷ Henry Hyde (1672-1753), fourth Earl of Clarendon.

⁸ Cornbury Park, near Charlbury, Oxfordshire. The Clarendon estates in Oxfordshire were sold in 1750 to the third Duke of Marlborough.

⁹ Near Towcester, Northamptonshire.

¹⁰ Thomas Fermor (1698-1753) ; cr. Earl of Pomfret, 1721 ; Master of the

Horse to Queen Caroline, 1727-37 ; Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks. 1751.

¹¹ The statues here mentioned formed part of the collection of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel (d. 1646). They were sold (for £300) by Mary Mordaunt, Duchess of Norfolk, to the first Lord Lempster (Leominster), and were presented (1755) by the widow of his son (the first Earl of Pomfret) to the University of Oxford. (See *Anecdotes of Painting*, ch. ix.)

¹² The seat of the Spencers, near Northampton.

¹³ Eleven portraits of ladies by Lely, which were taken to Windsor by James II. Many copies of them were made ; those at Althorp were replicas by Lely himself. (See *Anecdotes of Painting*, ch. xii, and Dallaway's note.)

Bridgewater¹⁴, who is full as handsome as any of 'em; a bouncing head of, I believe, Cleopatra, called the Duchess of Maazarine¹⁵. The park is enchanting. I forgot to tell you I was at Blenheim, where I saw nothing but a cross housekeeper, and an impertinent porter, except a few pictures; a quarry of stone, that looked at a distance like a great house, and about this quarry, quantities of inscriptions: in honour of the Duke of Marlborough, and I think of her grace too; she . . .¹⁶ herself mentioned, as putting 'em up, in almost all of 'em.

Adieu! dear George,

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

These verses¹⁷ are not yet published.

9. TO CHARLES LYTTELTON.

DEAR CHARLES,

I have been at Oxford; how could you possibly leave it? after: seeing that charming place, I can hardly ask you to come to Cambridge. But when will you? I long to talk it all over with you. I just saw Sir Edward Noel¹ there, but had hardly time to exchange a syllable with him; he looks just what he always was; I wanted mightily to shake him into a fat good-natured laugh. Maudlin Walks please me most; I felt a pensive joy in 'em occasioned by thinking

¹⁴ Lady Elizabeth Churchill (d. 1714), third daughter of first Duke of Marlborough; m. (1703) Scroop Egerton, fifth Earl (afterwards first Duke) of Bridgewater.

¹⁵ Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin (d. 1699).

¹⁶ Line and a half erased in MS.

¹⁷ Presumably the Cambridge *Gratulations* mentioned in the next letter.

LETTER 9.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

¹ Sir Edward Noel (1715–1774), sixth Baronet, of Kirkby Mallory, Leicestershire; succeeded his cousin in 1745 as eighth Baron Wentworth; cr. (May 5, 1762) Viscount Wentworth of Wellesborough, Leicestershire. He had been at Eton with Walpole and Lyttelton.

two Lytteltons had been drowned² in the adjoining stream ;
and another³ had so often walked there.

The frolick boy, unfortunately gay,
Too near the current urg'd his little play ;
The yielding bank beneath his feet retir'd ;
And his soft soul absorb'd by waves expir'd.
The pious youth (ah ! tyrant of the flood,
Why vainly pious, why untimely good ?)
Plunged after him precipitate ; and try'd
To save his brother ; but in trying, dyed.
Go, gentle pair, nor at your fate repine ;
Earth or Elysium would to neither shine,
Unless to share the joys of both, both join.

Mov'd at our tears ; and mov'd to see no more
The hapless striplings sporting on his shore,
The River God sunk his flag-waving head
And melancholy winding thro' the mead,
In bubbling murmurs told his grief ; till here
He saw another Lyttelton appear ;
No more a double loss he could bemoan,
Finding the worth of two compris'd in one.

Excuse this flight, Charles ; Oxford inspir'd me ; Maudlin
Walks gave me the hint, and friendship dictated to

Yrs sincerely,

King's Coll., May 22^d, 1736.

H. WALPOLE.

I receiv'd yours, since I wrote this.

Dodd⁴ is at your service.

I wish you joy ! Adieu !

² John and Thomas, the two eldest sons of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, first Baronet, were drowned in the Cherwell near Magdalen College on May 9, 1635. They were buried in the college chapel. Their death was the subject of an elegy by Cowley.

³ Charles Lyttelton had been at University College, Oxford ; he matriculated Oct. 10, 1732.

⁴ John Dodd (d. 1782), of Swallowfield, Berkshire, afterwards M.P. He was at Eton with Walpole and Lyttelton.

10. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEARR GEORGE,

King's College, May 30, 1736.

Yooou show me in the prettiest manner how much you like I Petronius Arbiter; I have heard you commend him, but II am more pleased with your tacit approbation of writiing, like him, prose interspersed with verse. I shall send you soon in return some poetry interspersed with prosee; I mean the Cambridge congratulation¹ with the notes, as you desired. I have transcribed the greatest part of wrhat was tolerable at the coffee-houses; but by most of what t you will find, you will hardly think I have left anythingg worse behind. There is lately come out a new piece, calledd *A Dialogue between Philemon and Hydaspes on false Religion*, by one Mr. Coventry², A.M. and fellow, formerly felloww commoner, of Magdalen. He is a young man, but 'tis reeally a pretty thing. If you can't get it in town, I will send it with the verses. He accounts for superstition in a neww manner, and I think a just one; attributing it to disapppointments in love. He don't resolve it all into that bottoom; ascribes it almost wholly as the source of female enthuusiasm; and I dare say there's ne'er a girl from the age of fouburteen to four-and-twenty, but will subscribe to his principles, and own, if the dear man was dead that she loves, she would settle all her affections on heaven,—whithher he was gone.

WWho would not be an Artemisia, and raise the stately maussoleum to her lord; then weep and watch incessant over it like—the Ephesian matron³?

LETTER 10.—¹ The *Gratulatio* of the University of Cambridge on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, to which Horace Walpole contributed a copy of Latin verses.

² Nephew of the fifth Earl of Coventry; d. 1752.

³ Here follows in the MS. but cancelled:—'Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.'

I have heard of one lady⁴, who had not quite so great a veneration for her husband's tomb, but preferred lying alone in one, to lying on his left hand; perhaps she had an aversion to the German custom of left-handed wives. I met yesterday with a pretty little dialogue on the subject of constancy; 'tis between a traveller and a dove:

Le Passant.

Que fais tu dans ce bois, plaintive Turturelle?

La Tourterelle.

Je gémis, j'ai perdu ma compagne fidelle.

Le Passant.

*Ne crains tu pas que l'oiseleur
Ne te fasse mourir comme elle?*

La Tourterelle.

Si ce n'est lui, ce sera ma douleur.

'Twould have been a little more apposite, if she had grieved for her lover. I have ventured to turn it to that view, lengthened it, and spoiled it, as you shall see.

P.—Plaintive turtle, cease your moan;
Hence away!
In this dreary wood alone
Why d'ye stay?

T.—These tears, alas! you see flow
For my mate!

P.—Dread you not from net or bow
His sad fate?

⁴ In his *Description of Strawberry Hill*, Horace Walpole mentions a portrait by Vandyke, in his possession, of 'Francis Bridges, daughter of the Lord Chandos, and second wife of Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, on whose left hand she refused to lie on his tomb in Westminster

Abbey.' According to Collins' *Peerage* the inscription on Lord Exeter's tomb (in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, in Westminster Abbey) states that his two wives are buried with him. The second wife, however, was in fact buried in Winchester Cathedral.

T.—If, ah! if they neither kill,
Sorrow will.

You will excuse this gentle nothing, I mean mine, when I tell you, I translated it out of pure good-nature for the use of a disconsolate wood-pigeon in our grove, that was made a widow by the barbarity of a gun. She coos and calls me so movingly, 'twould touch your heart to hear her. I protest to you it grieves me to pity her. She is so allicholly as anything. I'll warrant you now she's as sorry as one of us would be. Well, good man, he's gone, and he died like a lamb. She's an unfortunate woman, but she must have patience; 'tis what we must all come to, and so as I was saying,

Dear George,

Good bye t'ye,

Yrs. sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I don't know yet when I shall leave Cambridge.

11. TO CHARLES LYTTTELTON.

DEAR CHARLES,

I am returned again to Cambridge, and can tell you what I never expected, that I like Norfolk. Not any of the ingredients, as hunting or country gentlemen, for I had nothing to do with them, but the county; which a little from Houghton is woody, and full of delightful prospects. I went to see Norwich and Yarmouth, both which I like exceedingly. I spent my time at Houghton for the first week almost alone; we have a charming garden all wilderness; much adapted to my romantic inclinations. The last week I had company with me. I don't hear whether

LETTER 11.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

George Montagu is gone yet or not; I conclude he is by not hearing from him.

Adieu,

Dr Charles,

Yrs in haste,

K. Coll., July 27, 1736.

H. WALPOLE.

12. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

August 17, 1736.

Gray is at Burnham¹, and, what is surprising, has not been at Eton. Could you live so near it without seeing it? That dear scene of our quadruple alliance² would furnish me with the most agreeable recollections. 'Tis the head of our genealogical table, that is since sprouted out into the two branches of Oxford and Cambridge. You seem to be the eldest son, by having got a whole inheritance to yourself; while the manor of Granta is to be divided between your three younger brothers, Thomas of Lancashire³, Thomas of London⁴, and Horace. We don't wish you dead to enjoy your seat, but your seat dead to enjoy you. I hope you are a mere elder brother, and live upon what your father left you, and in the way you were brought up in, poetry: but we are supposed to betake ourselves to some trade, as logic, philosophy, or mathematics. If I should prove a mere younger brother, and not turn to any profession, would you receive me, and supply me out of your stock, where you have such plenty? I have been so used to the delicate food of Parnassus, that I can never condescend to apply to the grosser studies of Alma Mater. Sober cloth of syllogism

LETTER 12. — ¹In Buckinghamshire, where his mother's brother-in-law, Jonathan Rogers, lived.

² See letter to West, Nov. 9, 1735.

³ Thomas Ashton, whose father was usher of Lancaster Grammar School.

⁴ Thomas Gray.

colour suits me ill; or, what's worse, I hate clothes that one must prove to be of no colour at all. If the *Muses coeli-que vias et sidera monstrent*, and *quâ vi maria alta tumescant*; why *accipiant*: but 'tis thrashing, to study philosophy in the abstruse authors. I am not against cultivating these studies, as they are certainly useful; but then they quite neglect all polite literature, all knowledge of this world. Indeed, such people have not much occasion for this latter; for they shut themselves up from it, and study till they know less than any one. Great mathematicians have been of great use; but the generality of them are quite unconvertible: they frequent the stars, *sub pedibusque vident nubes*, but they can't see through them. I tell you what I see; that by living amongst them, I write of nothing else: my letters are all parallelograms, two sides equal to two sides; and every paragraph an axiom, that tells you nothing but what every mortal almost knows. By the way, your letters come under this description; for they contain nothing but what almost every mortal knows too, that knows you—that is, they are extremely agreeable, which they know you are capable of making them:—no one is better acquainted with it than

Your sincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

13. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

King's College, March 20, 1737.

The first paragraph in my letter must be in answer to the last in yours; though I should be glad to make you the return you ask, by waiting on you myself. 'Tis not in my power, from more circumstances than one (which are needless to tell you), to accompany you and Lord Conway to Italy: you add to the pleasure it would give me, by asking it so

kindly. You I am infinitely obliged to, as I was capable, my dear George, of making you forget for a minute that you don't propose stirring from the dear place you are now in. Poppies indeed are the chief flowers in love-nosegays, but they seldom bend towards the lady; at least not till the other flowers have been gathered. Prince Volscius's¹ boots were made of love-leather, and honour-leather; instead of honour, some people's are made of friendship: but since you have been so good to me as to draw on this, I can almost believe you are equipped for travelling farther than Rheims. 'Tis no little inducement to make me wish myself in France, that I hear gallantry is not left off there; that you may be polite, and not be thought awkward for it. You know the pretty men of the age in England use the women with no more deference than they do their coach-horses, and have not half the regard for 'em that they have for themselves. The little freedoms you tell me you use take off from formality, by avoiding which ridiculous extreme we are dwindled into the other barbarous one, rusticity. If you had been at Paris, I should have inquired about the new Spanish ambassadress, who, by the accounts we have thence, at her first audience of the queen², sat down with her at a distance that suited respect and conversation. Dear woman! You won't be angry with me, I hope, if I fill up the remainder of my letter with transcribing some lines out of a new poem³, which will hardly reach you; 'tis wrote by a man of the Custom House, of little learning, new ideas, and odd sentiments: 'tis on Spleen:

Laugh and be well: Monkeys have been
Extreme good Doctors for the Spleen;

LETTER 13.—¹ A character in *The Rehearsal*, by the Duke of Buckingham.

² Marie Leczinska (d. 1768), daughter of Stanislaus Leczinski, King of

Poland (afterwards Duke of Lorraine); married (1725) Louis XV., King of France.

³ *The Spleen*, by Matthew Green (1696-1737).

And Kitten, if the Humour hit,
Has Harlequin'd away the fit.
Since Mirth is good on this behalf
At some partic'lars let us laugh.

* * * *

Poor Authors worshipping a calf,
Deep Tragedies that make us laugh;
Folks Things Prophetic to dispense,
Making the Past the future Tense.
Disdainfull Prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of an Eye:
A Coquet's April-weather Face, &c.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves and stirr the blood;
But after no field Honours itch
Atcheived by leaping Hedge and Ditch;
While spleen lies soft relax'd in Bed,
Or o'er Coal Fires reclines the Head.
Hygeia's sons with Hound and Horn,
And social cry awake the Morn:
These see Her in Her dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' Embraces of the Night,
With roral wash redeem her face
And [pr]ove⁴ Herself of Titan's race,
And mounting in loose robe the Skies,
Shed Light and Fragrance as she flies.

Sometimes I dress; with women sit, and chat away the
gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense, and wear a gay im-
pertinence.
Nor think nor speak with any pains, but lay on fancy's
neck the reins;
Talk of unusual Swell of Waiste, in maid of honour loosely
lac'd;
Of Kitty (Aunt left in the lurch by grave pretence to go
to Church)
Perceiv'd in Hack with Lover fine, like Will and Mary on
the coin, &c.

⁴ MS. torn.

You see the thoughts are most within the Bills of Mortality. If you care for any more lines, I will send some in my next; at present

Adieu, dear George,
Yours most heartily,
H. W.

14. TO CHARLES LYTTELTON.

DEAR CHARLES,

You will not wonder that I have so long deferr'd answering your friendly letter, as you know the fatal cause¹. You have been often witness to my happiness, and by that may partly figure what I feel for losing so fond a mother. If my loss consisted solely in being deprived of one that loved me so much, it would feel lighter to me than it now does, as I doated on her. Your goodness to me encourages me to write at large my dismal thoughts; but for your sake I will not make use of the liberty I might take, but will stifle what my thoughts run so much on. There is one circumstance of my misfortune which I am sure you will not be unwilling to hear, as no one can that loved her, and among the many that did, I have reason to flatter myself that you was one. I mean, the surprizing calmness and courage which my dear mother showed before her death. I believe few women would behave so well, and I am certain no man could behave better. For three or four days before she died, she spoke of it with less indifference, than one speaks of a cold; and while she was sensible, which she was within her two last hours, she discovered no manner of apprehension. This, my dear Charles, was some alleviation to my grief.

LETTER 14.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

¹ Lady Walpole died on Aug. 20, 1737.

I am now got to Cambridge out of a house which I could not bear ; wherever I am, believe me

Yrs. ever,

H. WALPOLE.

Mr. Dodd desires his compliments.

Sept. 18, 1737.

15. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

Paris, April 21, N.S. 1739.

You figure us in a set of pleasures, which, believe me, we do not find ; cards and eating are so universal, that they absorb all variation of pleasures. The operas, indeed, are much frequented three times a week ; but to me they would be a greater penance than eating *maigre* : their music resembles a gooseberry tart as much as it does harmony. We have not yet been at the Italian playhouse ; scarce any one goes there. Their best amusement, and which, in some parts, beats ours, is the comedy ; three or four of the actors excel any we have : but then to this nobody goes, if it is not one of the fashionable nights ; and then they go, be the play good or bad—except on Molière's nights, whose pieces they are quite weary of. Gray and I have been at the *Avare* to-night : I cannot at all commend their performance of it. Last night I was in the Place de Louis le Grand ¹ (a regular octagon, uniform, and the houses handsome, though not so large as Golden Square), to see what they reckoned one of the finest burials that ever was in France. It was the Duke de Tresmes, governor of Paris and marshal of France. It began on foot from his palace to his parish-church, and from thence in coaches to the opposite end of Paris, to be interred in the church of the Célestins ², where is his family-vault. About a week ago we happened to see the grave digging, as

LETTER 15.—¹ Since 1792 known as the Place des Victoires.

² The Convent of the Célestins was replaced by barracks.

we went to see the church, which is old and small, but fuller of fine ancient monuments than any, except St. Denis, which we saw on the road, and excels Westminster ; for the windows are all painted in mosaic, and the tombs as fresh and well preserved as if they were of yesterday. In the Célestins' church is a votive column to Francis II., which says, that it is one assurance of his being immortalised, to have had the martyr Mary Stuart³ for his wife. After this long digression, I return to the burial, which was a most vile thing. A long procession of flambeaux and friars ; no plumes, trophies, banners, led horses, scutcheons, or open chariots ; nothing but

friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

This godly ceremony began at nine at night, and did not finish till three this morning ; for, each church they passed, they stopped for a hymn and holy water. By the bye, some of these choice monks, who watched the body while it lay in state, fell asleep one night, and let the tapers catch fire of the rich velvet mantle lined with ermine and powdered with gold flower-de-luces, which melted the lead coffin, and burnt off the feet of the deceased before it wakened them. The French love show ; but there is a meanness reigns through it all. At the house where I stood to see this procession, the room was hung with crimson damask and gold, and the windows were mended in ten or a dozen places with paper. At dinner they give you three courses ; but a third of the dishes is patched up with salads, butter, puff-paste, or some such miscarriage of a dish. None, but Germans, wear fine clothes ; but their coaches are tawdry enough for the wedding of Cupid and Psyche. You would laugh extremely at their signs: some live at the Y grec, some at

³ Mary Queen of Scots married Francis II two years before his death (1558).

Venus's toilette, and some at the Sucking Cat. You would not easily guess their notions of honour: I'll tell you one: it is very dishonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the king's service as they call it, and it is no dishonour to keep public gaming-houses: there are at least an hundred and fifty people of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, &c. The men who keep the hazard-table at the Duke de Gesvres'⁴ pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princesses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses. We have seen two or three of them; but they are not young, nor remarkable but for wearing their red of a deeper dye than other women, though all use it extravagantly.

The weather is still so bad, that we have not made any excursions to see Versailles and the environs, not even walked in the Tuileries; but we have seen almost everything else that is worth seeing in Paris, though that is very considerable. They beat us vastly in buildings, both in number and magnificence. The tombs of Richelieu and Mazarin at the Sorbonne and the Collège de Quatre Nations⁵ are wonderfully fine, especially the former. We have seen very little of the people themselves, who are not inclined to be propitious to strangers, especially if they do not play and speak the language readily. There are many English here: Lord Holderness⁶, Conway and Clinton⁷, and Lord George

⁴ D'Argenson in his *Mémoires* writes (under date of March, 1739) in reference to these public gaming-houses: 'On compte plus de trois cents de ces maisons dans Paris, où l'on joue au *biribi* et au pharaon; tous les jeunes gens s'y ruinent. Les jeux de l'hôtel de Soissons et de l'hôtel de Gesvres sont causes de ces désordres. On ne sauroit reprendre aucun jeu particulier qu'on ne vous

cite aussitôt ces deux académies.'

⁵ Now the Palais de l'Institut.

⁶ Robert Darcy (1718-1778), fourth Earl of Holderness; Ambassador at Venice, 1744-46; Minister at the Hague, 1749-51; Secretary of State, 1751-61; Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, 1765; Governor to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV), 1771-76.

⁷ Hugh Fortescue (1696-1751),

Bentinck⁸; Mr. Brand⁹, Offley¹⁰, Frederic, Frampton¹¹, Bonfoy¹², &c. Sir John Cotton's¹³ son and a Mr. Vernon¹⁴ of Cambridge passed through Paris last week. We shall stay here about a fortnight longer, and then go to Rheims with Mr. Conway¹⁵ for two or three months. When you have nothing else to do, we shall be glad to hear from you; and any news. If we did not remember there was such a place as England, we should know nothing of it: the French never mention it, unless it happens to be in one of their proverbs. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

To-morrow we go to the *Cid*. They have no farces, but *petites pièces* like our *Devil to Pay*¹⁶.

fourteenth Baron Clinton, cr. Earl Clinton, 1749.

⁸ Second son of first Duke of Portland. He entered the army in 1743, and was present at the battle of Dettingen. He became a Major-General, and died at Bath, 1759.

⁹ Thomas Brand, of The Hoo, near Welwyn, Hertfordshire.

¹⁰ Probably John Offley, of Wichnor, near Lichfield.

¹¹ Probably James Frampton (d. 1784), of Moreton, Dorsetshire.

¹² Probably Nicholas Bonfoy, of Abbot's Ripton, Huntingdonshire.

¹³ Sir John Hinde Cotton, third Baronet, of Landwade, Cambridge-shire; Lord of Trade and Plantations, 1713; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1744; d. 1752. The son here mentioned, John Hinde Cotton (d. 1795), succeeded his father as fourth Baronet.

¹⁴ Henry Vernon, of Hilton Park, Staffordshire.

¹⁵ Hon. Henry Seymour Conway (b. 1719), second son of first Baron Conway, brother of the Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Hertford, and first cousin of Horace Walpole, through

the marriage of his father to Charlotte Shorter, sister of Lady Walpole. Conway entered the army in 1741, and was present at the battles of Dettingen, Laffeldt, and Fontenoy. In 1761, during the absence of the Marquis of Granby, he took command of the British forces in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. He became Major-General, 1756; Lieutenant-General, 1759; General, and Governor of Jersey, 1772; Field Marshal, 1793. He was M.P. for Higham Ferrers, 1741-47; for Penryn, 1747-54; for St. Mawes, 1754-61; Thetford, 1761-68; Bury St. Edmunds, 1775-80, 1780-84. He was Secretary to the Viceroy of Ireland, 1755-56; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1765-68; Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, 1767-72; Commander-in-Chief, 1782-83. Conway was a frequent correspondent of Horace Walpole, who preserved an unbroken friendship with him until his death, at Park Place, Henley-on-Thames, July 9, 1795.

¹⁶ An opera by Charles Coffey, produced at Drury Lane in 1731.

16. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

From Paris, 1739.

I should think myself to blame not to try to divert you, when you tell me I can. From the air of your letter you seem to want amusement, that is, you want spirits. I would recommend to you certain little employments that I know of, and that belong to you, but that I imagine bodily exercise is more suitable to your complaint. If you would promise me to read them in the Temple garden¹, I would send you a little packet of plays and pamphlets that we have made up, and intend to dispatch to Dick's² the first opportunity.—Stand by, clear the way, make room for the pompous appearance of Versailles le Grand!—But no: it fell so short of my idea of it, mine, that I have resigned to Gray the office of writing its panegyric. He likes it. They say I am to like it better next Sunday; when the sun is to shine, the king is to be fine, the water-works are to play, and the new knights of the Holy Ghost are to be installed³! Ever since Wednesday, the day we were there, we have done nothing but dispute about it. They say, we did not see it to advantage, that we ran through the apartments, saw the garden *en passant*, and slubbered over Trianon. I say, we saw nothing. However, we had time to see that the great front is a lumber of littleness, composed of black brick, stuck full of bad old busts, and fringed with gold rails. The rooms are all small, except the great gallery, which is noble, but totally wainscoted with looking-glass. The garden is littered with statues and fountains, each of which has its tutelary deity. In particular, the elementary

LETTER 16.—¹ West was now studying law in London.

² A celebrated coffee-house in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar.

³ The installation took place on Whitsunday. (See letter of Gray to West, from Paris, May 22, 1739.)

god of fire solaces himself in one. In another, Enceladus, in lieu of a mountain, is overwhelmed with many waters. There are avenues of water-pots, who disport themselves much in squirting up *cascadelins*. In short, 'tis a garden for a great child. Such was Louis Quatorze, who is here seen in his proper colours, where he commanded in person, unassisted by his armies and generals, and left to the pursuit of his own puerile ideas of glory.

We saw last week a place of another kind, and which has more the air of what it would be, than anything I have yet met with: it was the convent of the Chartreux. All the conveniences, or rather (if there was such a word) all the *adaptments* are assembled here, that melancholy, meditation, selfish devotion, and despair would require. But yet 'tis pleasing. Soften the terms, and mellow the uncouth horror that reigns here, but a little, and 'tis a charming solitude. It stands on a large space of ground, is old and irregular. The chapel is gloomy: behind it, through some dark passages, you pass into a large obscure hall, which looks like a combination-chamber for some hellish council. The large cloister surrounds their burying-ground. The cloisters are very narrow and very long, and let into the cells, which are built like little huts detached from each other. We were carried into one, where lived a middle-aged man not long initiated into the order. He was extremely civil, and called himself Dom Victor. We have promised to visit him often. Their habit is all white: but besides this he was infinitely clean in his person; and his apartment and garden, which he keeps and cultivates without any assistance, was neat to a degree. He has four little rooms, furnished in the prettiest manner, and hung with good prints. One of them is a library, and another a gallery. He has several canary-birds disposed in a pretty manner in breeding-cages. In his garden was a bed of good tulips in bloom, flowers

and fruit-trees, and all neatly kept. They are permitted at certain hours to talk to strangers, but never to one another, or to go out of their convent. But what we chiefly went to see was the small cloister, with the history of St. Bruno, their founder, painted by Le Sœur⁴. It consists of twenty-two pictures, the figures a good deal less than life. But sure they are amazing! I don't know what Raphael may be in Rome, but these pictures excel all I have seen in Paris and England. The figure of the dead man who spoke at his burial, contains all the strongest and horriddest ideas, of ghastliness, hypocrisy discovered, and the height of damnation, pain and cursing. A Benedictine monk, who was there at the same time, said to me of this picture: *C'est une fable, mais on la croyoit autrefois*. Another, who showed me relics in one of their churches, expressed as much ridicule for them. The pictures I have been speaking of are ill preserved, and some of the finest heads defaced, which was done at first by a rival of Le Sœur's. Adieu! dear West, take care of your health; and some time or other we will talk over all these things with more pleasure than I have had in seeing them.

Yours ever.

17. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

Rheims, June 18, 1739. N.S.

How I am to fill up this letter is not easy to divine. I have consented that Gray shall give you an account of our situation and proceedings; and have left myself at the mercy of my own invention—a most terrible resource, and which I shall avoid applying to if I can possibly help it. I had prepared the ingredients for a description of a ball,

⁴ Eustache Lesueur (1617–1655). These pictures were purchased from the monks in 1776, and transferred

to Versailles, and thence to the Louvre. (See Jameson, *Hist. of the Monastic Orders*, p. 128.)

and was just ready to serve it up to you, but he has plucked it from me. However, I was resolved to give you an account of a particular song and dance in it, and was determined to write the words and sing the tune just as I folded up my letter: but as it would, ten to one, be opened before it gets to you, I am forced to lay aside this thought, though an admirable one. Well, but now I have put it into your head, I suppose you won't rest without it. For that individual one, believe me, 'tis nothing without the tune and the dance; but to stay your stomach, I will send you one of their vaudevilles or ballads¹, which they sing at the comedy after their *petites pièces*.

You must not wonder if all my letters resemble dictionaries, with French on one side and English on t'other; I deal in nothing else at present, and talk a couple of words of each language alternately from morning till night. This has put my mouth a little out of tune at present; but I am trying to recover the use of it by reading the newspapers aloud at breakfast, and by chewing the title-pages of all my English books. Besides this, I have paraphrased half the first act of your new *Gustavus*², which was sent us to Paris: a most dainty performance, and just what you say of it. Good night, I am sure you must be tired; if you are not, I am.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

18. TO RICHARD WEST.

Rheims, July 20, 1739.

GRAY says, Indeed you ought to write to West.—Lord, child, so I would, if I knew what to write about. If I were

LETTER 17.—¹ This ballad does not appear.—Berry.

² *Gustavus Vasa*, a tragedy by Henry Brooke (d. 1783).

in London and he at Rheims, I would send him volumes about peace and war, Spaniards, camps, and conventions¹; but d'ye think he cares sixpence to know who is gone to Compiègne, and when they come back, or who won and lost four livres at quadrille last night at Mr. Cockbert's?—No, but you may tell him what you have heard of Compiègne²; that they have balls twice a week after the play, and that the Count d'Eu³ gave the king a most flaring entertainment in the camp, where the Polygone was represented in flowering shrubs. Dear West, these are the things I must tell you; I don't know how to make 'em look significant, unless you will be a Rhemois for a little moment. I wonder you can stay out of the city so long, when we are going to have all manner of diversions. The comedians return hither from Compiègne in eight days, for example; and in a very little of time one attends the regiment of the king, three battalions and an hundred of officers; all men of a certain fashion, very amiable, and who know their world. Our women grow more gay, more lively, from day to day, in expecting them; Mademoiselle la Reine is brewing a wash of a finer dye, and brushing up her eyes for their arrival. La Baronne already counts upon fifteen of them: and Madame Lelu, finding her linen robe conceals too many beauties, has bespoke one of gauze.

I won't plague you any longer with people you don't know, I mean French ones; for you must absolutely hear of an Englishman that lately appeared at Rheims. About two days ago, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and about an hour after dinner,—from all which you may conclude we

LETTER 18.—¹ The relations between England and Spain were at this time much disturbed. The Convention referred to was signed in Jan. 1739 with a view to composing the differences between the two nations. This it failed to do, and Sir Robert

Walpole was at length obliged to declare war against Spain on Oct. 19, 1739.

² A royal residence.

³ Louis Charles de Bourbon, Comte d'Eu (1701–1775).

dine at two o'clock,—as we were picking our teeth round a littered table and in a crumby room, Gray in an undress, Mr. Conway in a morning grey coat, and I in a trim white night-gown and slippers, very much out of order, with a very little cold, a message discomposed us all of a sudden, with a service to Mr. Walpole from Mr. More, and that, if he pleased, he would wait on him. We scuttle upstairs in great confusion, but with no other damage than the flinging down two or three glasses and the dropping a slipper by the way. Having ordered the room to be cleaned out, and sent a very civil response to Mr. More, we began to consider who Mr. More should be. Is it Mr. More of Paris? No. Oh, 'tis Mr. More⁴, my Lady Teynham's husband⁵? No, it can't be he. A Mr. More, then, that lives in the Halifax family? No. In short, after thinking of ten thousand more Mr. Mores, we concluded it could never be a one of 'em. By this time Mr. More arrives; but such a Mr. More! a young gentleman out of the wilds of Ireland, who has never been in England, but has got all the ordinary language of that kingdom; has been two years at Paris, where he dined at an ordinary with the refugee Irish, and learnt fortifications, which he does not understand at all, and which yet is the only thing he knows. In short, he is a young swain of very uncouth phrase, inarticulate speech, and no ideas. This hopeful child is riding post into Lorrain, or anywhere else, he is not certain; for if there is a war he shall go home again: for we must give the Spaniards another drubbing, you know; and if the Dutch do but join us we shall blow up all the ports in Europe; for our ships are our bastions, and our ravelins, and our hornworks; and there's

⁴ Hon. Robert Moore (d. 1728), third son of third Earl of Drogheda.

⁵ Anne Lennard (d. 1755), second daughter of Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex and Baron Dacre; m. (1)

Thomas Barrett Lennard; (2) Henry Roper, eighth Baron Teynham; (3) Hon. Robert Moore, as above. On the death of her elder sister (1741) she became Baroness Dacre.

a devilish wide ditch for 'em to pass, which they can't fill up with things——Here Mr. Conway helped him to fascines. By this time I imagine you have laughed at him as much, and were as tired of him as we were: but he's gone. This is the day that Gray and I intended for the first of a southern circuit; but as Mr. Selwyn⁶ and George Montagu design us a visit here, we have put off our journey for some weeks. When we get a little farther, I hope our memoirs will brighten: at present they are but dull, dull as

Your humble servant ever,

H. W.

P.S. I thank you ten thousand times for your last letter: when I have as much wit and as much poetry in me, I'll send you as good an one. Good night, child!

19. TO THOMAS ASHTON.

MY DEAR ASHTON,

The exceeding slowness and sterility of me and this place, and the vast abundance and volubility of Mr. Walpole and his pen will sufficiently excuse to you the shortness of this little matter. He insists that it is not him but his pen that is so volubility, and so I have borrowed it of him; but I find it is both of 'em that is so volubility, for tho' I am writing as fast, as I can drive, yet he is still chattering in vast

⁶ George Augustus Selwyn (1719-1791), second son of Colonel John Selwyn, of Matson, Gloucestershire, by Mary Farrington; educated at Eton and Oxford; in 1751 he became heir to the family estates, to which he succeeded on the death of his father in Nov. of that year. He was Clerk of the Irons and Master of the Meltings at the Mint, 1740; Paymaster of the Board of Works, 1755-82; Surveyor of Crown Lands, 1784-91; he was also Registrar-General of

the Court of Chancery in Barbadoes; M.P. for Ludgershall (his family borough), 1747-54, 1780-91; for Gloucester, 1754-80. Selwyn preserved an unbroken friendship with Horace Walpole from their school days at Eton till his death in 1791. He was an occasional correspondent of Walpole, and a frequent guest at Strawberry Hill.

LETTER 19.—Not in C.; reprinted from Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 45-7.

abundance. I have desired me to hold my tongue, pho, I mean him, and his, but his pen is so used to write in the first person, that I have screwed my finger and thumb off, with forcing it into the third. After all this confusion of persons, and a little stroke of satire upon me the pen returns calmly back again into the old *I* and *me*, as if nothing had happened, to tell you how much I am tired, and how cross I am, that this cursed scheme of Messrs. Selwyn and Montagu should have come across all our measures, and broke in upon the whole year, which, what with the month we have to wait for them, and the month they are to stay here, will be entirely slipt away, at least, the agreeable part of it, and if we journey at all, it will be through dirty roads and falling leaves.

The man whose arguments you have so learnedly stated, and whom you did not think fit to honour with a confutation, we from thence conceive to be one, who does us honour, in thinking us fools, and so you see, I lay my claim to a share of the glory; we are not vastly curious about his name, first because it don't signify, secondly because we know it already; it is either Sr. T. G. himself or your friend Mr. Fenton, if it's them we don't care, and if it is not we don't care neither, but if you care to convince the man, whoever he be, that we are in some points not altogether fools, you might let him know that we are most sincerely

Yours,

Rheims, July.

H. W. F.

20. TO RICHARD WEST.

From a Hamlet among the Mountains of Savoy,
Sept. 28, 1739. N.S.

PRECIPICES, mountains, torrents, wolves, rumblings, Salvator Rosa—the pomp of our park and the meekness of our palace! Here we are, the lonely lords of glorious,

desolate prospects. I have kept a sort of resolution which I made, of not writing to you as long as I staid in France: I am now a quarter of an hour out of it, and write to you. Mind, 'tis three months since we heard from you. I begin this letter among the clouds; where I shall finish, my neighbour Heaven probably knows: 'tis an odd wish in a mortal letter, to hope not to finish it on this side the atmosphere. You will have a billet tumble to you from the stars when you least think of it; and that I should write it too! Lord, how potent that sounds! But I am to undergo many transmigrations before I come to 'yours ever.' Yesterday I was a shepherd of Dauphiné; to-day an Alpine savage; to-morrow a Carthusian monk; and Friday a Swiss Calvinist. I have one quality which I find remains with me in all worlds and in all aethers; I brought it with me from your world, and am admired for it in this—'tis my esteem for you: this is a common thought among you, and you will laugh at it, but it is new here: as new to remember one's friends in the world one has left, as for you to remember those you have lost.

Aix in Savoy, Sept. 30th.

We are this minute come in here, and here's an awkward abbé this minute come in to us. I asked him if he would sit down. *Oui, oui, oui.* He has ordered us a radish soup for supper, and has brought a chess-board to play with Mr. Conway. I have left 'em in the act, and am set down to write to you. Did you ever see anything like the prospect we saw yesterday? I never did. We rode three leagues to see the Grande Chartreuse¹: expected bad roads and the finest convent in the kingdom. We were disappointed pro

LETTER 20.—¹ About thirty-seven miles from Grenoble. On revisiting the Chartreuse (in August 1741, after

his parting from Horace Walpole) Gray wrote in the visitors' book the Alcaic Ode printed in his Works.

and con. The building is large and plain, and has nothing remarkable but its primitive simplicity; they entertained us in the neatest manner, with eggs, pickled salmon, dried fish, conserves, cheese, butter, grapes, and figs, and pressed us mightily to lie there. We tumbled into the hands of a lay-brother, who, unluckily having the charge of the meal and bran, showed us little besides. They desired us to set down our names in the list of strangers, where, among others, we found two mottos of our countrymen, for whose stupidity and brutality we blushed. The first was of Sir J—— D——, who had wrote down the first stanza of *Justum et tenacem*, altering the last line to *Mente quatit Carthusiana*. The second was of one D——, *Coelum ipsum petimus stultitiâ; et hic ventri indico bellum*. The Goth!— But the road, West, the road! winding round a prodigious mountain, and surrounded with others, all shagged with hanging woods, obscured with pines, or lost in clouds! Below, a torrent breaking through cliffs, and tumbling through fragments of rocks! Sheets of cascades forcing their silver speed down channelled precipices, and hasting into the roughened river at the bottom! Now and then an old foot-bridge, with a broken rail, a leaning cross, a cottage, or the ruin of an hermitage! This sounds too bombast and too romantic to one that has not seen it, too cold for one that has. If I could send you my letter post between two lovely tempests that echoed each other's wrath, you might have some idea of this noble roaring scene, as you were reading it. Almost on the summit, upon a fine verdure, but without any prospect, stands the Chartreuse. We staid there two hours, rode back through this charming picture, wished for a painter, wished to be poets! Need I tell you we wished for you? Good night!

Geneva, Oct. 2.

By beginning a new date, I should begin a new letter; but I have seen nothing yet, and the post is going out: 'tis a strange tumbled dab, and dirty too, I am sending you; but what can I do? There is no possibility of writing such a long history over again. I find there are many English in the town; Lord Brook², Lord Mansel³, Lord Hervey's⁴ eldest son, and a son⁵ of——of Mars and Venus, or of Antony and Cleopatra, or, in short, of ———. This is the boy, in the bow of whose hat Mr. Hedges⁶ pinned

² Francis Greville (1719-1773), eighth Baron Brooke; cr. Earl Brooke, 1746; and Earl of Warwick, 1759.

³ Thomas Mansell (d. 1744), second Baron Mansell.

⁴ John Hervey (1696-1743), eldest surviving son of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol (n.c.); entered the House of Lords as Baron Hervey of Ickworth, 1733; Vice Chamberlain of the Household, 1730; Lord Privy Seal, 1740-42. He was the author of *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.* His eldest son was the Hon. George William Hervey (1721-1775), who succeeded his father as second Baron Hervey, 1743, and his grandfather as second Earl of Bristol, 1751; Envoy to Turin, 1755-58; Ambassador at Madrid, 1758-61; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1766-67; Lord Privy Seal, 1768-70; Groom of the Stole and First Lord of the Bedchamber, 1770-75.

⁵ Probably Charles Churchill junior, natural son of General Charles Churchill by Mrs. Oldfield the actress. The two latter are doubtless referred to here as 'Mars and Venus' and 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Mrs. Oldfield appeared in 1724 in the part of Cleopatra in Cibber's *Caesar in Egypt*.

⁶ Charles, youngest son of Sir

Charles Hedges, sometime Secretary of State. He was Envoy to Turin, and Secretary to the Prince of Wales. An Epistle addressed to Charles Hedges (by Sir William Yonge) is printed in Nichols' *Select Collection of poetry* (Vol. VI). In a copy, now in the Dyce-Forster Collection in South Kensington Museum, and formerly at Strawberry Hill, Horace Walpole wrote the following notes:—

'Charles Hedges, Secretary to Frederick Prince of Wales, was a man much in fashion, an accomplished scholar, and an elegant writer of Latin verse, in which he had a correspondence with Dr. Bloxholme. He died in the middle age, and left a short will in verse.

Mr. Hedges, who was a very agreeable and galant man, was in love with the celebrated actress Mrs. Oldfield, and appeared to be favoured by her, while kept by General Charles Churchill, a very warm man and a favourite of Sir R. Walpole. Mrs. Oldfield, who was admired in the part of Cleopatra, did not like to have her inclination for Hedges intimated to the General, and was supposed to instigate him to persecute Sir William*. He was afterwards one of the supporters of Mrs. Oldfield's pall.'

* He had mentioned Mrs. Oldfield's performance as Cleopatra in his Epistle to Hedges.

a pretty epigram. I don't know if you ever heard it: I'll suppose you never did, because it will fill up my letter:

Give but Cupid's dart to me,
Another Cupid I shall be;
No more distinguish'd from the other
Than Venus would be from my mother.

Scandal says, Hedges thought the two last very like; and it says too, that she was not his enemy for thinking so.

Adieu! Gray and I return to Lyons in three days. Harry⁷ stays here. Perhaps at our return we may find a letter from you: it ought to be very full of excuses, for you have been a lazy creature; I hope you have, for I would not owe your silence to any other reason.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

21. TO RICHARD WEST.

Turin, Nov. 11, 1739. N.S.

So, as the song says, we are in fair Italy! I wonder we are; for on the very highest precipice of Mount Cenis, the devil of discord, in the similitude of sour wine, had got amongst our Alpine savages, and set them a-fighting with Gray and me in the chairs: they rushed him by me on a crag, where there was scarce room for a cloven foot. The least slip had tumbled us into such a fog, and such an eternity, as we should never have found our way out of again. We were eight days in coming hither from Lyons; the four last in crossing the Alps. Such uncouth rocks, and such uncomely inhabitants! My dear West, I hope I shall never see them again! At the foot of Mount Cenis we were obliged to quit our chaise, which was taken all to pieces and loaded on mules; and we were carried in low

⁷ Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

arm-chairs on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, muffs, and bear-skins. When we came to the top, behold the snows fallen! and such quantities, and conducted by such heavy clouds that hung glouting, that I thought we could never have waded through them. The descent is two leagues, but steep and rough as O——'s father's face, over which, you know, the devil walked with hobnails in his shoes. But the dexterity and nimbleness of the mountaineers are inconceivable: they run with you down steeps and frozen precipices, where no man, as men are now, could possibly walk. We had twelve men and nine mules to carry us, our servants, and baggage, and were above five hours in this agreeable jaunt! The day before, I had a cruel accident, and so extraordinary an one, that it seems to touch upon the traveller. I had brought with me a little black spaniel of King Charles's breed; but the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature! I had let it out of the chaise for the air, and it was waddling along close to the head of the horses, on the top of the highest Alps, by the side of a wood of firs. There darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear Tory by the throat, and, before we could possibly prevent it, sprung up the side of the rock and carried him off. The postilion jumped off and struck at him with his whip, but in vain. I saw it and screamed, but in vain; for the road was so narrow, that the servants that were behind could not get by the chaise to shoot him. What is the extraordinary part is, that it was but two o'clock, and broad sunshine. It was shocking to see anything one loved run away with to so horrid a death¹.

Just coming out of Chamberri, which is a little nasty old hole, I copied an inscription set up at the end of a great road, which was practised through an immense solid rock

LETTER 21.—¹ See Gray's letter to his mother, from Turin, Nov. 7, N. S. 1789.

by bursting it asunder with gunpowder. The Latin is pretty enough, and so I send it you :

*Carolus Emanuel II.*² *Sab. dux, Pedem. princeps, Cypri rex, publicâ felicitate partâ, singulorum commodis intentus, breviorẽ securioremque viam regiam, naturâ oclusam, Romanis intentatam, cæteris desperatam, dejectis scopulorum repagulis, æquata montium iniquitate, quæ cervicibus imminiebant precipitia pedibus substernens, æternis populorum commerciis patefecit.*
A.D. 1670.

We passed the Pas de Suze, where is a strong fortress on a rock, between two very neighbouring mountains ; and then, through a fine avenue of three leagues, we at last discovered Turin:—

*E l'un a l'altro mostra, ed in tanto obblia
La noia, e 'l mal della passata via.*

'Tis really by far one of the prettiest cities I have seen ; not one of your large straggling ones that can afford to have twenty dirty suburbs, but clean and compact, very new and very regular. The king's³ palace is not of the proudest without, but of the richest within ; painted, gilt, looking-glassed, very costly, but very tawdry ; in short, a very popular palace. We were last night at the Italian comedy—the devil of a house and the devil of actors ! Besides this, there is a sort of an heroic tragedy, called *La rappresentazione dell' Anima Dannata*. A woman, a sinner, comes in and makes a solemn prayer to the Trinity : enter Jesus Christ and the Virgin : he scolds, and exit : she tells the woman her son is very angry, but she don't know, she will see what she can do. After the play we were introduced to the assembly, which they call the *conversazione* ; there were many people playing at ombre, pharaoh, and a game called

² Charles Emmanuel II, Duke of Savoy (1638–1675).

³ Charles Emmanuel III, King of Sardinia (1730–1773).

taroc⁴, with cards so *high*⁵, to the number of seventy-eight. There are three or four English here; Lord Lincoln⁶, with Spence⁷, your Professor of Poetry; a Mr. B——, and a Mr. C——, a man that never utters a syllable. We have tried all stratagems to make him speak. Yesterday he did at last open his mouth, and said *Bec*. We all laughed so at the novelty of the thing that he shut it again, and will never speak more. I think you can't complain now of my not writing to you. What a volume of trifles! I wrote just the fellow to it from Geneva; had it you?

Farewell! Thine,

HOR. WALPOLE.

22. TO RICHARD WEST.

From Bologna, 1739.

I DON'T know why I told Ashton I would send you an account of what I saw: don't believe it, I don't intend it. Only think what a vile employment 'tis, making catalogues! And then one should have that odious Curl¹ get at one's letters, and publish them like Whitfield's *Journal*², or for a supplement to the Traveller's Pocket-companion. Dear West, I protest against having seen anything but what all the world has seen; nay, I have not seen half that, not

⁴ A contemporary description of the game of taroc or *minchiato* is given by De Brosses (*Lettres Familières*, XLIV).

⁵ Miss Berry remarks in a note that in the MS. this word is written in a larger hand than the rest of the letter.

⁶ Henry Fiennes Pelham-Clinton (1720-1794), ninth Earl of Lincoln; succeeded his uncle as second Duke of Newcastle, 1768. Lord of the Bedchamber, 1743-62; Cofferer of the Household, 1746-54; Joint Comptroller of the Customs of London,

1749-94; K.G. 1752.

⁷ Rev. Joseph Spence (d. 1768), at this time travelling with Lord Lincoln. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1728-38; Professor of Modern History at Oxford, 1742. In 1758 his *Parallel of Magliabecchi and Mr. Hill* was published at Strawberry Hill. He is best known by his *Anecdotes*, published after his death.

LETTER 22. —¹ Edmund Curl (1675-1747).

² Portions of the *Journal* of George Whitefield, the celebrated preacher, were published in 1739.

some of the most common things ; not so much as a miracle. Well, but you don't expect it, do you ? Except pictures and statues, we are not very fond of sights ; don't go a staring after crooked towers and conundrum staircases. Don't you hate, too, a jingling epitaph of one Procul and one Proculus that is here³ ? Now and then we drop in at a procession, or a high-mass, hear the music, enjoy a strange attire, and hate the foul monkhood. Last week was the feast of the Immaculate Conception. On the eve we went to the Franciscans' church to hear the academical exercises. There were *moult* and *moult* clergy, about two dozen dames, that treated one another with *illustrissima* and brown kisses, the vice-legate, the gonfalonier, and some senate. The vice-legate, whose conception was not quite so immaculate, is a young personable person, of about twenty, and had on a mighty pretty cardinal-kind of habit ; 'twould make a delightful masquerade dress. We asked his name : Spinola. What, a nephew of the cardinal-legate⁴ ? *Signor, no : ma credo che gli sia qualche cosa.* He sat on the right hand with the gonfalonier in two purple fauteuils. Opposite was a throne of crimson damask, with the device of the Academy, the Gelati ; and trimmings of gold. Here sat at a table, in black, the head of the academy, between the orator and the first poet. At two semicircular tables on either hand sat three poets and three ; silent among many candles. The chief made a little introduction, the orator a long Italian vile harangue. Then the chief, the poet, the poets,—who were a Franciscan, an Olivetan, an old abbé, and three lay,—read their compositions ; and to-day they are pasted up in

³ Miss Berry gives the following wall of the church of San Pro-
epitaph (from the outside of the colo):—

Si procul à Proculo Proculi campana fuisse,
Jam procul à Proculo Proculus ipse foret.
A. D. 1392.

⁴ Cardinal Giorgio Spinola, Nuncio at Vienna ; d. 1739.

all parts of the town. As we came out of the church, we found all the convent and neighbouring houses lighted all over with lanthorns of red and yellow paper, and two bon-fires. But you are sick of this foolish ceremony; I'll carry you to no more: I will only mention, that we found the Dominicans' church here in mourning for the inquisitor; 'twas all hung with black cloth, furbelowed and festooned with yellow gauze. We have seen a furniture here in a much prettier taste; a gallery of Count Caprara's: in the panels between the windows are pendent trophies of various arms taken by one of his ancestors⁵ from the Turks. They are whimsical, romantic, and have a pretty effect. I looked about, but could not perceive the portrait of the lady at whose feet they were indisputably offered. In coming out of Genoa we were more lucky; found the very spot where Horatio and Lothario⁶ were to have fought, '*west of the town, a mile among the rocks.*'

My dear West, in return for your epigrams of Prior, I will transcribe some old verses too, but which I fancy I can show you in a sort of a new light. They are no newer than Virgil, and, what is more odd, are in the second Georgic. 'Tis, that I have observed that he not only excels when he is like himself, but even when he is very like inferior poets: you will say that they rather excel by being like him: but mind, they are all near one another.

*Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit aedibus undam:*

And the four next lines; are they not just like Martial? In the following he is as much Claudian;

*Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, et infidos agitans discordia fratres;
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro.*

⁵ Albert, Count Caprara (d. 1701), who in 1685 took Neuhausel from the Turks.

⁶ Characters in Rowe's *Fair Penitent*.

Then who are these like ?

*Nec ferrea jura,
Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.
Sollicitant alii remis freta caeca, ruuntque
In ferrum, penetrant aulas et limina regum.
Hic petit excidiis urbem miserosque Penates,
Ut gemmâ bibat, et Sarrano indormiat ostro.*

Don't they seem to be Juvenal's ?—There are some more, which to me resemble Horace ; but perhaps I think so from his having some on a parallel subject. Tell me if I am mistaken ; these are they :

*Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati :
Casta pudicitiam servat domus——*

inclusively to the end of these :

*Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini ;
Hanc Remus et frater : sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.*

If the imagination is whimsical, why, at least 'tis like me to have imagined it. Adieu, child ! We leave Bologna to-morrow. You know 'tis the third city in Italy for pictures : knowing that, you know all. We shall be three days crossing the Apennine to Florence : would it were over !

My dear West, I am yours from St. Peter's to St. Paul's !

HOR. WALPOLE.

23. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

Florence, Jan. 24, 1740. N.S.

I don't know what volumes I may send you from Rome ; from Florence I have little inclination to send you any. I see several things that please me calmly, but *à force d'en avoir vu* I have left off screaming Lord ! this, and Lord ! that. To speak sincerely, Calais surprised me more than anything I have seen since. I recollect the joy I used to

propose if I could but once see the Great Duke's¹ gallery; I walk into it now with as little emotion as I should into St. Paul's. The statues are a congregation of good sort of people, that I have a great deal of unruffled regard for. The farther I travel the less I wonder at anything: a few days reconcile one to a new spot, or an unseen custom; and men are so much the same everywhere, that one scarce perceives any change of situation. The same weaknesses, the same passions, that in England plunge men into elections, drinking, whoring, exist here, and show themselves in the shapes of Jesuits, cicisbeos, and Corydon ardebat Alexins. The most remarkable thing I have observed since I came abroad, is, that there are no people so obviously mad as the English. The French, the Italians, have great follies, great faults; but then they are so national, that they cease to be striking. In England, tempers vary so excessively, that almost every one's faults are peculiar to himself. I take this diversity to proceed partly from our climate, partly from our government: the first is changeable, and makes us queer; the latter permits our queernesses to operate as they please. If one could avoid contracting this queerness, it must certainly be the most entertaining to live in England, where such a variety of incidents continually amuse. The incidents of a week in London would furnish all Italy with news for a twelvemonth. The only two circumstances of moment in the life of an Italian, that ever give occasion to their being mentioned, are, being married, and, in a year after, taking a cicisbeo. Ask the name, the husband, the wife, or the cicisbeo of any person, *et voilà qui est fini*. Thus, child, 'tis dull dealing here! Methinks your Spanish war is little more lively. By the gravity of the proceedings, one would think both nations were Spaniard. Adieu! Do you re-

LETTER 23.—¹ Francis of Lorraine,
Grand Duke of Tuscany, husband

of Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary,
elected Emperor, 1745; d. 1765.

member my maxim, that you used to laugh at? *Everybody does everything, and nothing comes on't.* I am more convinced of it now than ever. I don't know whether S——'s was not still better, *Well, 'gad, there is nothing in nothing.* You see how I distil all my speculations and improvements, that they may lie in a small compass. Do you remember the story of the prince, that, after travelling three years, brought home nothing but a nut? They cracked it: in it was wrapped up a piece of silk, painted with all the kings, queens, kingdoms, and everything in the world: after many unfoldings, out stepped a little dog, shook his ears, and fell to dancing a saraband². There is a fairy tale for you. If I had anything as good as your old song, I would send it too; but I can only thank you for it, and bid you good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Upon reading my letter, I perceive still plainer the sameness that reigns here; for I find I have said the same things ten times over. I don't care; I have made out a letter, and that was all my affair.

24. TO RICHARD WEST.

Florence, February 27, 1740. N.S.

WELL, West, I have found a little unmasqued moment to write to you; but for this week past I have been so muffled up in my domino, that I have not had the command of my elbows. But what have you been doing all the mornings? Could you not write then?—No, then I was masqued too; I have done nothing but slip out of my domino into bed, and out of bed into my domino. The end of the Carnival is frantic, bacchanalian; all the morn one makes parties in

² See the Comtesse d'Aulnoy's fairy-tale, *The White Cat*.

masque to the shops and coffee-houses, and all the evening to the operas and balls. *Then I have danced, good gods! how have I danced!*¹ The Italians are fond to a degree of our country dances: *Cold and raw* they only know by the tune; *Blowzybella* is almost Italian, and *Buttered peas* is *Pizelli al buro*. There are but three days more; but the two last are to have balls all the morning at the fine unfinished palace of the Strozzi; and the Tuesday night a masquerade after supper: they sup first, to eat *gras*, and not encroach upon Ash-Wednesday. What makes masquerading more agreeable here than in England, is the great deference that is showed to the disguised. Here they do not catch at those little dirty opportunities of saying any ill-natured thing they know of you, do not abuse you because they may, or talk gross bawdy to a woman of quality. I found the other day, by a play of Etheridge's, that we have had a sort of Carnival even since the Reformation; 'tis in *She would if She could*, they talk of going a-mumming in Shrove-tide.

After talking so much of diversions, I fear you will attribute to them the fondness I own I contract for Florence; but it has so many other charms, that I shall not want excuses for my taste. The freedom of the Carnival has given me opportunities to make several acquaintances; and if I have not found them refined, learned, polished, like some other cities, yet they are civil, good-natured, and fond of the English. Their little partiality for themselves, opposed to the violent vanity of the French, makes them very amiable in my eyes. I can give you a comical instance of their great prejudice about nobility; it happened yesterday. While we were at dinner at Mr. Mann's², word was brought

LETTER 24.—¹ Cunningham notes that this is a parody of a line in Nathaniel Lee's *Alexander the Great*.

² Horace (1701–1786), second son of Robert Mann, Deputy-Treasurer

of Chelsea Hospital. He was Minister at the Court of Tuscany, 1740–86; cr. a Baronet, 1755; K.B., 1768; d. unmarried at Florence, aged eighty-five, Nov. 1786, having never

by his secretary, that a cavalier demanded audience of him upon an affair of honour. Gray and I flew behind the curtain of the door. An elderly gentleman, whose attire was not certainly correspondent to the greatness of his birth, entered, and informed the British minister, that one Martin, an English painter, had left a challenge for him at his house, for having said Martin was no gentleman. He would by no means have spoke of the duel before the transaction of it, but that his honour, his blood, his &c. would never permit him to fight with one who was no cavalier; which was what he came to inquire of his excellency. We laughed loud laughs, but unheard: his fright or his nobility had closed his ears. But mark the sequel: the instant he was gone, my very English curiosity hurried me out of the gate St. Gallo: 'twas the place and hour appointed. We had not been driving about above ten minutes, but out popped a little figure, pale but cross, with beard unshaved and hair uncombed, a slouched hat, and a considerable red cloak, in which was wrapped, under his arm, the fatal sword that was to revenge the highly injured Mr. Martin, painter and defendant. I darted my head out of the coach, just ready to say, 'Your servant, Mr. Martin,' and talk about the architecture of the triumphal arch that was building there; but he would not know me, and walked off. We left him to wait for an hour, to grow very cold and very valiant the more it grew past the hour of appointment. We were figuring all the poor creature's huddle of thoughts, and confused hopes of victory or fame, of his unfinished pictures, or

revisited England since taking up his appointment, although in 1775, on the death of his brother Edward Louisa Mann, he succeeded to the estate of Linton, in Kent. The Walpole and Mann families were connected, and this probably accounts, in the first instance, for Horace Walpole's residence in Florence with Mann, whose

inmate he was at different times during his stay in Italy in 1739 and 1741. Walpole and Mann became intimate friends, and when the former returned to England they began a correspondence which continued uninterruptedly for forty-five years (during which period they never met), until Mann's death.

his situation upon bouncing into the next world. You will think us strange creatures; but 'twas a pleasant sight, as we knew the poor painter was safe. I have thought of it since, and am inclined to believe that nothing but two English could have been capable of such a jaunt. I remember, 'twas reported in London, that the plague was at a house in the city, and all the town went to see it.

I have this instant received your letter. Lord! I am glad I thought of those parallel passages, since it made you translate them. 'Tis excessively near the original; and yet, I don't know, 'tis very easy too.—It snows here a little to-night, but it never lies but on the mountains. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. What is the history of the theatres this winter?

25. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Florence, March 6, 1740. N.S.

HARRY, my dear, one would tell you what a monster you are, if one were not sure your conscience tells you so every time you think of me. At Genoa, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine, I received the last letter from you; by your not writing to me since, I imagine you propose to make this leap year. I should have sent many a scold after you in this long interval, had I known where to have scolded; but you told me you should leave Geneva immediately. I have dispatched sundry inquiries into England after you, all fruitless. At last drops in a chance letter to Lady Sophy Farmor¹, from a girl at

LETTER 25.—¹ Lady Sophia Fermor, eldest daughter of first Earl of Pomfret; m. (1744), as his second wife, the well-known minister, Lord

Carteret (afterwards Earl Granville); d. 1745, after giving birth to a daughter (subsequently Countess of Shelburne).

Paris, that tells her for news, Mr. Henry Conway is here. Is he, indeed? and why was I to know it only by this scrambling way? Well, I hate you for this neglect, but I find I love you well enough to tell you so. But, dear now, don't let one fall into a train of excuses and reproaches; if the god of indolence is a mightier deity with you than the god of caring for one, tell me, and I won't dun you; but will drop your correspondence as silently as if I owed you money.

If my private consistency was of no weight with you, yet, is a man nothing who is within three days' journey of a Conclave²? Nay, for what you knew, I might have been in Rome. Harry, art thou so indifferent, as to have a cousin at the election of a Pope without courting him for news? I'll tell you, were I anywhere else, and even Dick Hammond³ were at Rome, I think verily I should have wrote to him. Popes, cardinals, adorations, coronations, St. Peter's! oh, what costly sounds! and don't you write to one yet? I shall set out in about a fortnight, and pray then think me of consequence.

I have crept on upon time from day to day here; fond of Florence to a degree: 'tis infinitely the most agreeable of all the places I have seen since London: that you know one loves, right or wrong, as one does one's nurse. Our little Arno is not boated and swelling like the Thames, but 'tis vastly pretty, and, I don't know how, being Italian, has something visionary and poetical in its stream. Then one's unwilling to leave the gallery, and—but—in short, one's unwilling to get into a post-chaise. I am as surfeited with mountains and inns, as if I had eat them. I have many to pass before I see England again, and no Tory to

² Pope Clement XII d. Feb. 6, 1740.

family, closely connected with the Walpoles.

³ The Hammonds were a Norfolk

entertain me on the road! Well, this thought makes me dull, and that makes me finish. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Direct to me, (for to be sure you will not be so outrageous as to leave me quite off,) *recommandé à Mons. Mann, Ministre de sa Majesté Britannique à Florence.*

26. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

Siena, March 22, 1740. N.S.

Probably now you will hear something of the Conclave: we have left Florence, and are got hither on the way to a Pope. In three hours' time we have seen all the good contents of this city: 'tis old, and very snug, with very few inhabitants. You must not believe Mr. Addison about the wonderful Gothic nicety of the dome: the materials are richer, but the workmanship and taste not near so good as in several I have seen. We saw a college of the Jesuits, where there are taught to draw above fifty boys: they are disposed in long chambers in the manner of Eton, but cleaner. N.B. We were not *bolstered*; so we wished you with us. Our cicerone, who has less classic knowledge, and more superstition than a colleger, upon showing us the she-wolf, the arms of Siena, told us that Romulus and Remus were nursed by a wolf, *per la volontà di Dio, si può dire*; and that one might see by the arms, that the same founders built Rome and Siena. Another dab of Romish superstition, not unworthy of presbyterian divinity, we met with in a book of drawings: 'twas the Virgin standing on a tripod composed of Adam, Eve, and the Devil, to express her immaculate conception.

You can't imagine how pretty the country is between this and Florence; millions of little hills planted with trees, and

tipped with villas or convents. We left unseen the Great Duke's villas and several palaces in Florence, till our return from Rome: the weather has been so cold, how could one go to them? In Italy they seem to have found out how hot their climate is, but not how cold; for there are scarce any chimneys, and most of the apartments painted in fresco; so that one has the additional horror of freezing with imaginary marble. The men hang little earthen pans of coals upon their wrists, and the women have portable stoves under their petticoats to warm their nakedness, and carry silver shovels in their pockets, with which their *cicisbeos* stir them—Hush! by them, I mean their stoves. I have nothing more to tell you; I'll carry my letter to Rome and finish it there.

Rè di Coffano, March 23,
where lived one of the three kings.

The King of Coffano carried presents of myrrh, gold, and frankincense: I don't know where the devil he found them; for in all his dominions we have not seen the value of a shrub. We have the honour of lodging under his roof to-night. Lord! such a place, such an extent of ugliness! A lone inn upon a black mountain, by the side of an old fortress! no curtains or windows, only shutters! no testers to the beds! no earthly thing to eat but some eggs and a few little fishes! This lovely spot is now known by the name of Radicofani. Coming down a steep hill with two miserable hackneys, one fell under the chaise; and while we were disengaging him, a chaise came by with a person in a red cloak, a white handkerchief on its head, and a black hat: we thought it a fat old woman; but it spoke in a shrill little pipe, and proved itself to be Senesino¹.

I forgot to tell you an inscription I copied from the portal of the dome of Siena:

LETTER 26.—¹ Francesco Bernardi, known as Senesino, a celebrated singer.

*Annus centenus Romae semper est jubilenus;
Crimina laxantur si poenitet ista donantur;
Sic ordinavit Bonifacius et roboravit.*

Rome, March 26.

We are this instant arrived, tired and hungry! O! the charming city—I believe it is—for I have not seen a syllable yet, only the Pons Milvius and an obelisk. The Cassian and Flaminian ways were terrible disappointments; not one Rome tomb left; their very ruins ruined. The English are numberless. My dear West, I know at Rome you will not have a grain of pity for one; but indeed 'tis dreadful, dealing with school-boys just broke loose, or old fools that are come abroad at forty to see the world, like Sir Wilful Witwou'd². I don't know whether you will receive this, or any other I write: but though I shall write often, you and Ashton must not wonder if none come to you; for, though I am harmless in my nature, my name has some mystery in it³. Good night! I have no more time or paper. Ashton, child, I'll write to you next post. Write us no treasons, be sure!

27. TO RICHARD WEST.

Rome, April 16, 1740. N.S.

I'LL tell you, West, because one is amongst new things, you think one can always write new things. When I first came abroad, everything struck me, and I wrote its history; but now I am grown so used to be surprised, that I don't perceive any flutter in myself when I meet with any novelties; curiosity and astonishment wear off, and the next thing is, to fancy that other people know as much of places as one's self; or, at least, one does not remember that they

² In Congreve's *Way of the World*.

³ The name of Walpole might be supposed to excite curiosity among

the Jacobites in Rome, where the Pretender was living.

do not. It appears to me as odd to write to you of St. Peter's, as it would do to you to write of Westminster Abbey. Besides, as one looks at churches, &c., with a book of travels in one's hand, and sees everything particularised there, it would appear transcribing, to write upon the same subjects. I know you will hate me for this declaration; I remember how ill I used to take it when anybody served me so that was travelling.—Well, I will tell you something, if you will love me: You have seen prints of the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica; you shall only hear its situation, and then figure what a villa might be laid out there. 'Tis in the middle of a garden: at a little distance are two subterraneous grottos, which were the burial-places of the liberti of Augustus. There are all the niches and covers of the urns with the inscriptions remaining; and in one, very considerable remains of an ancient stucco ceiling with paintings in grotesque. Some of the walks would terminate upon the Castellum Aquae Martiae, St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore, besides other churches; the walls of the garden would be two aqueducts, and the entrance through one of the old gates of Rome. This glorious spot is neglected, and only serves for a small vineyard and kitchen-garden.

I am very glad that I see Rome while it yet exists; before a great number of years are elapsed, I question whether it will be worth seeing. Between the ignorance and poverty of the present Romans, everything is neglected and falling to decay; the villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces so ill kept, that half the pictures are spoiled by damp. At the villa Ludovisi is a large oracular head of red marble, colossal, and with vast foramina for the eyes and mouth:—the man that showed the palace said it was *un ritratto della famiglia*! The Cardinal Corsini¹ has so thoroughly pushed

LETTER 27.—¹ Thus described by De Brosses (*Lettres Familiales*, LI):

'Clerc tonsuré, Florentin, neveu du pape actuel, peu d'esprit, moins de

on the misery of Rome by impoverishing it, that there is no money but paper to be seen. He is reckoned to have amassed three millions of crowns. You may judge of the affluence the nobility live in, when I assure you, that what the chief princes allow for their own eating is a testoon a day, eighteenpence: there are some extend their expense to five pauls, or half a crown: Cardinal Albani² is called extravagant for laying out ten pauls for his dinner and supper. You may imagine they never have any entertainments: so far from it, they never have any company. The princesses and duchesses particularly lead the dismallest of lives. Being the posterity of Popes, though of worse families than the ancient nobility, they expect greater respect than my ladies the countesses and marquises will pay them; consequently they consort not, but mope in a vast palace with two miserable tapers, and two or three monsignori, whom they are forced to court and humour, that they may not be entirely deserted. Sundays they do issue forth in a vast unwieldy coach to the Corso.

In short, child, after sunset one passes one's time here very ill; and if I did not wish for you in the mornings, it would be no compliment to tell you that I do in the evening. Lord! how many English I could change for you, and yet buy you wondrous cheap! And then French and Germans I could fling into the bargain by dozens. Nations swarm here. You will have a great fat French cardinal garnished

tête, nulle capacité, courtoisé pour sa place et par le grand nombre de créatures qu'a son oncle dans le collège. On verra au conclave ce qu'il sait faire. Le gouvernement est entre ses foibles mains: il a mis les finances surtout en pitoyable état. Le peuple crie hautement de la rareté et du mauvais titre de l'argent, se plaint du transport de l'espèce à Florence, ne veut plus de pape qui ne soit Romain ou de l'état

ecclésiastique.'

² 'Neveu de Clément XI, camerlingue, extrêmement considéré par sa capacité, haï et redouté à l'excès; sans foi, sans principes, ennemi implacable, même quand il paroît s'être réconcilié; grand génie dans les affaires, inépuisable en ressources dans les intrigues, la première tête du collège et le plus méchant homme de Rome.' (De Bosses.)

with thirty abbés roll into the area of St. Peter's, gape, turn short, and talk of the chapel of Versailles. I heard one of them say t'other day, he had been at the *Capitale*. One asked of course how he liked it—*Ah ! il y a assez de belles choses*.

Tell Ashton I have received his letter, and will write next post ; but I am in a violent hurry and have no more time ; so Gray finishes this delicately——

Not so delicate ; nor indeed would his conscience suffer him to write to you, till he received *de vos nouvelles*, if he had not the tail of another person's letter to use by way of evasion. I sha'n't describe, as being in the only place in the world that deserves it ; which may seem an odd reason—but they say as how it's fulsome, and everybody does it (and I suppose everybody says the same thing) ; else I should tell you a vast deal about the Coliseum, and the Conclave, and the Capitol, and these matters. *A-propos du Colisée*, if you don't know what it is, the Prince Borghese will be very capable of giving you some account of it, who told an Englishman that asked what it was built for : 'They say 'twas for Christians to fight with tigers in.' We are just come from adoring a great piece of the true cross, St. Longinus's spear, and St. Veronica's handkerchief ; all which have been this evening exposed to view in St. Peter's. In the same place, and on the same occasion last night, Walpole saw a poor creature naked to the waist discipline himself with a scourge filled with iron prickles, till he had made himself a raw doublet, that he took for red satin torn, and showing the skin through. I should tell you, that he fainted away three times at the sight, and I twice and a half at the repetition of it. All this is performed by the light of a vast fiery cross, composed of hundreds of little crystal lamps, which appears through the great altar under the

grand tribuna, as if hanging by itself in the air. All the confraternities of the city resort thither in solemn procession, habited in linen frocks, girt with a cord, and their heads covered with a cowl all over, that has only two holes before to see through. Some of these are all black, others parti-coloured and white: and with these masqueraders that vast church is filled, who are seen thumping their breasts, and kissing the pavement with extreme devotion. But methinks I am describing:—'tis an ill habit; but this, like everything else, will wear off. We have sent you our compliments by a friend of yours, and correspondent in a corner, who seems a very agreeable man; one Mr. Williams: I am sorry he staid so little a while in Rome. I forget Porto Bello³ all this while; pray let us know where it is, and whether you or Ashton had any hand in the taking of it. Duty to the Admiral. Adieu!

Ever yours,
T. GRAY.

28. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Rome, April 23, 1740. N.S.

As I have wrote you two such long letters lately, my dear Hal, I did not hurry myself to answer your last; but chose to write to poor Selwyn¹ upon his illness. I pity you excessively upon finding him in such a situation: what a shock it must have been to you! He deserves so much love from all that know him, and you owe him so much friendship, that I can scarce conceive a greater shock. I am very glad you did not write to me till he was out of danger; for this great distance would have added to my pain, as I must have waited so long for another letter. I charge

³ On the Isthmus of Panama; taken from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 20, 1739.

LETTER 28.—¹ According to Cunningham, John, elder brother (d. 1751) of George Selwyn.

you, don't let him relapse into balls: he does not love them, and, if you please, your example may keep him out of them. You are extremely pretty people to be dancing and trading with French poulterers and pastry-cooks, when a hard frost is starving half the nation, and the Spanish war ought to be employing the other half. We are much more public-spirited here; we live upon the public news, and triumph abundantly upon the taking Porto Bello. If you are not entirely debauched with your balls, you must be pleased with an answer of Lord Hartington's² to the governor of Rome. He asked him what they had determined about the vessel that the Spaniards took under the cannon of Civita Vecchia, whether they had restored it to the English? The governor said, they had done justice. My lord replied, 'If you had not, we should have done it ourselves.' Pray reverence our spirit, Lieutenant Hal.

Sir, Moscovita is not a pretty woman, and she does sing ill; that's all.

My dear Harry, I must now tell you a little about myself, and answer your questions. How I like the inanimate part of Rome you will soon perceive at my arrival in England; I am far gone in medals, lamps, idols, prints, &c., and all the small commodities to the purchase of which I can attain; I would buy the Coliseum if I could: judge. My mornings are spent in the most agreeable manner; my evenings ill enough. Roman conversations are dreadful things! such untoward mawkins as the princesses! and the princes are worse. Then the whole city is littered with French and German abbés, who make up a dismal contrast with the inhabitants. The Conclave is far from enlivening us; its

² William Cavendish (1720-1764), Marquis of Hartington; succeeded his father as fourth Duke of Devonshire, 1755; entered the House of Lords as Lord Cavendish of Hard-

wicke, 1751; Master of the Horse, 1751-55; Viceroy of Ireland, 1755-56; Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, 1756-57; K G., 1756; Lord Chamberlain, 1757-62.

secrets don't transpire. I could give you names of this cardinal and that, that are talked of, but each is contradicted the next hour. I was there t'other day to visit one of them, and one of the most agreeable, Alexander Albani³. I had the opportunity of two cardinals making their entry: upon that occasion the gate is unlocked, and their eminences come to talk to their acquaintance over the threshold. I have received great civilities from him I named to you, and I wish he were out, that I might receive greater: a friend of his does the honours of Rome for him; but you know that it is unpleasant to visit by proxy. Cardinal Delci, the object of the Corsini faction, is dying; the hot weather will probably dispatch half a dozen more. Not that it is hot yet; I am now writing to you by my fireside.

Harry, you saw Lord Deskfoord⁴ at Geneva; don't you like him? He is a mighty sensible man. There are few young people have so good understandings. He is mighty grave, and so are you; but you can both be pleasant when you have a mind. Indeed, one can make you pleasant, but his solemn *Scotchery* is a little formidable: before you I can play the fool from morning to night, courageously. Good night. I have other letters to write, and must finish this.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

29. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

Rome, May 7, 1740. N.S.

'Twould be quite rude and unpardonable in one not to wish you joy upon the great conquests that you are all com-

³ 'Celui-ci est chef des Piémontois, homme d'esprit, galant et le plus répandu de tous dans les sociétés de la ville. Il aime le jeu, les femmes, les spectacles, la littérature et les beaux-arts, dans lesquels il est grand

connoisseur.' (De Brosses.)

⁴ James Ogilvy (circ. 1714-1770), Lord Deskfoord, only son of fifth Earl of Findlater and Seafield, whom he succeeded in 1764.

mitting all over the world. We heard the news last night from Naples, that Admiral Haddock¹ had met the Spanish convoy going to Majorca, and taken it all, all; three thousand men, three colonels, and a Spanish grandee². We conclude it is true, for the Neapolitan Majesty³ mentioned it at dinner. We are going thither in about a week, to wish him joy of it too. 'Tis with some apprehensions we go too, of having a Pope chosen in the interim: that would be cruel, you know. But, thank our stars, there is no great probability of it. Feuds and contentions run high among the eminences. A notable one happened this week. Cardinal Zinzendorff⁴ and two more had given their votes for the general of the Capucins: he is of the Barberini family, not a cardinal, but a worthy man. Not effecting anything, Zinzendorff voted for Coscia⁵, and declared it publicly. Cardinal Petra⁶ reproved him; but the German replied, he thought Coscia as fit to be Pope as any of them. It seems, his pique to the whole body is, their having denied a daily admission of a pig into the Conclave for his Eminence's use; who, being much troubled with the gout, was ordered by his mother to bathe his leg in pig's blood every morning.

Who should have a vote to'other day but the *Cardinalino* of Toledo⁷? Were he older, the Queen of Spain might possibly procure more than one for him, though scarcely enough.

LETTER 29.—¹ Admiral Nicholas Haddock (1686-1746).

² An exaggerated report—Admiral Haddock had merely captured two Spanish transports with soldiers from Majorca. (*Gent. Mag.*, 1740, p. 199.)

³ Charles, King of Naples, succeeded his brother as King of Spain in 1759.

⁴ Bishop of Breslau.

⁵ 'Ministre sous Benoît XIII, digne de la potence; condamné à une prison

perpétuelle au château St. Ange, où il se trouve à merveille, dit-on, parce qu'il ne lui en coûte rien et qu'il amasse de l'argent.' (De Brosse.)

⁶ 'Grand pénitencier, vieux radoteur. Il croit qu'il sera pape, et le croit tout seul.' (De Brosse.)

⁷ Louis, son of Philip V of Spain by his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese. He was Archbishop of Toledo, and was made a Cardinal (1735) at the age of eight.

Well, but we won't talk politics : shall we talk antiquities ? Gray and I discovered a considerable curiosity lately. In an unfrequented quarter of the Colonna garden lie two immense fragments of marble, formerly part of a frieze to some building ; 'tis not known of what. They are of Parian marble : which may give one some idea of the magnificence of the rest of the building ; for these pieces were at the very top. Upon inquiry, we were told they had been measured by an architect, who declared they were larger than any member of St. Peter's. The length of one of the pieces is above sixteen feet. They were formerly sold to a stone-cutter for five thousand crowns, but Clement XI would not permit them to be sawed, annulled the bargain, and laid a penalty of twelve thousand crowns upon the family if they parted with them. I think it was a right judged thing. Is it not amazing that so vast a structure should not be known of, or that it should be so entirely destroyed ? But indeed at Rome this is a common surprise ; for, by the remains one sees of the Roman grandeur in their structures, 'tis evident that there must have been more pains taken to destroy those piles than to raise them. They are more demolished than any time or chance could have effected. I am persuaded that in an hundred years Rome will not be worth seeing ; 'tis less so now than one would believe. All the public pictures are decayed or decaying ; the few ruins cannot last long ; and the statues and private collections must be sold, from the great poverty of the families. There are now selling no less than three of the principal collections, the Barberini, the Sacchetti, and Ottoboni : the latter belonged to the cardinal who died in the Conclave⁸. I must give you an instance of his generosity, or rather ostentation.

⁸ 'Doyen, neveu d'Alexandre VIII, Vénitien, protecteur de France, fait cardinal à dix-sept ou dix-huit ans ;

sans mœurs, sans crédit, débauché, ruiné, amateur des arts, grand musicien.' (De Brosses.)

When Lord Carlisle⁹ was here last year, who is a great virtuoso, he asked leave to see the cardinal's collection of cameos and intaglios. Ottoboni gave leave, and ordered the person who showed them to observe which my Lord admired most. My Lord admired many: they were all sent him the next morning. He sent the cardinal back a fine gold repeater; who returned him an agate snuff-box, and more cameos of ten times the value. *Voilà qui est fini!* Had my Lord produced more gold repeaters, it would have been begging more cameos.

Adieu, my dear West! You see I write often and much, as you desired it. Do answer one now and then, with any little job that is done in England. Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

30. TO THOMAS ASHTON.

Rome, May 14, 1740. N.E.

BOILEAU'S Discord dwelt in a College of Monks¹. At present the lady is in the Conclave. Corsini has been interrogated about certain millions of crowns that are absent from the Apostolic Chamber; he refuses giving an account, but to a Pope. However, he has set several arithmeticians to work, to compose sums, and flourish out expenses, which probably never existed. Cardinal Cibo² pretends to have a banker at Genoa, who will prove that he has received three millions on the part of the Eminent Corsini. This Cibo is a madman, but set on by others. He had formerly some great office in the government,

⁹ Henry Howard (1684-1758), fourth Earl of Carlisle.

LETTER 30.—Not in C.; reprinted from Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 49-54.

¹ Cf. *Le Lutrin*, Chant 1:

'Quand la Discorde encor toute
noire de crimes,
Sortant des Cordeliers pour aller
aux Minimes,' &c.

² Camillo Cibo, of the princely house of Massa-Carrara.

from whence they are generally raised to the Cardinalate. After a time, not being promoted as he expected, he resigned his post, and retired to a mountain where he built a most magnificent hermitage. There he inhabited for two years, grew tired, came back and received the hat.

Other feuds have been between Cardinal Portia³ and the father of Benedict the Thirteenth⁴, by whom he was made Cardinal. About a month ago, he was within three votes of being Pope; he did not apply to any party, but went gleaning privately from all, and of a sudden burst out with a number, but too soon, and that threw him quite out. Having been since left out of their meetings, he asked one of the Benedictine Cardinals the reason, who replied that he never had been their friend and never should be of their assemblies, and did not even hesitate to call him apostate. This flung Portia into such a rage that he spit blood, and instantly left the Conclave with all his baggage. But the great cause of their antipathy to him was, his having been one of the four that voted for putting Coscia to death, who now regains his interest, and may prove somewhat disagreeable to his enemies: whose honesty is not abundantly heavier than his own. He met Corsini t'other day, and told him, he heard his Eminence had a mind to his cell: Corsini answered he was very well contented with that he had. Oh! says Coscia, I don't mean here in the Conclave, but in the Castle St. Angelo.

With all these animosities, one is near having a Pope. Cardinal Gotto⁵, an old inoffensive Dominican, without any

³ Leandro, of the family of the Counts Porzia; 'Bénédictin, Vénitien de Frioul, de haute naissance, d'un très grand mérite, et d'une égale considération; l'esprit noble et élevé, ferme, sévère, grand justicier, impitoyable pour la canaille, sujet très-papable et capable de rétablir le bon ordre dans Rome. Il seroit naturel

qu'on jetât les yeux sur lui; probablement le fera-t-on; mais il est fort haï du menu peuple, qui l'appelle: *Il nemico del povero.*' (De Broses.)

⁴ Of the Orsini family; d. 1725.

⁵ 'Jacobin; il a quelque science monacale, assez de piété et peu de crédit. Cependant on en parle pour le conclave; mais cela ne peut être

relations, wanted yesterday but two voices, and is still most likely to succeed. Cardinal Altieri has been sent for from Albano, whither he was retired on account of his brother's death⁶, and his own illness, and where he was to stay till the Election drew nigh. There! there is a sufficient quantity of Conclave news I think.

We have miserable weather for the season. Could you think I was writing to you by my fireside at Rome in the middle of May? the common people say 'tis occasioned by the Pope's soul, which cannot find rest.

How goes your war? We are persuaded here of an additional one with France; Lord! it will be dreadful to return thro' Germany. I don't know who cooks up the news here, but we have some strange piece every day. One that is much in vogue, and would not be disagreeable for us, is, that the Czarine⁷ has clapt the Marquis de la Chétardie⁸ in prison; one must hope till some months hence, 'tis all contradicted.

I am balancing in great uncertainty, whether to go to Naples, or to stay here. You know 'twould be provoking to have a Pope chosen just as one's back is turned: and if I wait, I fear the heats may arrive. I don't know what to do. We are going to-night to a great *assemblée* at one of the villas just out of the city, whither all the English are invited⁹; amongst the rest Mr. Stuard and his two sons¹⁰.

sérieux, si ce n'est que parce que c'est un sujet médiocre.' (De Brosses.)

⁶ 'Les deux Altieri, de haute naissance, neveux de Clément X. Le premier est attentif, exact; le second tout uni: tous deux bonnes gens. Le premier est estimé, l'autre jouit de considération.' (De Brosses.) Giovanni Battista Altieri d. 1740; Lorenzo Altieri d. 1741.

⁷ Anne, Empress of Russia (1730-1740).

⁸ Joachim Jacques Trotti (1705-1759), Marquis de la Chétardie;

Ambassador to Russia, 1739-42. He was the lover of Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great. Her accession to the throne (1741) was largely due to his intrigues. The report of his imprisonment was unfounded.

⁹ See Gray's letter from Tivoli, May 20, 1740.

¹⁰ James Edward Stuart (the Old Pretender), Charles Edward Stuart (the Young Pretender), and Henry Benedict Stuart (afterwards Cardinal of York).

There is one lives with him called Lord Dunbar¹¹, Murray's² brother, who would be his minister if he had any occasion for one—I meet him frequently in public places and like him. He is very sensible, very agreeable, and well bred.

Good night, child ; by the bye I have had no letters from England these two last posts.

Yrs ever——

I am by trade a finisher of letters. Don't you wonder at the Conclave? Instead of being immured, every one in his proper hutch as one used to imagine, they have the liberty of scuttling out of one hole into another, and might breed, if they were young enough. I do assure you, everything one has heard say of Italy is a lie, and am firmly of opinion, that no mortal was ever here before us. I am writing to prove that there never was any such a people as the Romans, that this was anciently a colony of the Jews, and that the Coliseum was built on the model of Solomon's temple. Our people have told so many stories of them, that they don't believe anything we say about ourselves. Porto Bello is still said to be impregnable, and it is reported the Dutch have declared war against us. The English court here, brighten up on the news of our conquests, and conclude all the contrary has happened. You do not know perhaps, that we have our little good fortune in the Mediterranean, where Admiral Haddock has overturned certain little boats carrying troops to Majorca, drowned a few hundred of them, and taken a little Grandee of

¹¹ Hon. James Murray, second son of fifth Viscount Stormont; titular Earl of Dunbar.

¹² William Murray (1705-1793), fourth son of fifth Viscount Stormont; cr. (Nov. 8, 1756) Baron Mansfield, of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire; cr. (Oct. 31, 1776) Earl of Mansfield. He was M.P. for Boroughbridge,

1742-56; Solicitor-General, 1742-54; Attorney-General, 1754-56; Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1756-88; *ex officio* Chancellor of the Exchequer (having refused the post of Lord Chancellor), April-June 1757, Sept.-Oct. 1767; Speaker of the House of Lords, Oct. 1760, Jan. 1770-Jan. 1771.

Spain, that commanded the expedition, at least so they say at Naples¹³. I'm very sorry, but methinks they seem in a bad condition. Is *West* dead to the world in general, or only so to me? for you I have not the impudence to accuse, but you are to take this as a sort of reproof, and I hope you will demean yourself accordingly. You are hereby authorized to make my particular compliments to my Lord Plymouth¹⁴, and return him my thanks *de l'honneur de son souvenir*. So I finish my postscript with

Yours ever,

T. G.

31. TO THOMAS ASHTON.

DEAR CHILD,

Rome, May 28, 1740. N.S.

I have just received your letter of news; I had heard before of Symphony's affair with Lady —, but they called it a report; but I find like many stories of that kind 'tis true. What? Are we to be to appear before the H. of Lords? are there to be damages? or is it to be blown over, with only a separate maintenance for the fair one? I am sorry he has obviously established such a character. 'Tis too soon to be arrived at one's *ne plus ultra*. I doubt 'tis all the fame he will ever be master of, and 'tis horrid to begin where one must end.

By a considerable volume of charts and pyramids which I saw at Florence, I thought it threatened a publication. His travels have really improved him; I wish they may do the same for any one else.

West has sent me a letter of fragments, which not being antique, I am extremely angry are not complete.

¹³ See note on letter to West, May 7, 1740. N.S.

¹⁴ Other Lewis Windsor (1731-1771), fourth Earl of Plymouth, to

whom Ashton was tutor.

LETTER 31.—Not in C.; reprinted from Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 54-8.

Nor cease the Maiden Graces from above
To shower their fragrance on the fields of Love.

I desire you will set him to digging in the same spot, where he found these verses, for the other parts of the poem. I took them for his own ; but upon showing them to a great virtuoso here, he assures me they are undoubtedly ancient, by one of the best hands, and in the true Greek taste.

This is the first day we have had, that one can call warm ; they say, in England, you have not a leaf yet on the trees.

I have made a vow against politics, or I would wish you joy of your West Indian conquests. One shall not know you again. You will be so martial all. Here one should not know if there had ever been such a thing as war, if it were not now and then from seeing a scrap of a soldier on an old bas-relief. 'Tis comical to see a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants in a city where you scarce ever see one that has not taken a vow never to propagate ; but they say there are larger parsley beds here than in other countries. Don't talk of our coronation ; 'tis never likely to happen. The divisions are so great between the Albani and Corsini factions, that the Conclave will probably be drawn out to a great length. With Albani are his uncle's creatures, the Spanish and Neapolitan factions, and the Zelanti ; a set of Cardinals, who always declare against any party, and profess being solely in the interest of the Church. With Corsini are the late Pope's creatures, and the dependents of France.

Mrs. G.¹ writes me word how much goodness she met with in Hanover Square. Poor creature ! You know how much it obliges me, my dear Ashton, and if that can give you any satisfaction, as I well believe it does, be assured, it touches me in the strongest manner. It obliges me in a point that relates to my mother ; and that is all I can

¹ Possibly Mrs. Gray, the poet's mother.

say in this world! You must make my particular [compliments] to Mrs. Lewis²; her kindness to Mrs. G. is adding to the several great obligations I have to her. 'Tis a pleasure to receive such from one who acts from no motives, but innate goodness and benevolent virtue. You must not tell that poor woman, what I am now going to mention. I fear we shall not see Naples. We have been setting out for some time; and if we do not to be back³ by the end of this month, it will be impracticable from the heats, and the bad air, in the Campania. But we are prevented by a great body of banditti, soldiers deserted from the King of Naples, who have taken possession of the roads, and not only murdered several passengers, but some Sbirri who were sent against them. Among others was a poor hermit, who had a few old medals which he had dug up, that they took for money. The poverty of the Roman States and the mutinous humour of the inhabitants, who grow desperate for want of a Pope, through decay of trade, and a total want of specie, are likely to increase the bands, while the Conclave sits, so that I fear we are prisoners at Rome, till the Election. I should not at all dislike my situation, if I were entirely at liberty and had nothing to call me to England. I shall but too soon miss there the peace I enjoy here; I don't mention the pleasures I enjoy here, which are to be found in no other city in the world, but them I could give up to my friends with satisfaction. But I know the causes that drove me out of England, and I don't know that they are remedied. But adieu! when I leave Italy, I shall launch out into a life whose colour, I fear, will have more of black than of white.

Yrs —

ever.

² Ann (d. 1777), eldest daughter of Sir Nathan Wrighte, third Baronet, of Cranham, Essex; m. Thomas

Lewis, of Harpton Court, Radnor.
³ *Sic.*

32. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

Naples, June 14, 1740. N.S.

One hates writing descriptions that are to be found in every book of travels; but we have seen something to-day that I am sure you never read of, and perhaps never heard of. Have you ever heard of a subterraneous town? a whole Roman town, with all its edifices, remaining under ground? Don't fancy the inhabitants buried it there to save it from the Goths: they were buried with it themselves; which is a caution we are not told that they ever took. You remember in Titus's time there were several cities destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, attended with an earthquake. Well, this was one of them, not very considerable, and then called Herculaneum. Above it has since been built Portici, about three miles from Naples, where the King has a villa. This underground city is perhaps one of the noblest curiosities that ever has been discovered. It was found out by chance, about a year and half ago. They began digging, they found statues; they dug further, they found more. Since that they have made a very considerable progress, and find continually. You may walk the compass of a mile; but by the misfortune of the modern town being overhead, they are obliged to proceed with great caution, lest they destroy both one and t'other. By this occasion the path is very narrow, just wide enough and high enough for one man to walk upright. They have hollowed, as they found it easiest to work, and have carried their streets not exactly where were the ancient ones, but sometimes before houses, sometimes through them. You would imagine that all the fabrics were crushed together; on the contrary, except some columns, they have found all the edifices standing upright in their proper situation. There is one inside of a temple

quite perfect, with the middle arch, two columns, and two pilasters. It is built of brick plastered over, and painted with architecture: almost all the insides of the houses are in the same manner; and, what is very particular, the general ground of all the painting is red. Besides this temple, they make out very plainly an amphitheatre: the stairs, of white marble, and the seats are very perfect; the inside was painted in the same colour with the private houses, and great part cased with white marble. They have found among other things some fine statues, some human bones, some rice, medals, and a few paintings extremely fine. These latter are preferred to all the ancient paintings that have ever been discovered. We have not seen them yet, as they are kept in the King's apartment, whither all these curiosities are transplanted; and 'tis difficult to see them—but we shall. I forgot to tell you, that in several places the beams of the houses remain, but burnt to charcoal; so little damaged that they retain visibly the grain of the wood, but upon touching crumble to ashes. What is remarkable, there are no other marks or appearance of fire, but what are visible on these beams.

There might certainly be collected great light from this reservoir of antiquities, if a man of learning had the inspection of it; if he directed the working, and would make a journal of the discoveries. But I believe there is no judicious choice made of directors. There is nothing of the kind known in the world; I mean a Roman city entire of that age, and that has not been corrupted with modern repairs. Besides scrutinising this very carefully, I should be inclined to search for the remains of the other towns that were partners with this in the general ruin. 'Tis certainly an advantage to the learned world, that this has been laid up so long. Most of the discoveries in Rome were made in a barbarous age, where they only ransacked the

ruins in quest of treasure, and had no regard to the form and being of the building; or to any circumstances that might give light into its use and history. I shall finish this long account with a passage which Gray has observed in Statius, and which directly pictures out this latent city:—

*Haec ego Chalcidicis ad te, Marcelle, sonabam
Littoribus, fractas ubi Vestius egerit iras,
Aemula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis.
Mira fides! credetne virum ventura propago,
Cum segetes iterum, cum jam haec deserta virebunt,
Infra urbes populosque premi?*

SYLV. lib. iv. epist. 4.

Adieu, my dear West! and believe me yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

33. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Rè di Coffano, *vulg.* Radicofani, July 5, 1740. N.S.

You will wonder, my dear Hal, to find me on my road from Rome: why, intend I did to stay for a new popedom, but the old eminences are cross and obstinate, and will not choose one, the Holy Ghost does not know when. There is a horrid thing called the *mal' aria*, that comes to Rome every summer, and kills one, and I did not care for being killed so far from Christian burial. We have been jolted to death; my servants let us come without springs to the chaise, and we are wore threadbare: to add to our disasters, I have sprained my ancle, and have brought it along, laid upon a little box of baubles that I have bought for presents in England. Perhaps I may pick you out some little trifle there, but don't depend upon it; you are a disagreeable creature, and may be I shall not care for you. Though I am so tired in this devil of a place, yet I have taken it

into my head, that it is like Hamilton's Bawn¹, and I must write to you. 'Tis the top of a black barren mountain, a vile little town at the foot of an old citadel: yet this, know you, was the residence of one of the three kings that went to Christ's birth-day; his name was Alabaster, Abarassar, or some such thing; the other two were kings, one of the East, the other of Cologne. 'Tis this of Coffano, who was represented in an ancient painting, found in the Palatine Mount, now in the possession of Dr. Mead²; he was crowned by Augustus. Well, but about writing—what do you think I write with? Nay, with a pen; there was never a one to be found in the whole circumference *but one*, and that was in the possession of the governor, and had been used time out of mind to write the parole with: I was forced to send to borrow it. It was sent me under the conduct of a serjeant and two Swiss, with desire to return it when I should have done with it. 'Tis a curiosity, and worthy to be laid up with the relics which we have just been seeing in a small hovel of Capucins on the side of the hill, and which were all brought by his Majesty from Jerusalem. Among other things of great sanctity there is a set of gnashing of teeth, the grinders very entire; a bit of the worm that never dies, preserved in spirits; a crow of St. Peter's cock, very useful against Easter; the crisping and curling, frizzling and frowning of Mary Magdalen, which she cut off on growing devout. The good man that showed us all these commodities was got into such a train of calling them the blessed this, and the blessed that, that at last he showed us a bit of the blessed fig-tree that Christ cursed.

LETTER 33.—¹ The subject of Swift's poem, *The Grand Question debated whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or*

a Malt-House (1729).

² Richard Mead (1673–1754), a well-known physician and connoisseur.

MY DEAR HARRY,

Florence, July 9.

We are come hither, and I have received another letter from you with *Hosier's Ghost*³. Your last put me in pain for you, when you talked of going to Ireland; but now I find your brother and sister go with you, I am not much concerned. Should I be? You have but to say, for my feelings are extremely at your service to dispose as you please. Let us see: you are to come back to stand for some place; that will be about April. 'Tis a sort of thing I should do, too; and then we should see one another, and that would be charming: but it is a sort of thing I have no mind to do; and then we shall not see one another, unless you would come hither—but that you cannot do: nay, I would not have you, for then I shall be gone.—So, there are many *ifs* that just signify nothing at all. Return I must sooner than I shall like. I am happy here to a degree. I'll tell you my situation. I am lodged with Mr. Mann⁴, the best of creatures. I have a *terreno* all to myself, with an open gallery on the Arno, where I am now writing to you. Over against me is the famous Gallery; and, on the other hand, two fair bridges⁵. Is not this charming and cool? The air is so serene, and so secure, that one sleeps with all the windows and door thrown open to the river, and only covered with a slight gauze to keep away the gnats. Lady Pomfret⁶ has a charming

³ A ballad by Richard Glover, published this year. In 1726 Admiral Sir Francis Hosier was ordered to blockade the Spanish galleons in Porto Bello, but was forbidden to act on the offensive. During the blockade hundreds of sailors died from fever, and the ships rotted. The Admiral is said to have died of a broken heart (1727).

⁴ 'In Casa Manetti in Via de' Santi Apostoli, by the Ponte di Trinità.' (See letter to Agnes Berry,

Nov. 29, 1790.)

⁵ The Ponte S. Trinità, and the Ponte alla Carraja.

⁶ Henrietta Louisa Jeffreys (d. 1761), daughter and heiress of second Baron Jeffreys; m. (1720) Thomas Fermor, first Earl of Pomfret. Her affectation of learning is frequently ridiculed by Horace Walpole. Her *Correspondence with the Countess of Hertford* (afterwards Duchess of Somerset) was published in 1805.

conversation once a week. She has taken a vast palace and a vast garden, which is vastly commodious, especially to the cicisbeo-part of mankind, who have free indulgence to wander in pairs about the arbours. You know her daughters: Lady Sophia is still, nay she must be, the beauty she was: Lady Charlotte⁷ is much improved, and is the cleverest girl in the world; speaks the purest Tuscan, like any Florentine. The Princess Craon⁸ has a constant pharaoh and supper every night, where one is quite at one's ease. I am going into the country with her and the prince⁹ for a little while, to a villa of the Great Duke's. The people are good-humoured here and easy; and what makes me pleased with them, they are pleased with me. One loves to find people care for one, when they can have no view in it.

You see how glad I am to have reasons for not returning; I wish I had no better.

As to *Hosier's Ghost* I think it very easy, and consequently pretty; but, from the ease, should never have guessed it Glover's. I delight in your, *the Patriots cry it up, and the courtiers cry it down, and the hawkers cry it up and down*, and your laconic history of the King¹⁰ and Sir Robert¹¹, on

⁷ Lady Charlotte Fermor (d. 1813), second daughter of first Earl of Pomfret; m. (1746), as his second wife, Hon. William Finch, second son of sixth Earl of Winchelsea. She was governess to the children of George III.

⁸ The Princess Craon was the favourite mistress of Leopold, the last Duke of Lorraine, who married her to M. de Beauvau, and prevailed on the Emperor to make him a Prince of the Empire. They at this time resided at Florence, where Prince Craon was at the head of the council of regency. *Walpole*.

⁹ Marc de Beauvau, Prince de Craon. His position subsequently

became unbearable, owing to the intrigues of his fellow-countryman, Richécourt, and he retired to Lorraine, where he died in great poverty. (See Orrery, *Letters from Italy*, xx.)

¹⁰ King George II (1727-1760). He left England on May 6, returning on Oct. 8.

¹¹ Robert Walpole (1676-1745), eldest surviving son of Robert Walpole, of Houghton, Norfolk, by Mary, daughter and heiress of Sir Geoffrey Burwell, Knight, of Rougham, Suffolk; educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge; succeeded to his father's estates, 1700; M.P. for Castle Rising, 1700-2; for King's Lynn, 1702-42; Secretary at War, 1708-10; Treasurer

going to Hanover, and turning out the Duke of Argyll¹². The epigram, too, you sent me on the same occasion is charming.

Unless I sent you back news that you and others send me, I can send you none. I have left the Conclave, which is the only stirring thing in this part of the world, except the child that the Queen of Naples¹³ is to be delivered of in August. There is no likelihood the Conclave will end,

of the Navy, Jan.-Aug. 1710; committed to the Tower, Dec. 1712, on a charge of 'notorious corruption' during his tenure of these offices, and expelled from the House of Commons till the prorogation of Parliament in July, 1713; Paymaster of the Forces, 1714-17, 1720-21; Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1715-17, 1721-42; K.B., 1725; K.G. (as a commoner), 1726; cr. (1742) Earl of Orford. He married (1) Catherine, daughter of John Shorter, of Bybrook, Kent (d. 1737), by whom he had:—1. Robert, cr. (1723) Baron Walpole of Walpole; m. (1724) Margaret Rolle (by whom he was father of the third Earl of Orford); succeeded his father (1745) as second Earl of Orford; d. 1751. 2. Edward, K.B., 1753; d. 1784. 3. William, died young. 4. Horace, the letter-writer, who succeeded his nephew as fourth Earl of Orford, 1791; d. 1797. 5. Catherine, died unmarried, aged 19. 6. Mary, m. (1723) George Cholmondeley, third Earl of Cholmondeley; d. 1731. On the death of Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford, Houghton Hall passed to Mary Lady Cholmondeley's descendants, in consequence of a decree of the Court of Chancery, and the title of Orford became extinct. It was revived in 1806 in favour of Horatio Walpole, Lord Walpole of Wolterton, son of Sir Robert Walpole's younger brother, Horatio Walpole, who had been created a peer by that title in 1756. Sir Robert Walpole married (2) Maria Skerret (d. 1738); by her he had a daughter Mary (born before marriage), to whom George II granted

the rank of an earl's daughter, and who, as Lady Mary Walpole, m. (1746) Charles, natural son of General Charles Churchill by Mrs. Oldfield, the actress.

¹² John Campbell (1678-1743), second Duke of Argyll, and first Duke of Greenwich; K.T., 1704; K.G., 1710; Commander-in-Chief in Spain, Feb.-Nov. 1711; Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, 1712-16; Governor of Minorca, 1712-14; Groom of the Stole to Prince of Wales, 1714-16; Lord Steward of the Household, 1719-25; Master-General of the Ordnance, 1725-30, Feb.-Mar. 1742; Field-Marshal, 1737. Argyll fought in several of Marlborough's campaigns; and commanded the English forces at the indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir (1715). During his political career he several times changed sides, and in 1739 violently attacked Sir Robert Walpole's administration, which he had until then supported. Walpole, being taunted by Pulteney in the House of Commons on his manifest unwillingness to break with Argyll, prevailed upon George II (1740) to dismiss the Duke from all his employments (the circumstance alluded to by Horace Walpole above). In 1742 Argyll was reinstated in his military command. He was latterly suspected of dealings with the Pretender, a suspicion which, whether founded or not, preyed upon his mind, and is said to have hastened his death. He is the Duke of Argyll who figures in Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*.

¹³ Maria Amelia, daughter of Frederick Augustus II of Saxony.

unless the messages take effect which 'tis said the Imperial and French ministers have sent to their respective courts for leave to quit the Corsini for the Albani faction: otherwise there will never be a Pope. Corsini has lost the only one he could have ventured to make Pope, and him he designed; 'twas Cenci¹⁴, a relation of the Corsini's mistress. The last morning Corsini made him rise, stuffed a dish of chocolate down his throat, and would carry him to the scrutiny. The poor old creature went, came back, and died. I am sorry to have lost the sight of the Pope's coronation¹⁵, but I might have staid for seeing it till I had been old enough to be Pope myself.

Harry, what luck the Chancellor¹⁶ has! first, indeed, to be in himself so great a man; but then in accidents: he is made Chief Justice and peer, when Talbot¹⁷ is made Chancellor and peer. Talbot dies in a twelvemonth, and leaves him the seals at an age when others are scarce made Solicitors:—then marries his son¹⁸ into one of the first families of Britain, obtains a patent for a Marquisate and eight thousand pounds a year after the Duke of Kent's death: the Duke dies in a fortnight, and leaves them all¹⁹! People talk of Fortune's wheel, that is always rolling:

¹⁴ 'Romain, sujet ni bon ni mauvais; par ces deux raisons peut-être il papegera.' (De Brosses.)

¹⁵ The coronation of Pope Benedict XIV. *Walpole*.—Prospero Lambertini, d. 1758.

¹⁶ Philip Yorke (1690–1764), cr. Baron Hardwicke 1733; and Earl of Hardwicke, 1754; Solicitor-General, 1720–24; knighted, 1720; Attorney-General, 1724–33; Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1733–37; Speaker of the House of Lords, Feb. 1734, and again Feb. 1736; Lord Chancellor, 1737–56; presided as Lord High Steward at the trial of the Earls of Cromartie and Kilmarnock, and of Lord Balmerino, 1746; and

of Lord Lovat, 1747; High Steward of the University of Cambridge, 1749.

¹⁷ Charles Talbot (1685–1737), first Baron Talbot; Lord Chancellor, 1733–37.

¹⁸ Hon. Philip Yorke (1730–1790), styled Viscount Royston, 1754–64; succeeded his father as second Earl of Hardwicke, 1764.

¹⁹ Mr. Yorke m. (May 22, 1740) Lady Jemima Campbell (1722–1797), only surviving child of John Campbell, third Earl of Breadalbane, by his first wife Lady Amabel Grey, daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Kent; she succeeded her grandfather as Marchioness Grey and Baroness Lucas, June 5, 1740.

troth, my Lord Hardwicke has overtaken her wheel, and rolled along with it.

I perceive Miss Jenny²⁰ would not venture to Ireland, nor stray so far from London; I am glad I shall always know where to find her within threescore miles. I must say a word to my Lord²¹, which, Harry, be sure you don't read. (My dear Lord, I don't love troubling you with letters, because I know you don't love the trouble of answering them; not that I should insist on that ceremony, but I hate to burthen any one's conscience. Your brother tells me he is to stand member of Parliament²²: without telling me so, I am sure he owes it to you. I am sure you will not repent setting him up; nor will he be ungrateful to a brother who deserves so much, and whose least merit is not the knowing how to employ so great a fortune.)

There, Harry, I have done. Don't suspect me: I have said no ill of you behind your back. Make my best compliments to Miss Conway²³.

I thought I had done, and lo, I had forgot to tell you, that who d'ye think is here?—Even Mr. More! our Rheims Mr. More! the fortification, hornwork, ravelin, bastion Mr. More! *which is very pleasant sure*. At the end of the eighth side, I think I need make no excuse for leaving off; but I am going to write to Selwyn, and to the lady of the mountain; from whom I have had a very kind letter. She has at last received the Chantilly brass. Good night: write to me from one end of the world to t'other.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

²⁰ Hon. Jane Conway (d. unmarried, 1749), only surviving child of the first Baron Conway, by his second wife, Jane Bowden.

²¹ Lord Conway.

²² Conway did not enter Parliament till 1741.

²³ Hon. Anne Conway (d. 1774), sister of Lord Conway and Henry Conway; daughter of first Baron Conway, by his third wife Charlotte Shorter, sister of Catherine, Lady Walpole; Housekeeper at Somerset House; m. (1755) John Harris.

34. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

Florence, July 31, 1740. N.S.

I have advised with the most notable antiquarians of this city on the meaning of *Thur gut Luetis*. I can get no satisfactory interpretation. In my opinion 'tis Welsh. I don't love offering conjectures on a language in which I have hitherto made little proficiency, but I will trust you with my explication. You know the famous Aglaughlan, mother of Cadwalladhor, was renowned for her conjugal virtues, and grief on the death of her royal spouse. I conclude this medal was struck in her regency, by her express order, to the memory of her lord, and that the inscription *Thur gut Luetis* means no more than *her dear Llew* or *Llewellyn*.

In return for your coins I send you two or three of different kinds. The first is a money of one of the kings of Naples; the device, a horse; the motto, *Equitas regni*. This curious pun is on a coin in the Great Duke's collection, and by great chance I have met with a second. Another is a satirical medal struck on Lewis XIV.; 'tis a bomb, covered with flower-de-luces, bursting; the motto, *Sc ipsissimo*. The last, and almost the only one I ever saw with a text well applied, is a German medal with a rebellious town besieged and blocked up; the inscription, *This kind is not expelled but by fasting*.

Now I mention medals, have they yet struck the intended one on the taking of Porto Bello? Admiral Vernon¹ will shine in our medallie history. We have just received the news of the bombarding Carthagena², and the taking

LETTER 34.—¹ Admiral Edward Vernon (1684–1757), for some years after this event highly popular with the mob. He displayed great ability during the rebellion of 1745, when he was charged with the defence of

the coasts of Kent and Sussex. Subsequently (owing to a dispute with the Admiralty) he was dismissed from the navy.

² Unsuccessfully bombarded by Admiral Vernon, March 6–9, 1740.

Chagre³. We are in great expectation of some important victory obtained by the squadron under Sir John Norris⁴: we are told the Duke⁵ is to be of the expedition: is it true⁶? All the letters, too, talk of France's suddenly declaring war; I hope they will defer it for a season, or one shall be obliged to return through Germany.

The Conclave still subsists, and the divisions still increase; it was very near separating last week, but by breaking into two Popes; they were on the dawn of a schism. Aldovrandi⁷ had thirty-three voices for three days, but could not procure the requisite two more; the Camerlingo⁸ having engaged his faction to sign a protestation against him, and each party were inclined to elect. I don't know whether one should wish for a schism or not; it might probably rekindle the zeal for the church in the powers of Europe, which has been so far decaying.

On Wednesday we expect a third she-meteor. Those learned luminaries the Ladies Pomfret and Walpole⁹ are

³ A small fort, on the Isthmus of Panama, taken by Admiral Vernon, March 24, 1740.

⁴ Admiral Sir John Norris (1660-1749), Lord of the Admiralty, 1718-29.

⁵ Prince William Augustus (1721-1765), second son of King George II; cr. Duke of Cumberland, 1726; K. B., 1725; K. G., 1730; wounded at battle of Dettingen, 1743; Captain-General of the Army, 1747-57; Commander-in-Chief at Fontenoy, 1745; at Culloden, 1746; resigned all his military commands after the signature of the Convention of Klosterzeven (1757).

⁶ *Monday*, July 14. Sir John Norris in the "Victory," on board of which was also the Duke of Cumberland, sailed from St. Helen's with his squadron of 20 men of war.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1740, p. 356.)

⁷ Cardinal Pompeo Aldovrandi, 'Bolonais, de bonne maison, estimé,

tête bien faite; sujet papable.' (De Brosses.)

⁸ Cardinal Annibale Albani, the Pope's Chamberlain.

⁹ Margaret Rolle, Baroness Walpole, afterwards Countess of Orford; only daughter and heiress of Samuel Rolle, of Heanton Satchville, Devonshire, by Margaret Tuckfield; married 1. (1724), Robert Walpole, Lord Walpole, eldest son of the Prime Minister (whom he succeeded in 1745 as second Earl of Orford); 2. (1751), Hon. Sewallis Shirley, son of first Earl Ferrers, from both of whom she was separated; succeeded as Baroness Clinton and Say (as descendant of Arabella Clinton, eldest daughter of Theophilus Clinton, fifth Earl of Lincoln and seventeenth Lord Clinton), 1760. Hermisconduct, and her inveterate dislike of all the members of the Walpole family (including her husband), are frequently mentioned in Horace Walpole's

to be joined by the Lady Mary Wortley Montague¹⁰. You have not been witness to the rhapsody of mystic nonsense which these two fair ones debate incessantly, and consequently cannot figure what must be the issue of this triple alliance: we have some idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiment, history, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and metaphysics; all, except the second, understood by halves, by quarters, or not at all. You shall have the journals of this notable academy. Adieu, my dear West!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Though far unworthy to enter into so learned and political a correspondence, I am employed *pour barbouiller une page de 7 pouces et demie en hauteur, et 5 en largeur*; and to inform you that we are at Florence, a city of Italy, and the capital of Tuscany: the latitude I cannot justly tell, but it is governed by a prince called Great Duke; an excellent place to employ all one's animal sensations in, but utterly contrary to one's rational powers. I have struck a medal upon myself: the device is thus—*O*, and the motto *Nihilissimo*, which I take in the most concise manner to contain a full account of my person, sentiments, occupations, and late glorious successes. If you choose to be annihilated too, you cannot do better than undertake this journey. Here you shall get up at twelve o'clock, breakfast till three, dine till five, sleep till six, drink cooling liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, sup till two, and so sleep till twelve again.

*Labore fessi venimus ad larem nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto:*

letters. Towards the end of her life she lived entirely in Italy with her cicisbeo, Cavaliere Mozzi; she died at Pisa, 1781.

¹⁰ Lady Mary Pierrepont, daughter

of Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, by his first wife, Lady Mary Fielding; m. (1712) Edward Wortley-Montagu; d. 1762.

*Hoc est, quod unum est, pro laboribus tantis.
O quid solutis est beatus curis?*

We shall never come home again ; a universal war is just upon the point of breaking out ; all outlets will be shut up. I shall be secure in my nothingness, while you, that will be so absurd as to exist, will envy me. You don't tell me what proficiency you make in the noble science of defence¹¹. Don't you start still at the sound of a gun? Have you learned to say Ha! ha! and is your neck clothed with thunder? Are your whiskers of a tolerable length? And have you got drunk yet with brandy and gunpowder? Adieu, noble captain!

T. GRAY.

35. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

MY DEAR HAL,

Florence, September 25, 1740. N.S.

I begin to answer your letter the moment I have read it, because you bid me ; but I grow so unfit for a correspondence with anybody in England, that I have almost left it off. 'Tis so long since I was there, and I am so utterly a stranger to everything that passes there, that I must talk vastly in the dark to those I write ; and having in a manner settled myself here, where there can be no news, I am void of all matter for filling up a letter. As, by the absence of the Great Duke, Florence is become in a manner a country town, you may imagine that we are not without *démêlés* ; but for a country town I believe there never were a set of people so peaceable, and such strangers to scandal. 'Tis the family of love, where everybody is paired, and go as constantly together as paroquets. Here nobody hangs or drowns themselves ; they are not ready to cut one another's throats about elections or parties ; don't think that wit

¹¹ West thought of entering the army. See his letter to Horace Walpole, June 22, 1741 (*Gray and his Friends*, pp. 150-3).

consists in saying bold truths, or humour in getting drunk. But I shall give you no more of their characters, because I am so unfortunate as to think that their encomium consists in being the reverse of the English, who in general are either mad, or enough to make other people so. After telling you so fairly my sentiments, you may believe, my dear Harry, that I had rather see you here than in England. 'Tis an evil wish for you, who should not be lost in so obscure a place as this. I will not make you compliments, or else here is a charming opportunity for saying what I think of you. As I am convinced you love me, and as I am conscious you have one strong reason for it, I will own to you, that for my own peace you should wish me to remain here. I am so well within and without, that you would scarce know me: I am younger than ever, think of nothing but diverting myself, and live in a round of pleasures. We have operas, concerts, and balls, mornings and evenings. I dare not tell you all one's idlenesses: you would look so grave and senatorial, at hearing that one rises at eleven in the morning, goes to the opera at nine at night, to supper at one, and to bed at three! But literally here the evenings and nights are so charming and so warm, one can't avoid 'em.

Did I tell you Lady Mary Wortley is here? She laughs at my Lady Walpole, scolds my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side with the remains of a ———, partly covered with a plaister, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse, that you would not use it to wash a

chimney.—In three words I will give you her picture as we drew it in the *Sortes Virgilianae*—

Insanam vatem aspicias.

I give you my honour we did not choose it; but Gray, Mr. Coke¹, Sir Francis Dashwood², and I, and several others, drew it fairly amongst a thousand for different people, most of which did not hit as you may imagine: those that did I will tell you.

For our most religious and gracious ——³

— *Dii, talem terris avertite pestem.*

For one that would be our most religious and gracious ——⁴

*Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens, lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluviam cum fortè gravantur.*

For his Son⁵.

*Regis Romani; primus qui legibus urbem
Fundabit, Curibus parvis et paupere terrâ,
Missus in imperium magnum.*

For Sir Robert.

*Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, et late fines custode tueri.*

I will show you the rest when I see you.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 35.—¹ Hon. Edward Coke (1720–1753), only son of Thomas Coke, first Viscount Lovel; styled Viscount Coke on the promotion of his father (whom he predeceased) to the earldom of Leicester (1744).

² Sir Francis Dashwood (1708–1781), second Baronet; summoned to the House of Lords as Baron Le Despencer, 1763; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1762–68; Keeper of the Wardrobe, 1763; Joint Postmaster-

General, 1771–81. He obtained an unenviable notoriety as President of the Hell-Fire Club, which met at Medmenham Abbey.

³ George II.

⁴ The Prince of Wales.

⁵ Prince George William Frederick (1738–1820), eldest son of the Prince of Wales; cr. Prince of Wales on his father's death in 1751. On his grandfather's death in 1760 he became King as George III.

36. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

Florence, Oct. 2, 1740. N.S.

T'other night as we (you know who *we* are) were walking on the charming bridge, just before going to a wedding assembly, we said, 'Lord, I wish, just as we are got into the room, they would call us out, and say, West is arrived! We would make him dress instantly, and carry him back to the entertainment. How he would stare and wonder at a thousand things, that no longer strike us as odd!' Would not you? One agreed that you should have come directly by sea from Dover, and be set down at Leghorn, without setting foot in any other foreign town, and so land at *Us*, in all your first full amaze; for you are to know, that astonishment rubs off violently; we did not cry out Lord! half so much at Rome as at Calais, which to this hour I look upon as one of the most surprising cities in the universe. My dear child, what if you were to take this little sea-jaunt? One would recommend Sir John Norris's convoy to you, but one should be laughed at now for supposing that he is ever to sail beyond Torbay¹. The Italians take Torbay for

LETTER 36.—¹ *Extract of a letter from on board the Suffolk in Torbay, Sept. 5, 1740.* 'After another ineffectual attempt to get out of the Channel, we are a third time driven back, and obliged to return to this harbour. Our departure from St. Helen's (after the *Lyon* and *Victory* had ran foul) was the 23rd of July; we had a wind tolerably fair, but it being that afternoon and next day westerly, we got but a little west of this place, when the wind blowing very hard in our teeth, obliged us to put in here. We arrived the 26th, at 6 in the afternoon. The wind continuing W. & S.W. we remained till the 4th of August, when we weighed and

sailed. Wind at N.E. as far as the Bolt Head, next day within 6 leagues of the *Lizard*, tho' the wind had changed to the W. The 6th it blew so violently S.W. that there was no standing against it, so we returned again to Torbay. The wind continuing between S. and W. we lay till the 22nd, and then sailed with an easy breeze from the East for two days, but did not get up with the *Lizard* till the 25th at 8 in the morning, when suddenly there blew so rank a storm from the S. that we wondered the Admiral did not give the signal for returning; but at 8 next day, the storm increasing, he was obliged to give way to necessity, and we put in here a third time

an English town in the hands of the Spaniards, after the fashion of Gibraltar, and imagine 'tis a wonderful strong place, by our fleet's having retired from before it so often, and so often returned.

We went to this wedding that I told you of; 'twas a charming feast: a large palace finely illuminated; there were all the beauties, all the jewels, and all the sugar-plums of Florence. Servants loaded with great chargers full of comfits heap the tables with them, the women fall on with both hands, and stuff their pockets and every creek and corner about them. You would be as much amazed at us as at anything you saw: instead of being deep in the liberal arts, and being in the Gallery every morning, as I thought of course to be sure I would be, we are in all the idleness and amusements of the town. For me, I am grown so lazy, and so tired of seeing sights, that, though I have been at Florence six months, I have not seen Leghorn, Pisa, Lucca, or Pistoia; nay, not so much as one of the Great Duke's villas. I have contracted so great an aversion to inns and postchaises, and have so absolutely lost all curiosity, that, except the towns in the straight road to Great Britain, I shall scarce see a jot more of a foreign land; and trust me, when I return, I will not visit Welsh mountains, like Mr. Williams. After Mount Cenis, the Boccheto², the Giogo², Radicofani, and the Appian Way, one has mighty little hunger after travelling. I shall be mighty apt to set up my staff at Hyde Park Corner: the alehouseman there at Hercules's Pillars³ was certainly returned from his travels into foreign parts.

Now I'll answer your questions.

I have made no discoveries in ancient or modern arts.

on the 26th.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1740, Etruscan Apennines.
p. 466.)

² Passes in the Ligurian and

³ A public-house at Hyde Park Corner.

Mr. Addison travelled through the poets, and not through Italy; for all his ideas are borrowed from the descriptions, and not from the reality. He saw places as they were, not as they are. I am very well acquainted with Doctor Cocchi⁴; he is a good sort of man, rather than a great man; he is a plain honest creature, with quiet knowledge, but I dare say all the English have told you, he has a very particular understanding: I really don't believe they meant to impose on you, for they thought so. As to Bondelmonti⁵, he is much less; he is a low mimic; the brightest cast of his parts attains to the composition of a sonnet: he talks irreligion with English boys, sentiment with my sister⁶, and bad French with any one that will hear him. I will transcribe you a little song that he made t'other day; 'tis pretty enough; Gray turned it into Latin, and I into English; you will honour him highly by putting it into French, and Ashton into Greek. Here 'tis.

*Spesso Amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde;
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno e col rancor.*

*In pietade ei si trasforma,
Par trastullo e par dispetto;
Ma nel suo diverso aspetto,
Sempre egli è l'istesso Amor.*

*Risit amicitiae interdum velatus amictu,
Et bene composita veste fefellit Amor:
Mox irae assumpsit cultus faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas:
Sudantem fuge, nec lacrymanti aut crede furenti;
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.*

⁴ Antonio Cocchi, a Florentine physician and *littérateur*; d. 1758.

⁵ Giuseppe Maria Bondelmonti (1713-1757), of the ancient family of

that name. He was a good linguist, and made an Italian prose translation of *The Rape of the Lock*.

⁶ Lady Walpole.

Love often in the comely mien
Of friendship fancies to be seen ;
Soon again he shifts his dress,
And wears disdain and rancour's face.

To gentle pity then he changes ;
Thro' wantonness, thro' piques he ranges ;
But in whatever shape he move,
He's still himself, and still is Love.

See how we trifle ! but one can't pass one's youth too amusingly ; for one must grow old, and that in England ; two most serious circumstances, either of which makes people grey in the twinkling of a bedstaff ; for know you, there is not a country upon earth where there are so many old fools and so few young ones.

Now I proceed in my answers.

I made but small collections, and have only bought some bronzes and medals, a few busts, and two or three pictures ; one of my busts is to be mentioned ; 'tis the famous Vespasian in touchstone, reckoned the best in Rome, except the Caracalla of the Farnese : I gave but twenty-two pounds for it at Cardinal Ottoboni's sale. One of my medals is as great a curiosity : 'tis of Alexander Severus, with the amphitheatre in brass ; this reverse is extant on medals of his, but mine is a *medagliuncino*, or small medallion, and the only one with this reverse known in the world : 'twas found by a peasant while I was in Rome, and sold by him for sixpence to an antiquarian, to whom I paid for it seven guineas and an half : but to virtuosi 'tis worth any sum.

As to Tartini's⁷ musical compositions, ask Gray⁸ ; I know but little in music.

But for the Academy, I am not of it, but frequently in

⁷ Giuseppe Tartini (1692-1770).

⁸ Gray's knowledge of music is mentioned by Mason (*Memoir of Thomas Gray*) :—'His taste in this art was equal to his skill in any more important science. . Of Pergo-

lesi's and of Leo's, Bononcini's, Vinci's, and Hasse's works, he made a valuable collection while abroad, chiefly of such of their vocal compositions as he had himself heard and admired, . . . vocal music, and

company with it: 'tis all disjointed. Madame —, who though a learned lady, has not lost her modesty and character, is extremely scandalised with the other two dames, especially with Moll Worthless⁹, who knows no bounds. She is at rivalry with Lady W.¹⁰ for a certain Mr. —, whom perhaps you knew at Oxford. If you did not, I'll tell you: he is a grave young man by temper, and a rich one by constitution; a shallow creature by nature, but a wit by the grace of our women here, whom he deals with as of old with the Oxford toasts. He fell into sentiments with my Lady W. and was happy to catch her at Platonic love; but as she seldom stops there, the poor man will be frightened out of his senses when she shall break the matter to him; for he never dreamt that her purposes were so naught. Lady Mary is so far gone, that to get him from the mouth of her antagonist she literally took him out to dance country dances last night at a formal ball, where there was no measure kept in laughing at her old, foul, tawdry, painted, plastered personage. She played at pharaoh two or three times at Princess Craon's, where she cheats horse and foot. She is really entertaining: I have been reading her works, which she lends out in manuscript, but they are too womanish: I like few of her performances. I forgot to tell you a good answer of Lady Pomfret to Mr. —, who asked her if she did not approve Platonic love? 'Lord, sir,' says she, 'I am sure any one that knows me never heard that I had any love but one, and there sit two proofs of it,' pointing to her two daughters.

So I have given you a sketch of our employments, and answered your questions, and will with pleasure as many more as you have about you.

that only (excepting perhaps the lessons of the younger Scarlatti), was what he chiefly regarded.'

⁹ Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu.

¹⁰ Lady Walpole.

Adieu! Was ever such a long letter? But 'tis nothing to what I shall have to say to you. I shall scold you for never telling us any news, public or private, no deaths, marriages, or mishaps; no account of new books: Oh, you are abominable! I could find it in my heart to hate you, if I did not love you so well; but we will quarrel now, that we may be the better friends when we meet: there is no danger of that, is there? Good night, whether friend or foe!

I am most sincerely yours,
HOR. WALPOLE.

37. TO RICHARD WEST.

From Florence, Nov. 1740.

CHILD, I am going to let you see your shocking proceedings with us. On my conscience, I believe 'tis three months since you wrote to either Gray or me. If you had been ill, Ashton would have said so; and if you had been dead, the gazettes would have said it. If you had been angry,—but that's impossible; how can one quarrel with folks three thousand miles off? We are neither divines nor commentators, and consequently have not hated you on paper. 'Tis to show that my charity for you cannot be interrupted at this distance that I write to you, though I have nothing to say, for 'tis a bad time for small news; and when Emperors¹ and Czarinas² are dying all up and down Europe, one can't pretend to tell you of anything that happens within our sphere. Not but that we have our accidents too. If you have had a great wind in England, we have had a great water at Florence. We have been trying to set out every day, and pop upon you³. . . . It is fortunate that we

LETTER 37. — ¹ The Emperor Oct. 1740.
Charles VI, d, Oct. 9, 1740.

² Anne, Empress of Russia, d. here.

³ A line of the MS. is missing here.

staid, for I don't know what had become of us! Yesterday, with violent rains, there came flouncing down from the mountains such a flood that it floated the whole city. The jewellers on the Old Bridge removed their commodities, and in two hours after the bridge was cracked. The torrent broke down the quays and drowned several coach-horses, which are kept here in stables under ground. We were moated into our house all day, which is near the Arno, and had the miserable spectacles of the ruins that were washed along with the hurricane. There was a cart with two oxen not quite dead, and four men in it drowned: but what was ridiculous, there came tiding along a fat hay-cock, with a hen and her eggs, and a cat. The torrent is considerably abated; but we expect terrible news from the country, especially from Pisa, which stands so much lower, and nearer the sea. There is a stone here, which when the water overflows, Pisa is entirely flooded. The water rose two ells yesterday above that stone. Judge!

For this last month we have passed our time but dully; all diversions silenced on the Emperor's death, and everybody out of town. I have seen nothing but cards and dull pairs of cicisbeos. I have literally seen so much love and pharaoh since being here, that I believe I shall never love either again as long as I live. Then I am got into a horrid lazy way of a morning. I don't believe I should know seven o'clock in the morning again if I was to see it. But I am returning to England, and shall grow very solemn and wise! Are you wise? Dear West, have pity on one who has done nothing of gravity for these two years, and do laugh sometimes. We do nothing else, and have contracted such formidable ideas of the good people of England that we are already nourishing great black eyebrows and great black beards, and teasing our countenances into wrinkles. Then for the common talk of the times we are quite at a loss, and

for the dress. You would oblige us extremely by forwarding to us the votes of the Houses, the King's Speech⁴, and the Magazines; or if you had any such thing as a little book called the Foreigner's Guide through the City of London and the Liberties of Westminster; or a Letter to a Freeholder; or the Political Companion: then 'twould be an infinite obligation if you would neatly band-box up a baby dressed after the newest Temple fashion now in use at both play-houses. Alack-a-day! We shall just arrive in the tempest of elections!

As our departure depends entirely upon the weather, we cannot tell you to a day when we shall say, Dear West, how glad I am to see you! and all the many questions and answers that we shall give and take. Would the day were come! Do but figure to yourself the journey we are to pass through first! But you can't conceive Alps, Apennines, Italian inns and postchaises. I tremble at the thoughts. They were just sufferable while new and unknown, and as we met them by the way in coming to Florence, Rome, and Naples; but they are passed; and the mountains remain! Well, write to one in the interim; direct to me addressed to Monsieur Selwyn, *chez Monsieur Alexandre, rue St. Apolline, à Paris*. If Mr. Alexandre is not there, the street is, and I believe that will be sufficient. Adieu, my dear child!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

38. TO THE REV. JOSEPH SPENCE.

SIR,

Florence, Feb. 21, 1741. N.S.

Not having time last post, I begged Mr. Mann to thank you for the obliging paragraph for me in your letter to him. But as I desire a nearer correspondence with you than by

⁴ Parliament met Nov. 18, 1740.

third hands, I assure you in my own proper person that I shall have great pleasure, on our meeting in England, to renew an acquaintance that I began with so much pleasure in Italy¹. I will not reckon you among my modern friends, but in the first article of virtù: you have given me so many new lights into a science that I love so much, that I shall always be proud to own you as my master in the antique, and will never let anything break in upon my reverence for you, but a warmth and freedom that will flow from my friendship, and which will not be contained within the circle of a severe awe.

As I shall always be attentive to give you any satisfaction that lies in my power, I take the first opportunity of sending you two little poems, both by a hand that I know you esteem the most: if you have not seen them, you will thank me for lines of Mr. Pope: if you have, why I did not know it².

I don't know whether Lord Lincoln has received any orders to return home: I had a letter from one of my brothers last post to tell me from Sir Robert that he would have me leave Italy as soon as possible, lest I should be

LETTER 38.—¹ This acquaintance proved of infinite service to Walpole, shortly after the date of this letter, when he was laid up with a quinsy at Reggio. Spence thus describes the circumstance:—'About three or four in the morning, I was surprised with a message, saying, that Mr. Walpole was very much worse, and desired to see me: I went, and found him scarce able to speak. I soon learned from his servants that he had been all the while without a physician, and had doctored himself; so I immediately sent for the best aid the place would afford, and dispatched a messenger to the minister at Florence, desiring him to send my friend Dr. Cocchi. In about twenty-four hours I had the

satisfaction to find Mr. Walpole better: we left him in a fair way of recovery, and we hope to see him next week at Venice. I had obtained leave of Lord Lincoln to stay behind some days if he had been worse. You see what luck one has sometimes in going out of one's way. If Lord Lincoln had not wandered to Reggio, Mr. Walpole (who is one of the best natured and most sensible young gentlemen England affords) would have, in all probability, fallen a sacrifice to his disorder.' *Wright*.

² 'These were Pope's Verses on his Grotto, and Epitaph on himself.' (Singer's note in Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 406).

shut up unawares by the arrival of the Spanish troops; and that I might pass some time in France if I had a mind. I own I don't conceive how it is possible these troops should arrive without its being known some time before. And as to the Great Duke's dominions, one can always be out of them in ten hours or less. If Lord Lincoln has not received the same orders, I shall believe what I now think, that I am wanted for some other reason. I beg my kind love to Lord Lincoln, and that Mr. Spence will believe me his sincere humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

39. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

DEAR HAL,

Florence, March 25, 1741. N.S.

You must judge by what you feel yourself of what I feel for Selwyn's recovery, with the addition of what I have suffered from post to post. But as I find the whole town have had the same sentiments about him (though I am sure few so strong as myself), I will not repeat what you have heard so much. I shall write to him to-night, though he knows without my telling him how very much I love him. To you, my dear Harry, I am infinitely obliged for the three successive letters you wrote me about him, which gave me double pleasure, as they showed your attention for me at a time that you knew I must be so unhappy, and your friendship for him.

Your account of Sir Robert's victory¹ was so extremely well told, that I made Gray translate it into French, and have showed it to all that could taste it, or were inquisitive

LETTER 39.—¹ On Feb. 13, 1741 a motion was introduced in both Houses of Parliament (by Mr. Sandys in the Commons, and by Lord Carteret in the Lords) to request the King 'to remove Sir Robert

Walpole from his Majesty's presence and councils for ever.' It was defeated in both Houses, a result due partly to Walpole's powerful speech in his own defence, and partly to the disunion of his enemies.

on the occasion. I have received a print by this post that diverts me extremely; *the Motion*². Tell me, dear now, who made the design, and who took the likenesses; they are admirable: the lines are as good as one sees on such occasions. I wrote last post to Sir Robert, to wish him joy; I hope he received my letter.

I was to have set out last Tuesday, but on Sunday came the news of the Queen of Hungary³ being brought to bed of a son⁴; on which occasion here will be great triumphs, operas and masquerades, which detain me for a short time.

I won't make you any excuse for sending you the following lines; you have prejudice enough for me to read with patience any of my idlenesses.

My dear Harry, you enrage me with talking of another journey to Ireland; it will shock me if I don't find you at my return: pray take care and be in England.

I wait with some patience to see Dr. Middleton's Tully⁵, as I read the greatest part of it in manuscript; though indeed that is rather a reason for my being impatient to read the rest. If Tully can receive any additional honour, Dr. Middleton⁶ is most capable of conferring it.

I receive with great pleasure any remembrances of my lord and your sisters; I long to see all of you. Patapan⁷ is so handsome that he has been named the silver fleece; and there is a new order of knighthood to be erected to his honour, in opposition to the golden. Precedents are searching, and plans drawing up for that purpose. I hear that the

² Reproduced in Wright's *Caricature History of the Georges*.

³ Maria Theresa (b. 1717), daughter of the Emperor Charles VI, m. (1736) Francis, Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Emperor. On her father's death (Oct. 1740) she succeeded as Queen of Hungary, but her claim to the

Empire was immediately disputed.

⁴ Afterwards the Emperor Joseph II.

⁵ Conyers Middleton's *History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero*, published this year.

⁶ Conyers Middleton (1683-1750), divine and controversialist.

⁷ Horace Walpole's dog.

natives pretend to be companions, upon the authority of their dog-skin waistcoats; but a council that has been held on purpose has declared their pretensions impertinent. Patapan has lately taken wife unto him, as ugly as he is genteel, but of a very great family, being the direct heiress of Canis Scaliger, Lord of Verona: which principality we design to seize *à la Prussienne*; that is, as soon as ever we shall have persuaded the republic of Venice that we are the best friends they have in the world^s. Adieu, dear child!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I left my subscriptions for Middleton's Tully with Mr. Selwyn; I won't trouble him, but I wish you would take care and get the books, if Mr. S. has kept the list.

40. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

Reggio, May 10, 1741. N.S.

I have received the end of your first act¹, and now will tell you sincerely what I think of it. If I was not so pleased with the beginning as I usually am with your compositions, believe me the part of Pausanias has charmed me. There is all imaginable art joined with all requisite simplicity; and a simplicity, I think, much preferable to that in the scenes of Cleodora and Argilius. Forgive me, if I say they do not talk laconic but low English; in her, who is Persian too, there would admit more heroic. But for the whole part of Pausanias, 'tis great and well worked up, and the art that is seen seems to proceed from his head, not from the author's. As I am very desirous you should con-

^s Frederick II, King of Prussia, having duped the Queen of Hungary by professions of warm friendship and support, suddenly advanced into

Silesia at the head of 30,000 men.

LETTER 40.—¹ The first act of West's tragedy *Pausanias*.

tinue, so I own I wish you would improve or change the beginning: those who know you not so well as I do, would not wait with so much patience for the entrance of Pausanias. You see I am frank; and if I tell you I do not approve of the first part, you may believe me as sincere when I tell you I admire the latter extremely.

My letter has an odd date. You would not expect I should be writing in such a dirty little place as Reggio; but the fair is charming; and here come all the nobility of Lombardy, and all the broken dialects of Genoa, Milan, Venice, Bologna, &c. You never heard such a ridiculous confusion of tongues. All the morning one goes to the fair undressed, as to the walks of Tunbridge; 'tis just in that manner, with lotteries, raffles, &c. After dinner all the company return in their coaches, and make a kind of *corso*, with the Ducal family, who go to shops, where you talk to 'em, from thence to the Opera, in mask if you will, and afterwards to the Ridotto. This five nights in the week. Fridays there are masquerades, and Tuesdays balls at the Rivalta, a villa of the Duke's². In short, one diverts oneself. I pass most part of the Opera in the Duchess's³ box, who is extremely civil to me and extremely agreeable. A daughter of the Regent's⁴, that could please him, must be so. She is not young, though still handsome, but fat; but has given up her gallantries cheerfully, and in time, and lives easily with a dull husband, two dull sisters of his, and a dull court. These two princesses are wofully ugly, old maids and rich. They might have been married often; but the old Duke⁵ was whimsical and proud, and never would consent to any match for them, but left them much money, and pensions of three thousand pounds a year a-piece. There was a design

² Francis III of Este, Duke of Modena (1737-1780).

³ Charlotte Aglaé of Orléans, Duchess of Modena; d. 1761.

⁴ Philip, Duke of Orléans, Regent of France; d. 1723.

⁵ Rinaldo of Este, Duke of Modena (1694-1737).

to have given the eldest to this King of Spain⁶, and the Duke⁷ was to have had the Parmesan princess⁸; so that now he would have had Parma and Placentia, joined to Modena, Reggio, Mirandola, and Massa. But there being a Prince of Asturias⁹, the old Duke Rinaldo broke off the match, and said his daughter's children should not be younger brothers: and so they mope old virgins.

I am going from hence to Venice, in a fright lest there be a war with France, and then I must drag myself through Germany. We have had an imperfect account of a sea-fight in America¹⁰; but we are so out of the way, that one can't be sure of it. Which way soever I return, I shall be soon in England, and there you will find me again

As much as ever yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

41. TO HORACE MANN¹.

Calais, and Friday, and here I have been these two days, 1741.

Is the wind laid? Shall I never get aboard? I came here on Wednesday night, but found a tempest that has

⁶ Philip V.

⁷ Francis, Duke of Modena.

⁸ Elizabeth Farnese (d. 1766), only child of Odoardo Farnese, Prince of Parma; m. (1714), as his second wife, Philip V, King of Spain.

⁹ Louis, eldest son of Philip V of Spain, by his first wife; reigned as Louis I from 1724 (his father abdicating in his favour) until his death (1725), when his father resumed the crown.

¹⁰ Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth attacked Carthage on March 4, but were obliged to withdraw in April with great loss, having only demolished some outlying fortifications.

LETTER 41.—¹ The *Advertisement* prefixed by Horace Walpole to his

letters to Sir Horace Mann runs thus:—

‘The following collection of letters, written very carelessly by a young man, had been preserved by the person to whom they were addressed. The Author, some years after the date of the first, borrowed them, on account of some anecdotes interspersed. On the perusal, among many trifling relations and stories, which were only of consequence or amusing to the two persons concerned in the correspondence, he found some facts, characters, and news, which, though below the dignity of History, might prove entertaining to many other people: and knowing how much pleasure, not only himself, but many other

never ceased since. At Boulogne I left Lord Shrewsbury² and his mother³, and brothers and sisters, waiting too: Bulstrode⁴ passes his winter at the court of Boulogne, and then is to travel with two young Shrewsburys. I was overtaken by Amorevoli and Monticelli⁵, who are here with me and the Viscontina⁶, and Barberina⁷, and Abbate Vanneschi⁸

persons have often found in a series of private and familiar Letters, he thought it worth his while to preserve these, as they contain something of the customs, fashions, politics, diversions, and private history of several years; which, if worthy of any existence, can be properly transmitted to posterity only in this manner.

The reader will find a few pieces of intelligence which did not prove true; but which are retained here as the Author heard and related them, lest correction should spoil the simple air of the narrative. When the Letters were written, they were never intended for public inspection; and now they are far from being thought correct, or more authentic than the general turn of epistolary correspondence admits. The Author would sooner have burnt them, than have taken the trouble to correct such errant trifles, which are here presented to the reader, with scarce any variation or omissions, but what private friendships and private history, or the great haste with which the letters were written, made indispensably necessary, as will plainly appear, not only by the unavoidable chasms, where the originals were worn out or torn away, but by many idle relations and injudicious remarks and prejudices of a young man; for which the only excuse the Author can pretend to make, is, that as some future reader may possibly be as young as he was when he first wrote, he hopes they may be amused with what graver people (if into such hands they should fall) will very justly despise. Whoever has patience to

peruse the series, will find, perhaps, that as the Author grew older some of his faults grew less striking.

² Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, d. 1787. *Walpole*. — George (not Charles) Talbot (1719–1787), fourteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. His assumption of the title (to which he did not in fact succeed until 1743) was probably due to the refusal of it by his uncle and predecessor, who was a Jesuit priest.

³ Mary, daughter of Thomas Fitzwilliam, fourth Viscount Fitzwilliam of Merrion; m. Hon. George Talbot, who 'owing to the non-assumption thereof by his eldest brother) did pretend to the title, and his widow is so silly as to pretend to it, and suffers her three daughters to be called *Ladies*, and puts the Earl's coronet over glasses, and upon plate, but durst not put it on the achievement nor coach, tho' in writings she signs *Mary Talbot*. Mr. George Talbot left six sons and three daughters; the eldest son, George, is at Paris for his education, 1735.' (*Harley's Memoranda on the Peerage* quoted in the *Complete Peerage*.)

⁴ Tutor to the young Earl of Shrewsbury. *Walpole*.

⁵ Italian singers. *Walpole*. — Angelo Maria Monticelli (1715–1764).

⁶ A singer.

⁷ 'A celebrated opera-dancer, known and admired throughout Europe, of decent manners and uncommon attractions.' (Lady Louisa Stuart, *Memoir of John Duke of Argyll*, p. 51.)

⁸ An Italian abbé who directed and wrote the operas under the protection of Lord Middlesex. *Walpole*.

—what a coxcomb! I would have talked to him about the Opera, but he preferred politics. I have wearied Amorevoli with questions about you. If he was not just come from you, and could talk to me about you, I should hate him; for, to flatter me, he told me that I talked Italian better than you. He did not know how little I think it a compliment to have anything preferred to you—besides, you know the consistence of my Italian! They are all frightened out of their senses about going on the sea, and are not a little afraid of the English. They went aboard the *William and Mary* yacht yesterday, which waits here for Lady Cardigan⁹ from Spa. The captain clapped the door, and swore in broad English that the Viscontina should not stir till she gave him a song, he did not care whether it was a catch or a moving ballad; but she would not submit. I wonder he did! When she came home and told me, I begged her not to judge of all the English from this specimen; but, by the way, she will find many sea-captains that grow on dry land.

Sittinburn, Sept. 13. O.S.

Saturday morning, or yesterday, we did set out, and after a good passage of four hours and a half, landed at Dover. I begin to count my comforts, for I find their contraries thicken on my apprehension. I have, at least, done for awhile with postchaises. My trunks were a little opened at Calais, and they would have stopped my medals, but with much ado and much three louis's they let them pass. At Dover I found the benefit of the *motions*¹⁰ having miscarried last year, for they respected Sir Robert's son even in the person of his trunks. I came over in a yacht with East India captains' widows, a Catholic girl coming from a convent

⁹ Lady Mary Montagu (d. 1775), daughter and co-heir of first Duke of Montagu; m. (1730) George Brudenell, fourth Earl of Cardigan, cr. Duke of Montagu, 1766.

¹⁰ The motion in both Houses of Parliament, 1740, for removing Sir Robert Walpole from the King's councils. *Walpole*.

to be married, with an Irish priest to guard her, who says he studied *medicines* for two years, and after that *he studied learning* for two years more. I have not brought over a word of French or Italian for common use; I have so taken pains to avoid affectation in this point, that I have failed only now and then in a *chi è là?* to the servants, who I can scarce persuade myself yet are English. The country-town (and you will believe me, who, you know, am not prejudiced) delights me: the populousness, the ease, the gaiety, and well-dressed everybody amaze me. Canterbury, which on my setting out I thought deplorable, is a paradise to Modena, Reggio, Parma, &c. I had before discovered that there was nowhere but in England the distinction of *middling people*; I perceive now, that there is peculiar to us *middling houses*: how snug they are! I write to-night because I have time; to-morrow I get to London just as the post goes. Sir R. is at Houghton. . . .¹¹

Good night till another post. You are quite well, I trust, but tell me so always. My loves to the Chutes¹² and all the &c's.

Oh! a story of Mr. Pope and the Prince¹³:—‘Mr. Pope,

¹¹ Passage omitted.

¹² John Chute and Francis Whithed Esqrs., two great friends of Mr. W.'s, whom he had left at Florence, where he had been himself thirteen months in the house of Mr. Mann, his relation and particular friend. *Walpole*.—The connexion between the Mann and Walpole families, referred to by Horace Walpole, has not been traced.—John Chute (1701–1776), the last descendant in the male line of Chalonier Chute, Speaker of the House of Commons (1659), was the tenth and youngest child of Edward Chute, of the Vine in Hampshire. He was educated at Eton and was much abroad until 1746, when he returned to England. On the death of his brother Anthony, in 1754 he succeeded to the family

estates. John Chute became acquainted with Horace Walpole in Florence in 1740, and they continued, until Chute's death, on terms of the most intimate friendship. He was Horace Walpole's occasional correspondent, and was a frequent guest at Strawberry Hill, where his antiquarian tastes made him particularly welcome.

Francis Whithed (b. 1719) was of Southwick Park, Hampshire. After spending some time on the Continent, he returned to England (1746), and in 1747 entered Parliament as member for Hampshire. He died in 1751 of a chill caught out hunting, to the great grief of John Chute, who regarded him almost as a son.

¹³ Frederick, Prince of Wales.

you don't love princes.' 'Sir, I beg your pardon.' 'Well, you don't love kings then!' 'Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown.' Was it possible to make a better answer to such simple questions?

Adieu! my dearest child!

Yours, ten thousand times over.

P.S. Patapan¹⁴ does not seem to regret his own country.

42. TO HORACE MANN.

[The beginning of this letter is lost¹.]

... I had written and sealed my letter, but have since received another from you, dated Sept. 24. I read Sir Robert your account of Corsica; he seems to like hearing any account sent this way—indeed, they seem to have more superficial relations in general than I could have believed! You will oblige me, too, with any farther account of Bianca Colonna²: it is romantic, her history!

I am infinitely obliged to Mr. Chute for his kindness to me, and still more for his friendship to you. You cannot think how happy I am to hear that you are to keep him longer. You do not mention his having received my letter from Paris: I directed it to him, recommended to you. I would not have him think me capable of neglecting to answer his letter, which obliged me so much. I will deliver Amorevoli his letter the first time I see him.

Lord Islay³ dined here; I mentioned Stosch's⁴ Maltese

¹⁴ Mr. W.'s dog. *Walpole*.

LETTER 42.—¹ Note in Horace Walpole's handwriting.

² A kind of Joan of Arc, who headed the Corsican rebels against the Genoese. *Walpole*.

³ Archibald Campbell, Earl of Islay, and, on his brother's death, in 1743, Duke of Argyll. *Walpole*.—Second son of first Duke of Argyll; cr. Earl of Islay, 1706; succeeded

his brother as third Duke of Argyll, 1743. He was Commissioner for settling the Union of England and Scotland, 1706; headed a loyal regiment, and was wounded at the battle of Sheriffmuir, 1715; Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, 1721-33; Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, 1734-61; d. 1761.

⁴ Baron Stosch, a Prussian virtuoso, and spy for the court of England on

cats. Lord Islay begged I would write to Florence to have the largest male and female that can be got. If you will speak to Stosch, you will oblige me: they may come by sea.

You cannot imagine my amazement at your not being invited to Riccardi's ball; do tell me, when you know what can be the meaning of it; it could not be inadvertence—nay, that were as bad! Adieu! my dear child, once more!

43. TO HORACE MANN.

Downing Street, Oct. 8, 1741. O.S.

I HAVE been very near sealing this letter with black wax; Sir Robert came from Richmond¹ on Sunday night extremely ill, and on Monday was in great danger. It was an ague and looseness; but they have stopped the latter, and converted the other into a fever, which they are curing with the bark. He came out of his chamber to-day for the first time, and is quite out of danger. One of the newspapers says Sir R. W. is so *bad* that there are no *hopes* of him.

The Pomfrets² are arrived; I went this morning to visit my Lord, but did not find him. Lady Sophia is ill, and my Earl³ still at Paris, not coming.

There is no news, nor a soul in town. One talks of nothing but distempers, like Sir Robert's. My Lady Townsend⁴ was reckoning up t'other day the several things

the Pretender. He had been driven from Rome, though it was suspected that he was a spy on both sides: he was a man of a most infamous character in every respect. *Walpole.*

LETTER 43.—¹ From his lodge in New Park, Richmond, Surrey.

² Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, and Henrietta Louisa, his Countess, and their two eldest daughters, Sophia and Charlotte, had been in Italy at the same time with Mr. Walpole. The Earl had been Master of the Horse to Queen Caroline, and the

Countess Lady of the Bedchamber. *Walpole.*

³ Henry, Earl of Lincoln, was at that time in love with Lady Sophia Fermor. *Walpole.*

⁴ Ethelreda Harrison, wife of Charles Lord Viscount Townsend, but parted from him. *Walpole.*—Daughter of Edward Harrison, of Balls Park, Hertfordshire, sometime Governor of Fort St. George in India; m. (1723) Charles Townshend, third Viscount Townshend, by whom she was the mother of the first Marquis

that have cured them; such a doctor so many, such a medicine so many; but of all, the greatest number have found relief from the sudden deaths of their husbands. . . .⁵

The Opera begins the day after the King's birthday: the singers are not permitted to sing till on the stage, so no one has heard them, nor have I seen Amorevoli to give him the letter. The Opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses. The directors have already laid out great sums. They talk of a mob to silence the operas, as they did the French players⁶; but it will be more difficult, for here half the young noblemen in town are engaged, and they will not be so easily persuaded to humour the taste of the mobility: in short, they have already retained several eminent lawyers from the Bear Garden to plead their defence. I have had a long visit this morning from *Don Benjamin*⁷: he is one of the best kind of agreeable men I ever saw: quite fat and easy, with universal knowledge: he is in the greatest esteem at my court.

I am going to trouble you with some commissions. Miss Rich⁸, who is the finest singer, except your sister⁹, in the world, has begged me to get her some music, particularly the office of the *Virgin of the Seven Sorrows*, by Pergolesi, the *Serva Padrona*¹⁰, *Il Pastor se torna Aprile*, and *Semplicetta Pastorella*. If you can send these easily, you will much oblige me. Do, too, let me know by your brother,

Townshend, and of Charles Townshend the statesman. She died in 1788.

⁵ Passage omitted.

⁶ At the Haymarket Theatre in October, 1738.

⁷ Benjamin Keene, Ambassador at Madrid. *Walpole*.—Twice Ambassador in Spain, 1727–39, 1748–57; Lord of Trade, 1742–44; Paymaster of the Pensions, 1744; Envoy Extraordinary to Lisbon, 1746–48; K. B., 1754. He died at Madrid in 1757,

when on the point of returning home to receive a pension and a peerage.

⁸ Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Rich, since married to Sir George Lyttelton. *Walpole*.—She married in 1749, but soon separated from her husband (who became Lord Lyttelton in 1756). She survived him, and died in 1795.

⁹ Mary, daughter of R. Mann Esq., since married to Mr. Foote. *Walpole*.

¹⁰ An opera by Pergolesi.

what you have already laid out for me, that I may pay him.

I was mentioning to Sir Robert some pictures in Italy, which I wished him to buy; two particularly, if they can be got, would make him delight in you beyond measure. They are, a Madonna and Child, by Dominichino, in the palace Zambeccari, at Bologna, or *Caliambec*¹¹, as they call it; Mr. Chute knows the picture. The other is by Correggio, in a convent at Parma, and reckoned the second best of that hand in the world. There are the Madonna and Child, St. Catherine, St. Matthew, and other figures: it is a most known picture, and has been engraved by Augustin Carracci. If you can employ anybody privately to inquire about these pictures, be so good to let me know: Sir R. would not scruple almost at any price, for he has of neither hand. The convent is poor: the Zambeccari collection is to be sold, though, when I inquired after this picture, they would not set a price.

Here is a new epigram that you will not dislike: it is made by Dr. Munro¹² on two of his brethren, a physician and a surgeon—

When Hulse¹³ for some trifling unorthodox jests
As unchristian was censured by bigots and priests,
He wisely resolv'd to wipe off the reproach,
And was seen with a parson six months in his coach.
When Cheselden¹⁴ saw that the scheme had success,
He conceiv'd in some sort it might suit his own case;
So to take an unlucky damn'd censure away,
He contriv'd to be seen with a wit every day:
And with Pope by his side in the pride of his soul,
'Now damn ye,' says he; 'now d'ye think I'm a fool?'

¹¹ A corrupted pronunciation of the Bolognese. *Walpole*.

¹² James Munro (1680-1752), physician to Bethlehem Hospital for lunatics.

¹³ Sir Edward Hulse (1682-1759), first Baronet.

¹⁴ William Cheselden (1688-1752), a well-known surgeon and anatomist. He was on friendly terms with Pope.

Lord Euston¹⁵ is to be married to Lady Dorothy Boyle to-morrow, after so many delays.

I have received your long letter, and Mr. Chute's too, which I will answer next post. I wish I had the least politics to tell you; but all is silent. The Opposition say not a syllable, because they don't know what the Court will think of public affairs; and they will not take their part till they are sure of contradicting. The Court will not be very ready to declare themselves, as their present situation is every way disagreeable. All they say, is to throw the blame entirely on the obstinacy of the Austrian Court, who would never stir or soften for themselves, while they thought any one obliged to defend them. All I know of news is, that Poland is leaning towards the acquisition side, like her neighbours, and proposes to get a lock of the Golden Fleece too. Is this any part of Gregory's¹⁶ negotiation? I delight in his *scappata*—'Scappato, no; egli solamente ha preso la posta.' My service to Seristori; he is charming.

How excessively obliging to go to Madame Grifoni's¹⁷ *festino*! but believe me, I shall be angry, if, for my sake, you do things that are out of your character: don't you know that I am infinitely fonder of that than of her?

I read your story of the Sposa Panciatici at table, to the great entertainment of the company, and Prince Craon's epitaph, which Lord Cholmley¹⁸ says he has heard before,

¹⁵ George Fitzroy (1715–1747), Earl of Euston, eldest surviving son of second Duke of Grafton; m. (Oct. 9, 1741) Lady Dorothy Boyle, eldest daughter and co-heir of third Earl of Burlington. Lord Euston, whose character seems to have been odious in every respect, died during his father's lifetime.

¹⁶ Gregorio Agdollo, an Asiatic, from being a prisoner at Leghorn, raised himself to be employed to the Great Duke by the King of Poland. *Walpole*.

¹⁷ Elisabetta Capponi, wife of Signor Grifoni, a great beauty. *Walpole*.

¹⁸ George Cholmondeley (1703–1770), third Earl of Cholmondeley, brother-in-law of Horace Walpole, by his marriage with Mary (d. 1731), daughter of Sir Robert Walpole; he served in the army and became Major-General; Lord Privy Seal, 1743–44; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1744; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1753. 'A vain empty man, shoved up too high by his father-in-law,

and does not think it is the Prince's own; no more do I, it is too good: but make my compliments of thanks to him; he shall have his buckles the first opportunity I find of sending them.

Say a thousand things for me to dear Mr. Chute, till I can say them next post for myself; till then, adieu.

Yours ever.

44. TO HORACE MANN.

London, Oct. 13, 1741.

[The greatest part of this letter is wanting¹.]

. . . THE TOWN will come to town, and then one shall know something. Sir Robert is quite recovered.

Lady Pomfret I saw last night: Lady Sophia has been ill with a cold; her head is to be dressed French, and her body English, for which I am sorry, her figure is so fine in a robe: she is full as sorry as I am. Their trunks are not arrived yet, so they have not made their appearance. My Lady told me, a little out of humour, that Uguccioni² wrote her word, that you said her things could not be sent away yet: I understood from you, that very wisely, you would have nothing to do about them, so made no answer.

The Parliament meets the fifteenth of November.

. . . Amorevoli has been with me two hours this evening; he is in panics about the first night, which is the next after the birthday.

I have taken a master, not to forget my Italian—don't it look like returning to Florence?—some time or other! Good night.

Yours ever and ever,

my dear child.

Sir Robert Walpole, and fallen into contempt and obscurity by his own extravagance and insufficiency,' (*Memoirs of George II.*, ed. 1822,

vol. i. p. 150.)

LETTER 44.—¹ In Horace Walpole's handwriting.

² A Florentine nobleman.

45. TO HORACE MANN.

London, Oct. 19, 1741. O.S.

[Great part wanting¹.]

I WRITE to you up to my head and ears in dirt, straw, and unpaeking. I have been opening all my cases from the Custom House the whole morning; and—are not you glad?—every individual safe and undamaged. I am fitting up an apartment in Downing Street. . . .²

. . .² was called in the morning, and was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, for I have frequently known him snore ere they had drawn his curtains, now never sleeps above an hour without waking; and he, who at dinner always forgot he was Minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together. Judge if this is the Sir R. you knew.

The politics of the age are entirely suspended; nothing is mentioned; but this bottling them up, will make them fly out with the greater violence the moment Parliament meets; till . . .² a word to you about this affair.

I am sorry to hear the Venetian journey of the Suares family; it does not look as if the Teresina was to marry Pandolfini; do you know, I have set my heart upon that match?

You are very good to the Pucci, to give her that advice, though I don't suppose she will follow it. The Bolognese scheme . . .²

In return for Amorevoli's letter, he has given me two. I fancy it will be troublesome to you; so put his wife into some other method of correspondence with him.

Do you love puns? A pretty man of the age came into

LETTER 45.—¹ In Horace Walpole's handwriting.² These omissions occur in MS.

the play-house the other night, booted and spurred: says he, 'I am come to see Orpheus'—'And—*You rid I see,*' replied another gentleman.

46. TO HORACE MANN.

London, October 22, 1741. O.S.

YOUR brother¹ has been with me this morning, and we have talked over your whole affair. He thinks it will be impossible to find any servant of the capacities you require, that will live with you under twenty, if not thirty pounds a year, especially as he is not to have your clothes. Then the expense of the journey to Florence, and of back again, in case you should not like him, will be considerable. He is for your taking one from Leghorn; but I, who know a little more of Leghorn than he does, should be apprehensive of any person from thence being in the interest of Goldsworthy², or too attached to the merchants: in short, I mean, he would be liable to prove a spy upon you. We have agreed that I shall endeavour to find out a proper man, if such a one will go to you for twenty pounds a year, and then you shall hear from me. I am very sensible that Palombo³ is not fit for you, and shall be extremely diligent in equipping you with such a one as you want. You know how much I wish to be of any service to you, even in trifles.

I have been much diverted privately, for it is a secret that not an hundred persons know yet, and is not to be spoken of. Do but think on a duel between Winnington⁴

LETTER 46.—¹ Galfridus Mann (d. 1756), sometime M.P. for Maidstone; third son of Robert Mann, Deputy Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital, and younger brother of Horace (afterwards Sir Horace) Mann. He was in business with his elder brother Edward as an army clothier.

² Consul at Leghorn, who was endeavouring to supplant Mr. Mann. *Walpole.*

³ An Italian, secretary to Mr. Mann. *Walpole.*

⁴ Th. Winnington, Cofferer, and afterwards Paymaster of the Forces. *Walpole.*—Of Stanford Court, Wor-

and Augustus Townshend⁵. The latter a pert boy, captain of an Indiaman; the former declared *cicisbeo* to my Lady Townshend. The quarrel was something that Augustus had said of them; for since she was parted from her husband, she has broke with all his family. Winnington challenged; they walked into Hyde Park last Sunday morning, scratched one another's fingers, tumbled into two ditches—that is, Augustus did,—kissed, and walked home together! The other night, at Mrs. Boothby's⁶—

Well, I did believe I should never find time to write to you again; I was interrupted in my letter last post, and could not finish it; to-day I came home from the King's levee, where I kissed his hand, without going to the drawing-room, on purpose to finish my letter, and the moment I sat down they let somebody in. That somebody is gone, and I go on—at Mrs. Boothby's, Lady Townshend was coquetting with Lord Baltimore⁷: he told her, if she meant anything with him, he was not for her purpose; if only to make any one jealous, he would throw away an hour with her with all his heart. . . .⁸

The whole town is to be to-morrow night at Sir Thomas Robinson's⁹ ball, which he gives to a little girl of the Duke of Richmond's¹⁰. There are already two hundred invited,

cestershire; M.P. for Worcester, Lord of the Admiralty, 1730-36; Lord of the Treasury, 1736-42; Paymaster of the Forces, 1743-46. He died in 1746. His epitaph was written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

⁵ Hon. Augustus Townshend, first cousin of Horace Walpole; second son of second Viscount Townshend by Dorothy Walpole, sister of the Prime Minister. He was a captain in the service of the East India Company, and died unmarried at Batavia in 1746.

⁶ Anne, daughter of Hugh Clopton, Counsellor of the Middle Temple, and wife of Thomas Boothby, of

Tooley Park, Leicestershire.

⁷ Charles Calvert (1699-1751), sixth Baron Baltimore, proprietor of the province of Maryland. He was attached to the Prince of Wales' party.

⁸ Passage omitted.

⁹ Sir Thomas Robinson (circ. 1700-1777), first Baronet, of Rokeby, Yorkshire; Governor of Barbados, 1742-47. He was tall and thin, and was called 'Long Sir Thomas' to distinguish him from his namesake the diplomatist (who was afterwards Lord Grantham).

¹⁰ Charles Lenox (1701-1750), second Duke of Richmond, Duke of Aubigny in France; served in the army, and

from miss in bib and apron, to my Lord Chancellor¹¹ in bib and mace. You shall hear about it next post.

I wrote you word that Lord Euston is married: in a week more I believe I shall write you word that he is divorced. He is brutal enough; and has forbad Lady Burlington¹² his house, and that in very ungentle terms. The whole family is in confusion; the Duke of Grafton¹³ half dead, and Lord Burlington¹⁴ half mad. The latter has challenged Lord Euston, who accepted the challenge, but they were prevented. There are different stories: some say that the duel would have been no breach of consanguinity¹⁵; others, that there is a contract of marriage come out in another place, which has had more consanguinity than ceremony in it¹⁶: in short, one cannot go into a room but you hear something of it. Do you not pity the poor girl? of the softest temper, vast beauty, birth, and fortune! to be so sacrificed!

The letters from the West Indies are not the most agree-

became Lieutenant-General; K.G., 1726; Master of the Horse, 1735-50.

¹¹ Lord Hardwicke.

¹² Lady Dorothy Saville (d. 1758), daughter and co-heir of second Marquis of Halifax; m. (1721) Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington. She was Lord Euston's mother-in-law.

¹³ Charles Fitzroy (1683-1757), second Duke of Grafton; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1720-24; K.G., 1721; Lord Chamberlain, 1724-57.

¹⁴ Richard Boyle (1694-1753), third Earl of Burlington, a well-known amateur architect.

¹⁵ See Sir C. H. Williams' lines *On Lady Dorothy Boyle enamoured with Lord Euston* (Works, vol. i. p. 252).

¹⁶ Doubtless a reference to a rumoured project of marriage between Lord Euston and his sister-in-law Lady Augustus Fitzroy (whose husband had died in the preceding May). Lord Euston had at this date

been married less than a fortnight to Lord Burlington's daughter, Lady Dorothy Boyle. She died a few months later, aged eighteen, in consequence, it is alleged, of his ill-treatment. Lord Euston's intention is alluded to by Mrs. Pendarves (Mrs. Delany):—'Now I talk of worthlessness, I must tell you the present discourse of the town is that Lord Euston is certainly going to be married to his sister-in-law, Lady Augustus Fitzroy; and that he has made inquiry what the expense will be to keep out of the spiritual court. What a monster he will shew himself to be, and his co-partner in wickedness no less so! If this be true it will confirm every villainous action he has been suspected of. How happy was it for poor Lady Euston to be removed from such a villain!' (To Mrs. Dewes, *Corr.*, vol. ii. pp. 205-6.)

able. You have heard of the fine river and little town which Vernon took, and named, the former *Augusta*, the latter *Cumberland*. Since that, they have found out that it is impracticable to take St. Iago by sea: on which Admiral Vernon and Ogle¹⁷ insisted that Wentworth¹⁸, with the land forces should march to it by land, which he, by advice of all the land officers, has refused; for their march would have been of eighty miles, through a mountainous, unknown country, full of defiles, where not two men could march abreast; and they have but four thousand five hundred men, and twenty-four horses. Quires of paper from both sides are come over to the Council, who are to determine from hence what is to be done. They have taken a Spanish man-of-war and a register ship, going to Spain, immensely valuable.

The Parliament does not meet till the first of December, which relieves me into a little happiness, and gives me a little time to settle myself. I have unpacked all my things, and have not had the least thing suffer. I am now only in a fright about my birthday clothes, which I bespoke at Paris: Friday is the day, and this is Monday, without any news of them!

I have been two or three times at the play, very unwillingly; for nothing was ever so bad as the actors, except the company. There is much in vogue a Mrs. Woffington¹⁹, a bad actress; but she has life. . . .²⁰

Lord Hartington dines here: it is said (and from his father's²¹ partiality to another person's father²², I don't think

¹⁷ Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle, Knight; d. 1750.

¹⁸ Lieutenant-General Thomas Wentworth.

¹⁹ Margaret Woffington (circ. 1718-1760). She first appeared in London in 1740.

²⁰ Passage omitted.

²¹ William Cavendish (1698-1755), third Duke of Devonshire; Lord Privy Seal, 1731-33; Lord Steward of the Household, 1733-37, 1744-49; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1737-45.

²² Sir Robert Walpole.

it impossible) that he is to marry a certain miss²³: Lord Fitzwilliam²⁴ is supposed another candidate.

Here is a new thing, which has been much about town, and liked; your brother Gal gave me the copy of it:

LES COURS DE L'EUROPE.

*L'Allemagne craint tout ;
L'Autriche risque tout ;
La Bavière espère tout ;
La Prusse entreprend tout ;
La Mayence vend tout ;
Le Portugal regarde tout ;
L'Angleterre veut faire tout ;
L'Espagne embrouille tout ;
La Savoye se défie de tout ;
Le Mercure se mêle de tout ;
La France achète tout ;
Les Jésuites se trouvent par tout ;
Rome bénit tout ;
Si Dieu ne pourvoye à tout,
Le Diable emportera tout.*

Good night! my dear child: you never say a word of your own health; are not you quite recovered? a thousand services to Mr. Chute and Mr. Whithed, and to all my friends: do they begin to forget me? I don't them.

Yours ever.

47. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

MY DEAREST HARRY,

London, October 31, 1741.

You have made me infinitely happy, but infinitely impatient for Monday se'nnight. I have wished for you more particularly this week, and wanted you all at Sir Thomas

²³ Mary, natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by Maria Skerrett (whom he married in 1733). On her father's promotion to the peerage, George II granted her the rank of an Earl's daughter. She married

(1746) Charles, natural son of General Charles Churchill, by Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, by whom she had a large family.

²⁴ William Fitzwilliam (1719-1756), third Earl Fitzwilliam.

Robinson's and the birthday. You have already had accounts, I suppose, of the former from Lady Caroline¹ and Mr. Selwyn, but I will say my bit about it too; I told Lady Caroline I would; besides, I made a list of most of the people, and will tell you some of the company, which was all extremely good; there were none but people of the first fashion, except Mr. Kent², Mr. Cibber³, Mr. Swiny, and the Parsons family, and you know all these have an alloy. Kent came as governess to Lady Charlotte Boyle⁴, Cibber and Swiny have long had their freedom given them of this end of the town, and the Parsons's took out theirs at Paris. There were an hundred and ninety-seven people, yet no confusion; he had taken off all the doors of his house, and, in short, distributed everybody quite to their well-being. The dancers were the two Lady Lenox's⁵ (Lady Emily queen of the ball, and appeared in great majesty from behind a vast bouquet), Lady Lucy Manners⁶, Lady Ancram⁷, Lady Lucy Clinton⁸, Ladies Harriot and

LETTER 47.—Not in C.; printed from original in possession of Sir T. V. Lister.

¹ Lady Caroline Fitzroy (d. 1784), eldest daughter of second Duke of Grafton; m. (1746) William Stanhope, Viscount Petersham, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Harrington in 1756.

² William Kent, architect (1684–1748).

³ Colley Cibber, actor and dramatist (1671–1757).

⁴ Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Boyle, daughter and eventually heir of third Earl of Burlington; m. (1748) William Cavendish, Marquis of Hartington (afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire); succeeded her father as Baroness Clifford (1753), when the Clifford estates in Yorkshire and co. Cork passed to the Cavendish family; d. (as Marchioness of Hartington) 1754.

⁵ Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox

(d. 1774), eldest daughter of second Duke of Richmond; er. Baroness Holland, of Holland, Lincolnshire, 1762; m. (1744) Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland), by whom she was the mother of the second Lord Holland and of Charles James Fox.

Lady Emilia Mary Lennox (d. 1814), second daughter of second Duke of Richmond; m. 1. (1747) James Fitzgerald, twentieth Earl of Kildare (afterwards Duke of Leinster); 2. (1774) William Ogilvie.

⁶ Youngest daughter of second Duke of Rutland; m. (1742) William Graham, second Duke of Montrose; d. 1788.

⁷ Lady Caroline Darcy (d. 1778), daughter of third Earl of Holderness; m. (1735) William Henry Kerr, Earl of Ancram, afterwards fourth Marquis of Lothian.

⁸ Eldest daughter of seventh Earl of Lincoln; d. unmarried in 1763.

Anne Wentworth⁹, Sophia and Charlotte Fermor, and Camilla Bennet¹⁰; Miss Pelham¹¹ (Lord! how ugly she is!); Misses Walpole, Leneve¹², Churchill¹³, Parsons, Maccartny, Pultney¹⁴, Mary Townshend¹⁵, Newton, and Brown. The men, Lord John Sackville¹⁶, Lord Ancram¹⁷, Holderness, Ashburnham¹⁸, Howard¹⁹, Hartington and Castlehaven²⁰; Mr. Colebrook, Poulett, Churchill²¹, two Townshends²², Parsons, Vernon, Carteret²³, Colonel Maguire, and a Sir William Boothby²⁴. For the rest of the company you shall see the list when you come to town. Lord and Lady Euston

⁹ Lady Henrietta Alicia Wentworth, fourth daughter of first Marquis of Rockingham; m. (1764) William Sturgeon, her footman. Lady Anne Wentworth (d. 1769), eldest daughter of first Marquis of Rockingham; m. (1744) William Fitzwilliam, third Earl Fitzwilliam in Ireland, afterwards created an English earl.

¹⁰ Only daughter of second Earl of Tankerville; m. 1. Gilbert Fane Fleming; 2. Mr. Wake.

¹¹ Catherine, eldest daughter of Hon. Henry Pelham (afterwards Prime Minister); m. (1744) her cousin, Henry Fiennes-Clinton, ninth Earl of Lincoln, who succeeded his uncle (1768) as second Duke of Newcastle; d. (as Countess of Lincoln) 1760.

¹² Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Le Neve; m. Vice-Admiral Hugh Pigott.

¹³ See note on letter to Mann, Nov. 2, 1741.

¹⁴ Probably the only daughter of William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath.

¹⁵ Third daughter of second Viscount Townshend; m. (1753) Hon. Edward Cornwallis, sixth son of fourth Baron Cornwallis; d. 1776.

¹⁶ Second son of first Duke of Dorset; d. 1765. He preceded Horace Walpole as tenant of Strawberry Hill.

¹⁷ William Henry Kerr (1710-

1775), Earl of Ancram, eldest son of third Marquis of Lothian, whom he succeeded in 1767. He served in the army, and was present at the battles of Fontenoy and Culloden.

¹⁸ John Ashburnham (1725-1812), second Earl of Ashburnham; Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks, 1753-62; Keeper of the Great Wardrobe, 1765-75; Groom of the Stole and First Lord of the Bedchamber to George III, 1775-82.

¹⁹ Thomas Howard (circ. 1714-1763), Lord Howard, eldest son of first Earl of Effingham, whom he succeeded in 1743. He became Deputy Earl Marshal in 1743.

²⁰ James Tuchet (1723-1769), seventh Earl of Castlehaven.

²¹ Charles (1720-1812), natural son of General Charles Churchill; by Mrs. Oldfield, the actress; sometime M.P. for Stockbridge; m. (1746) Lady Mary Walpole, natural daughter of the Prime Minister.

²² Probably Hon. George and Hon. Charles Townshend. See note on letter to Mann, Jan. 14, 1745, and note on letter to Montagu, May 18, 1749.

²³ Hon. Robert Carteret (1721-1776), styled Lord Carteret, 1744-63, only surviving son of second Baron Carteret (afterwards second Earl Granville), whom he succeeded in 1763.

²⁴ Sir William Boothby, fourth Baronet; d. 1787.

and Lady Caroline did not dance. A supper for the lady dancers was served at twelve, their partners and waiting tables with other supper stood behind. Oh! I danced country dances, I had forgot myself. The ball ended at four.

Now for the birthday. There were loads of men, not many ladies, nor much finery. Lord Fitzwilliams and myself were the only two very fine; I was in a great taking about my clothes, they came from Paris, and did not arrive till nine o'clock of the birthday morning. I was obliged to send one of the King's messengers for them and Lord Holderness's suit to Dover. There were nineteen suits came with them. Do you know I was in such a fright lest they should get into the news, and took up the *Craftsman*²⁵ with fear and trembling. There was the greatest crowd at the ball I ever saw. Lady Euston danced country dances with the Duke²⁶. My aunt Horace²⁷ had adapted her gown to her complexion, and chose a silk all broke out in pink blotches. By the way, was ever anything so terrible as Lord Holderness's face? Poor Lady Ancram's will be as bad in a twelvemonth. She, the Duke of Kingston²⁸, Lord Middlesex²⁹, and Lady Albemarle³⁰, are dreadfully altered. You can't think what an alteration towards old I find among my acquaintance.

Harry, you must come and be in love with Lady Sophia

²⁵ The organ of the Opposition.

²⁶ The Duke of Cumberland.

²⁷ Marie Madeleine Lombard (d. 1783), a Frenchwoman; m. (1720) Horatio, younger brother of Sir Robert Walpole, who was created (1756) Baron Walpole of Wolterton.

²⁸ Evelyn Pierrepont (1711-1773), second Duke of Kingston. He married (1769) the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, who was convicted of bigamy in 1776.

²⁹ Charles Sackville (1711-1769),

Earl of Middlesex, eldest son of first Duke of Dorset, whom he succeeded in 1765. He was Lord of the Treasury, 1743-47; Master of the Horse to Prince of Wales, 1747-51.

³⁰ Lady Anne Lennox (d. 1789), daughter of first Duke of Richmond; m. (1723) William Anne Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle. Her portrait by Reynolds (painted between 1753 and 1760) is in the National Gallery.

Fermor; all the world is or should be. But I had cried her up so much before she appeared that she does not answer everybody's expectation. No more will the Opera to-night, for Amorevoli is ill and does not sing; his part is to be read. They had certainly much better have staid till Tuesday; but for fear of disappointing people, I fear they will disappoint them. I am not to be there, for Dodd has got a fever with the heat of the ball last night, so I shall not leave him. Indeed, my dear Harry, I will not scold you about the Opera, but I should have been glad, I own, that you were not in the direction. I doubt much of the success; and even should it succeed, gentlemen—and they very young gentlemen—are mighty apt not to understand economy and management. Do get out of it, if possible.

Good night! I have nothing more to tell you now, but I shall have a quantity to say to you. My loves to all your family.

Yours ever,
H. W.

48. TO HORACE MANN.

London, Nov. 2, 1741.

You shall not hear a word but of balls and public places: this one week has seen Sir T. Robinson's ball, my Lord Mayor's, the birthday, and the Opera. There were an hundred and ninety-seven persons at Sir Thomas's, and yet was it so well conducted that nobody felt a crowd. He had taken off all his doors, and so separated the old and the young, that neither were inconvenienced with the other. The ball began at eight; each man danced one minuet with his partner, and then began country dances. There were four-and-twenty couple, divided into twelve and twelve: each set danced two dances, and then retired into another room,

while the other set took their two; and so alternately. Except Lady Ancram, no married woman danced; so, you see, in England, we do not foot it till five-and-fifty. The beauties were the Duke of Richmond's two daughters¹, and their mother², still handsomer than they: the Duke sat by his wife all night, kissing her hand: how this must sound in the ears of Florentine *cicisbè's*, cock or hen! Then there was Lady Euston, Lady Caroline Fitzroy³, Lady Lucy Manners⁴, Lady Camilla Bennet, and Lady Sophia⁵, handsomer than all, but a little out of humour at the scarcity of minuets; however, as usual, she danced more than anybody, and, as usual too, took out what men she liked or thought the best dancers. *Mem.* Lord Holderness is a little what Lord Lincoln will be to-morrow; for he is expected. There was Churchill's⁶ daughter⁷, who is prettyish, and dances well; and the Parsons⁸ family from Paris, who are admired too; but indeed it is *à force des muscles*. Two other pretty women were Mrs. Colebroke (did you know the he-Colebroke in Italy?) and a Lady Schaub, a foreigner, who, as Sir Luke⁹ says, *would* have him: as the town says, Lord Chomley *will* have her. Sir R. was afraid of the heat, and did not go. The supper was served at twelve; a large table of hot for

LETTER 48.—¹ Lady Caroline and Lady Emily Lenox, since married to H. Fox and the Earl of Kildare. *Walpole*.

² Lady Sarah Cadogan (d. 1751), eldest daughter and co-heir of first Earl Cadogan; m. (1719), Charles Lennox, second Duke of Richmond.

³ Eldest daughter to Charles, Duke of Grafton, since married to Lord Petersham. *Walpole*.

⁴ Sister to John, Duke of Rutland, since married to the Duke of Montrose. *Walpole*.

⁵ Lady Sophia Fermor. *Walpole*.

⁶ Lieutenant-General Charles Churchill, natural son of Charles Churchill (younger brother of the

Duke of Marlborough); Colonel of Dragoons; Governor of Plymouth; Groom of the Bedchamber; Deputy Ranger of St. James's Park; M.P. for Castle Rising, 1715-45; d. 1745.

⁷ Harriet, natural daughter of General Churchill; afterwards married to Sir Everard Fawkener. *Walpole*.—M. (2) Governor Thomas Pownall.

⁸ The son and daughters of Alderman Parsons, a Jacobite brewer, who lived much in France, and had, somehow or other, been taken notice of by the King. *Walpole*.

⁹ Sir Luke Schaub (d. 1758), a native of Basle, formerly private secretary to Lord Stanhope, Envoy to Madrid, and Minister in Paris.

the lady dancers; their partners and other tables stood round. We danced (for I country-danced) till four, then had tea and coffee, and came home.

Finis Balli.

... ¹⁰ Friday was the birthday; it was vastly full, the ball immoderately so, for there came all the second edition of my Lord Mayor's, but not much finery: Lord Fitzwillam and myself were far the most superb. I did not get nine till nine that morning.

The Opera will not tell so well as the two other shows, for they were obliged to omit the part of Amorevoli, who has a fever. The audience was excessive, without the last disturbance, and almost as little applause; I cannot conceive why, for Monticelli . . . ¹¹ be able to sing to-morrow.

At court I met the Shadwells ¹²; Mademoiselle Misse Molli, &c. I love them, for they asked vastly after you, and kindly. Do you know, I have had a mind to visit Pucci, the Florentine minister, but he is so black, and looks so like a murderer in a play, that I have never brought it about yet? I know none of the foreign ministers, but Ossorio ¹³ a little; he is still vastly in fashion, though extremely altered. Scandal, who, I believe, is not mistaken, lays a Miss McCartney to his charge; she is a companion to the Duchess of Richmond, as Madame Goldsworthy ¹⁴ was; but Ossorio will rather be Wachtendonck ¹⁵ than Goldsworthy: what a lamentable story is that of the hundred sequins per month! I have mentioned Mr. Jackson, as you desired, to Sir R., who says he has a very good opinion of him. In

¹⁰ So in MS.

¹¹ So in MS.

¹² Sir John Shadwell, a physician, his wife and daughters, the youngest of whom was pretty, and by the foreigners generally called *Mademoiselle Misse Molli*, had been in Italy when Mr. W. was there. *Walpole*.

¹³ The Chevalier Ossorio, minister from the King of Sardinia. *Walpole*.

¹⁴ Daughter of Captain Vanbrugh, R.N.

¹⁵ General Wachtendonck, commander of the Great Duke's troops at Leghorn, was *cicisbeo* to the Consul's wife there. *Walpole*.

case of any change at Leghorn, you will let me know. He will not lose his patron, Lord Hervey, so soon as I imagined; he begins to recover.

I believe the Euston embroil is adjusted; I was with Lady Caroline Fitzroy on Friday evening; there were her brother and the bride, and quite bridal together, quite honey-moonish.

I forgot to tell you that the Prince was not at the Opera; I believe it has been settled that he should go thither on Tuesdays, and Majesty on Saturdays, that they may not meet.

The Neutrality¹⁶ begins to break out, and threatens to be an *excise* or *convention*¹⁷. The newspapers are full of it, and the press teems. It has already produced three pieces: *The Groans of Germany*, which I will send you by the first opportunity; *Bedlam, a poem on His Majesty's happy escape from his German dominions, and all the wisdom of his conduct there*. The title of this is all that is remarkable in it. The third piece is a Ballad, which, not for the goodness, but for the excessive abuse of it, I shall transcribe:

THE LATE GALLANT EXPLOITS OF A FAMOUS BALANCING CAPTAIN¹⁸.

A NEW SONG. TO THE TUNE OF THE KING AND THE MILLER.

Mene tekel. The handwriting on the wall.

I.

I'll tell you a story as strange as 'tis new,
Which all, who're concern'd, will allow to be true,
Of a Balancing Captain, well known hereabouts,
Return'd home, God save him! a mere King of Clouts.

¹⁶ The Neutrality for the electorate of Hanover. *Walpole*.

¹⁷ An allusion to the excitement caused by the Excise scheme of

1733, and the Spanish Convention of 1739.

¹⁸ George II.

II.

This Captain he takes, in a *gold-ballast'd ship*,
Each summer to *Terra damnosa* a trip,
For which he begs, borrows, scrapes all he can get,
And runs his poor *Owners* most vilely in debt.

III.

The last time he set out for this blessed place,
He met them, and told them a most piteous case,
Of a Sister of his¹⁹, who, though bred up at court,
Was ready to perish for want of support.

IV.

This *Hun-gry* Sister, he then did pretend,
Would be to his *Owners* a notable friend,
If they would at that critical juncture supply her—
They did—but alas! all the fat's in the fire!

V.

This our Captain no sooner had finger'd the *cole*,
But he hies him abroad with his good *Madame Vole*—
Where, like a true tinker, he manag'd this metal,
And while he stopp'd *one hole*, made ten in the kettle.

VI.

His *Sister*, whom he to his *Owners* had sworn
To see duly settl'd before his return,
He gulls with bad messages sent to and fro,
Whilst he underhand claps up a *peace* with her foe.

VII.

He then turns this Sister adrift, and declares
Her most mortal foes were her Father's right heirs—
'G—d z—ds!' cries the world, 'such a step was ne'er
taken!'
'O, ho!' says Nol Bluff, 'I have sav'd my own bacon.

VIII.

'Let France damn the Germans, and undamn the Dutch,
And Spain on Old England pish ever so much,
Let Russia bang Sweden, or Sweden bang that,
I care not, by *Robert!* one *kick of my hat*.

¹⁹ Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary.

IX.

'So I by myself can noun substantive stand,
Impose on my Owners, and save my own land;
You call me masculine, feminine, neuter, or block,
Be what will the genders, sirs, hic, hæc, or hoc.

X.

'Or should my chous'd Owners begin to look sour,
I'll trust to *Mate Bob* to exert his old power,
Regit animos dictis, or nummis, with ease,
So, spite of your growling, I'll act as I please.'

XI.

Yet worse in this treacherous contract, 'tis said,
Such terms are agreed to, such promises made,
That his Owners must soon feeble beggars become—
'Hold!' cries the Crown office, 'ware scandal—so, mum!'

XII.

This secret, however, must out on the day
When he meets his poor Owners to ask for more pay!
And I fear when they come to adjust the account,
A ——— for a balance, will prove their amount.

One or two of the stanzas are tolerable; some, especially the ninth, most nonsensically bad. However, this is a specimen of what we shall have amply commented upon in Parliament.

I have already found out a person, who, I believe, will please you in Palombo's place: I am to see your brother about it to-morrow morning, and next post you shall hear more particularly.

I am quite in concern for the poor Princess²⁰, and her conjugal and amorous distresses: I really pity them; were

²⁰ The Prince de Craon, and the Princess his wife, who had been favourite mistress to Leopold, the last Duke of Lorraine, resided at this time in Florence, where the Prince was head of the council of regency; but they were extremely ill-treated

and mortified by the Count de Richcourt, a low Lorrainer, who, being a creature of the Great Duke's favourite minister, had the chief ascendant and power there. *Walpole*.

they in England, we should have all the old prudes dealing out judgements on her, and mumbling toothless ditties, to the tune of *Pride will have a fall*. I am buying some fans and trifles for her, *si mignons*! Good night.

Yours ever.

49. TO HORACE MANN.

Downing Street, Nov. 5, 1741. O.S.

I JUST mentioned to you in my letter on Monday, that I had found such a person as you wanted; I have since seen your brother, who is so satisfied with him, that he was for sending him directly away to you, without staying six weeks for an answer from you; but I chose to have your consent. He is the son of a tradesman in the city, so not yet a fine gentleman. He is between fifteen and sixteen, but very tall of his age. He was disappointed in not going to a merchant at Genoa, as was intended; but was so far provided for it, as to have learned Italian three months: he speaks French very well, writes a good hand, and casts accounts; so, you see, there will not be much trouble in forming him to your purpose. He will go to you for twenty pounds a year and his lodging. If you like this, write me word by the first post, and he shall set out directly.

We hear to-day that the Toulon squadron is arrived at Barcelona; I don't like it of all things, for it has a look towards Tuscany. If it is suffered to go thither quietly, it will be no small addition to the present discontents.

Here is another letter, which I am entreated to send you, from poor Amorevoli; he has a continued fever, though not a high one. Yesterday, Monticelli was taken ill, so there will be no Opera on Saturday; nor was on Tuesday. Monticelli is infinitely admired; next to Farinelli¹. The Viscontina

LETTER 49.—¹ Carlo Broschi (1705–1782), called Farinelli, a famous singer.

is admired more than liked. The music displeases everybody, and the dances. I am quite uneasy about the Opera, for Mr. Conway is one of the directors, and I fear they will lose considerably, which he cannot afford. There are eight, Lord Middlesex, Lord Holderness, Mr. Frederick², Lord Conway, Mr. Conway, Mr. Damer³, Lord Brook, and Mr. Brand. The five last are directed by the three first; they by the first, and he by the Abbé Vanneschi, who will make a pretty sum. I will give you some instances; not to mention the improbability of eight young thoughtless men of fashion understanding economy: it is usual to give the poet fifty guineas for composing the books—Vanneschi and Rolli⁴ are allowed three hundred. Three hundred more Vanneschi had for his journey to Italy to pick up dancers and performers, which was always as well transacted by bankers there. He has additionally brought over an Italian tailor—because there are none here! They have already given this *Taylorini* four hundred pounds, and he has already taken a house of thirty pounds a-year. Monticelli and the Visconti are to have a thousand guineas a-piece; Amorevoli eight hundred and fifty: this, at the rate of the great singers, is not so extravagant; but to the Muscovita (though the second woman never had above four hundred) they give six; that is for secret services⁵. By this you may judge of their frugality! I am quite uneasy for poor Harry⁶, who will thus be to pay for Lord Middlesex's pleasures! Good night! I have not time now to write more.

Yours ever.

² According to Lord Dover, John, second son of Sir John Frederick, Knight; succeeded his cousin as fourth Baronet in 1770; Commissioner of Customs, and M. P. for West Looe; d. 1783.

³ Joseph Damer (1718–1798), cr. (June 3, 1753) Baron Milton of Shronehill, co. Tipperary, (May 10,

1762) Baron Milton of Milton Abbey, Dorsetshire, and (1792) Earl of Dorchester.

⁴ Paolo Rolli (1687–1767), Italian poet and man of letters.

⁵ She was kept by Lord Middlesex. *Walpole*.

⁶ Mr. Conway.

50. TO HORACE MANN.

Downing Street, Nov. 12, 1741.

NOTHING is equal to my uneasiness about you. I hear or think of nothing but Spanish embarkations for Tuscany¹: before you receive this, perhaps, they will be at Leghorn. Then, your brother tells me you have received none of my letters. He knows I have never failed writing once a week, if not twice. We have had no letters from you this post. I shall not have the least respite from my anxiety, till I hear about you, and what you design to do. It is impossible but the Great Duke must lose Tuscany; and I suppose it is as certain (I speak on probabilities, for, upon honour, I know nothing of the matter), that as soon as there is a peace, we shall acknowledge Don Philip², and then you may return to Florence again. In the meanwhile I will ask Sir R. if it is possible to get your appointments continued, while you stay in readiness at Bologna, Rome, Lucca, or where you choose. I talk at random; but as I think so much of you, I am trying to find out something that may be of service to you. I write in infinite hurry, and am called away, so scarce know what I say. Lord Conway and his family are this instant come to town, and have sent for me.

It is Admiral Vernon's birthday, and the city shops are full of favours, the streets of marrowbones and cleavers, and the night will be full of mobbing, bonfires, and lights!

The Opera does not succeed; Amorevoli has not sung yet; here is a letter to his wife: mind, while he is ill, he sends

LETTER 50.—¹ 15,000 Spanish troops had left Barcelona to invade Italy.

² Claimant to the duchies of Tuscany and Parma, second son of

Philip V of Spain, by his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese; recognized as Duke of Parma at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748); d. 1765.

none to the Chiaretta! The dances are infamous and ordinary. Lord Chesterfield³ was told that the Viscontina said she was but four-and-twenty: he answered, 'I suppose she means four-and-twenty stone!'

There is a mad parson goes about; he called to a sentinel the other day in the Park, 'Did you ever see the Leviathan?'—'No.'—'Well, he is as like Sir R. W. as ever two devils were like one another.'

Never was such unwholesome weather! I have a great cold, and have not been well this fortnight: even immortal Majesty has had a looseness!

The Duke of Ancaster⁴ and Lord James Cavendish⁵ are dead. This is all the news I know: I would I had time to write more; but I know you will excuse me now. If I wrote more, it would be still about the Italian expedition, I am so disturbed about it!

Yours ever.

51. TO HORACE MANN.

Downing Street, Nov. 23, 1741.

YOUR letter has comforted me much, if it can be called comfort to have one's uncertainty fluctuate to the better side. You make me hope that the Spaniards design on Lombardy; my passion for Tuscany, and anxiety for you, make me eager to believe it; but alas! while I am in the belief of this, they may be in the act of conquest in Florence, and poor you retiring politically! How delightful is Mr. Chute for cleaving unto you like Ruth! *Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge!* As

³ Philip Dormer Stanhope (1694–1773), fourth Earl of Chesterfield, the wit and letter-writer. He was Ambassador to the Hague, 1728–32; K. G., 1730; Viceroy of Ireland, 1745–46; Secretary of State, 1746–48.

⁴ Peregrine Bertie (1686–1742), second Duke of Ancaster. The report of his death was unfounded.

⁵ Second son of second Duke of Devonshire; served in the army, and was M.P. for Malton.

to the merchants at Leghorn and their concerns, Sir R. thinks you are mistaken, and that if the Spaniards come thither, they will by no means be safe. I own I write to you under a great dilemma; I flatter myself, all is well with you; but if not, how disagreeable to have one's letters fall into strange hands.—I write, however.

A brother of mine¹, Edward by name, has lately had a call to matrimony: the virgin's name was Howe². He had agreed to take her with no fortune, she him with his four children³. The father of him, to get rid of his importunities, at last acquiesced. The very moment he had obtained this consent, he repented; and, instead of flying on the wings of love to notify it, he went to his fair one, owned his father had mollified, but hoped she would be so good as to excuse him⁴. . . .

You cannot imagine what an entertaining fourth act of the opera we had the other night. Lord Vane⁵, in the middle of the pit, making love to my lady. The Duke of Newcastle⁶ has lately given him threescore thousand pounds,

LETTER 51.—¹ Second son of Sir Robert Walpole. He was Clerk of the Pells, and afterwards Knight of the Bath. *Walpole*.

² Eldest sister of the Lord Viscount Howe. She was soon after this married to a relation of her own name. *Walpole*.

³ Natural children by Mary (or Dorothy) Clements, a milliner:—Edward (d. 1771), served in the army; Laura (d. 1813), m. (1758) Hon. and Rev. Frederick Keppel (afterwards Bishop of Exeter), fourth son of second Earl of Albemarle; Maria (d. 1807), m. 1. (1759) James Waldegrave, second Earl Waldegrave; 2. (1766) William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III; Charlotte (d. 1789), m. (1760) Lionel Tollemache, Lord Huntingtower (afterwards fifth Earl of Dysart).

⁴ Passage obliterated in MS.

⁵ William Vane, second Viscount

Vane; d. 1789. His wife, Frances Hawes (d. 1788), was the daughter of a South Sea Director. She first married Lord William Hamilton. Her adventures (under the title of *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*) were interpolated in Smollett's novel *Peregrine Pickle*.

⁶ Uncle of Lord Vane, whose father, Lord Barnard, had married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Gilbert Holles, Earl of Clare, and sister and co-heir of John, Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole*.—Thomas Pelham-Holles (1693–1768), Duke of Newcastle; Lord Chamberlain, 1717–24; K.G., 1718; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1724–54; High Steward of Cambridge University, 1737–48; Chancellor of Cambridge University, 1748; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1754–56, 1757–62.

to consent to cut off the entail of the Newcastle estate. The fool immediately wrote to his wife, to beg she would return to him from Lord Berkeley⁷; that he had got so much money, and now they might live *comfortably*; but she will not live *comfortably*: she is at Lord Berkeley's house, whither go divers after her. Lady Townshend told me . . .⁸ an admirable history; it is of *our friend* Lady Pomfret. Somebody that belonged to the Prince of Wales said, they were going to *Court*; it was objected that they ought to say, going to Carlton House; that the only *Court* is where the King resides. Lady P. with her paltry air of significant learning and absurdity, said, 'Oh Lord! is there no *Court* in England, but the King's? sure, there are many more! There is the *Court* of Chancery, the *Court* of Exchequer, the *Court* of King's Bench, &c.' Don't you love her? Lord Lincoln does her daughter: he is come over, and met her the other night: he turned pale, spoke to her several times in the evening, but not long, and sighed to me at going away. He came over all alive; and not only his Uncle-Duke⁹, but even Majesty is fallen in love with him. He talked to the King at his levee, without being spoken to. That was always thought high treason; but I don't know how, the gruff gentleman liked it; and then he had been told that Lord Lincoln designed to have made the campaign, if we had gone to war; in short, he says, *Lord Lincoln is the handsomest man in England*.

I believe I told you that Vernon's birthday passed quietly, but it was not designed to be pacific; for at twelve at night, eight gentlemen, dressed like sailors, and masked, went round Covent Garden with a drum, beating up for a volunteer mob; but it did not take; and they retired to a great supper that was prepared for them at the Bedford

⁷ Augustus Berkeley (1716-1755), fourth Earl of Berkeley.

⁸ Passage omitted.

⁹ The Duke of Newcastle.

Head¹⁰, and ordered by Whitehead¹¹, the author of *Manners*. It has been written into the country that Sir R. has had two fits of an apoplexy, and cannot live till Christmas ; but I think he is recovered to be as well as ever. To-morrow se'nnight is the *Day*¹² ! It is critical. You shall hear faithfully.

The Opera takes : Monticelli pleases almost equal to Fari-nelli : Amorevoli is much liked ; but the poor, fine Viscontina scarce at all. . . .¹³ I carry the two former to-night to my Lady Townshend's.

Lord Coventry¹⁴ has had his son¹⁵ thrown out by the party : he went to Carlton House ; the Prince asked him about the election : ' Sir,' said he, ' the Tories have betrayed me, as they will you, the first time you have occasion for them.'

The merchants have petitioned the King for more guard-ships. My Lord President¹⁶ referred them to the Admiralty ; but they bluntly refused to go, and said they would have redress from the King himself.

I am called down to dinner, and cannot write more now. I will thank dear Mr. Chute and the Grifona next post. I hope she and you liked your things.

Good night, my dearest child ! Your brother and I sit upon your affairs every morning.

Yours ever.

¹⁰ A well-known tavern in Covent Garden.

¹¹ Paul Whitehead, satirical poet ; d. 1774.

¹² The day the Parliament was to meet. *Walpole*.

¹³ Passage omitted.

¹⁴ William Coventry (circ. 1688-1751), fifth Earl of Coventry.

¹⁵ Thomas Henry Coventry (1721-

1744), Viscount Deerhurst. He died before his father.

¹⁶ Spencer Compton (circ. 1674-1743), Earl of Wilmington ; Speaker of the House of Commons, 1715-27 ; Paymaster of the Forces, 1722-30 ; Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, 1730 ; Lord President of the Council, 1730-42 ; K.G., 1733 ; First Lord of the Treasury, 1742.

52. TO HORACE MANN.

Nov. 26.

I DON'T write you a very long letter, because you will see the inclosed to Mr. Chute. I forgot to thank you last post for the songs, and your design on the Maltese cats.

It is terrible to be in this uncertainty about you! We have not had the least news about the Spaniards, more than what you told us, of a few vessels being seen off Leghorn. I send about the post, and ask Sir R. a thousand times a day.

I beg to know if you have never heard anything from Parker about my statue¹: it was to have been finished last June. What is the meaning he does not mention it? If it is done, I beg it may not stir from Rome till there is no more danger of Spaniards.

If you get out of your hurry, I will trouble you with a new commission: I find I cannot live without Stosch's² intaglia of the Gladiator, with the vase, upon a granite. You know I offered him fifty pounds: I think, rather than not have it, I would give a hundred. What will he do if the Spaniards should come to Florence? Should he be driven to straits, perhaps he would part with his Meleager too. You see I am as eager about baubles as if I were going to Louis³ at the Palazzo Vecchio! You can't think what a closet I have fitted up; such a mixture of French gaiety and Roman virtù! you would be in love with it: I have not rested till it was finished: I long to have you see it. Now I am angry that I did not buy the Hermaphrodite; the man would have sold it for twenty-five sequins: do buy it for me; it was a friend of Bianchi. Can you forgive me?

LETTER 52.—¹ A copy of the Livia Mattei, which Mr. W. designed for a tomb of his mother: it was erected in Harry VII's chapel, in Westminster Abbey, in 1754. *Walpole*.—Parker was no doubt John Parker, a painter resident in Rome, who

was employed by many English amateurs in buying and copying works of art.

² He gave it afterwards to Lord Duncannon, for procuring him the arrears of his pension. *Walpole*.

³ Louis Siriez, a jeweller.

I write all this upon the hope and presumption that the Spaniards go to Lombardy. Good night.

Yours ever.

53. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

MY DEAREST HARRY,

[London, 1741.]

Before I thank you for myself, I must thank you for that excessive good nature you showed in writing to poor Gray¹. I am less impatient to see you, as I find you are not the least altered, but have the same tender friendly temper you always had. I wanted much to see if you were still the same—but you are.

Don't think of coming before your brother; he is too good to be left for any one living: besides, if it is possible, I will see you in the country. Don't reproach me, and think nothing could draw me into the country: impatience to see a few friends has drawn me out of Italy; and Italy, Harry, is pleasanter than London. As I do not love living *en famille* so much as you (but then indeed my family is not like yours), I am hurried about getting myself a house; for I have so long lived single, that I do not much take to being confined with my own family.

You won't find me much altered, I believe; at least, outwardly. I am not grown a bit shorter, or a bit fatter, but am just the same long lean creature as usual. Then I talk no French, but to my footman; nor Italian, but to myself. What inward alterations may have happened to me, you will discover best; for you know 'tis said, one never knows that one's self. I will answer, that that part of it that belongs to you, has not suffered the least change—I took care of that.

For virtù, I have a little to entertain you: it is my sole

LETTER 53.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of Oct. 1741. (See *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 18, 1897.)

¹ Gray's father died on Nov. 6, 1741.



Plaster of Paris

Thomas Gray
from bust attributed to John Bacon, R.A.



pleasure.—I am neither young enough nor old enough to be in love.

My dear Harry, will you take care and make my compliments to that charming Lady Conway², who I hear is so charming, and to Miss Jenny, who I know is so? As for Miss Anne, and her love *as far as it is decent*: tell her, decency is out of the question between us, that I love her without any restriction. I settled it yesterday with Miss Conway, that you three are brothers and sister to me, and that if you had been so, I could not love you better. I have so many cousins, and uncles and aunts, and bloods that grow in Norfolk, that if I had portioned out my affections to them, as they say I should, what a modicum would have fallen to each!—So, to avoid fractions, I love my family in you three, their representatives. Adieu, my dear Harry! Direct to me at Downing Street. Good-bye!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

54. TO HORACE MANN.

Downing Street, Dec. 3, O.S. 1741.

HERE I have two letters from you to answer. You cannot conceive my joy on the prospect of the Spaniards going to Lombardy: all advices seem to confirm it. There is no telling you what I have felt, and shall feel, till I am certain you are secure. You ask me about Admiral Haddock: you must not wonder that I have told you nothing of him; they know nothing of him here. He had discretionary powers to act as he should judge proper from his notices. He has been keeping in the Spanish fleet at Cales. Sir R. says, if he had let that go out, to prevent the embarkation, the

² Lady Isabella Fitzroy (d. 1782), second daughter of second Duke of Grafton; m. (May 29, 1741) Francis

Seymour Conway, second Baron Conway (afterwards Earl and Marquis of Hertford).

Tories would have complained, and said he had favoured the Spanish trade, under pretence of hindering an expedition which was never designed. It was strongly reported last week that Haddock had shot himself; a satire on his having been neutral, as they call it.

The Parliament met the day before yesterday, and there were four hundred and eighty-seven members present. They did no business, only proceeded to choose a Speaker, which was, unanimously, Mr. Onslow¹, moved for by Mr. Pelham², and seconded by Mr. Clutterbuck³. But the Opposition, to flatter his pretence to popularity and impartiality, call him their own Speaker. They intend to oppose Mr. Earle's⁴ being Chairman of the Committee, and to set up a Dr. Lee⁵, a civilian. To-morrow the King makes his Speech. Well, I won't keep you any longer in suspense. The Court will have a majority of forty—a vast number for the outset: a good majority, like a good sum of money, soon makes itself bigger. The first great point will be the Westminster election; another, Mr. Pulteney's⁶ election at Heydon;

LETTER 54.—¹ Arthur Onslow (1691–1768), son of Foot Onslow, Commissioner of Excise; Speaker of the House of Commons in the five Parliaments (1727, 1734, 1741, 1747, 1754) of the reign of George II.

² Hon. Henry Pelham (1696–1754), second son of first Lord Pelham, and brother of the Duke of Newcastle; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1720; Lord of the Treasury, 1721; Secretary at War, 1724; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1743–54.

³ Thomas Clutterbuck, Lord of the Admiralty, 1732; Lord of the Treasury, 1741; Treasurer of the Navy, 1742.

⁴ Giles Earle (d. 1758), Comptroller of the King's Household, 1720; Commissioner of the Irish Revenue, 1728; Lord of the Treasury, 1738. He was Chairman of Committees of Elections

in two Parliaments (from 1727 to 1741). His covetousness and wit are alluded to by Horace Walpole in a note on Sir C. H. Williams' *Dialogue between Giles Earle and Bubb Doddington*, published in Hanbury Williams' *Works* (1822).

⁵ George (1700–1758), fifth son of Sir Thomas Lee, second Baronet, of Hartwell; M.P. for Brackley. See also note on letter to Mann, Dec. 16, 1741.

⁶ William Pulteney (1682–1764), cr. (July 13, 1742) Earl of Bath; M.P. for Middlesex; Secretary at War, 1714–17; Cofferer of the Household, 1723–24. He had been a close friend of Sir Robert Walpole, but in 1724 they quarrelled, and Pulteney went into violent opposition. In conjunction with Bolingbroke he inspired the *Craftsman*, a periodical which contained the

Mr. Chute's brother⁷ is one of the petitioners. It will be an ugly affair for the Court, for Pulteney has asked votes of the courtiers, and said Sir R. was indifferent about it; but he is warmer than I almost ever saw him, and declared to Churchill⁸, of whom Pulteney claims a promise, that he must take Walpole or Pulteney. The Sackville family were engaged too, by means of George Berkeley⁹, brother to Lady Betty Germain¹⁰, whose influence with the Dorset¹¹ I suppose you know; but the King was so hot with his grace about his sons, that I believe they will not venture to follow their inclinations . . .¹² to vote for Pulteney, though he has expressed great concern about it to Sir R.

So much for politics! for I suppose you know that Prague is taken by storm, in a night's time¹³. I forgot to tell you that Commodore Lestock¹⁴, with twelve ships, has been waiting for a wind this fortnight, to join Haddock.

I write to you in defiance of a violent headache, which I got last night at another of Sir T. Robinson's balls. There were six hundred invited, and I believe above two

most bitter and able attacks on Walpole's administration. He was at this time Walpole's most violent opponent in the House of Commons, and contributed more than any other individual to bring about the Spanish War. 'He was a country gentleman of good character, old family, and large property, a scholar, a writer, and a wit, and probably the most graceful and brilliant speaker in the House of Commons in the interval between the withdrawal of St. John and the appearance of Pitt.' (Lecky, *Hist. Cent. XVIII*, vol. i. p. 438.)

⁷ Francis Chute, a lawyer; d. 1745.

⁸ General Charles Churchill, Groom of the Bedchamber to the King. *Walpole*.

⁹ Hon. George Berkeley, youngest son of second Earl of Berkeley; d. 1746.

¹⁰ Lady Elizabeth Berkeley (d. 1769), second daughter of second Earl of Berkeley, and widow of Sir John Germain, first Baronet, from whom she inherited the estate of Drayton in Northamptonshire. She bequeathed it on her death to the notorious Lord George Sackville, who, in consequence, took the name of Germain.

¹¹ Lionel Cranfield Sackville (1688-1765), seventh Earl and first Duke of Dorset; Lord Steward of the Household, 1725-30, 1738-45; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1730-37, 1751-55; Lord President of the Council, 1741-51.

¹² So in MS.

¹³ Taken Nov. 25 (N.S.), 1741, by the French and Saxons under Counts de Saxe and Rutowsky.

¹⁴ Commodore Richard Lestock (afterwards Admiral of the Blue), d. 1746.

hundred there. Lord Lincoln, out of prudence, danced wwith Lady Caroline Fitzroy, and Mr. Conway with Lady Sophinia¹⁵; the two couple were just mismatched, as everybody soon perceived, by the attentions of each man to the womann he did *not* dance with, and the emulation of either lady: it t was an admirable scene. The ball broke up at three; but Lincoln, Lord Holderness, Lord Robert Sutton¹⁶, young Churchill, and a dozen more, grew jolly, stayed till seven in the morning, and drank thirty-two bottles. . . .¹⁷

I will take great care to send the knee-buckles and pocket-book; I have got them, and Madame Pucci's silks, and o only wait to hear that Tuscany is quiet, and then I will connvey them by the first ship. I would write to them to-night, but have not time now; old Cibber plays to-night, andd all the world will be there.

Here is another letter from Amorevoli, who is out of f his wits at not hearing from his wife.

Adieu! my dearest child. How happy shall I be wwhen I know you are in peace.

Yours ever. .

55. TO HORACE MANN.

Somerset House, (for I write to you wherever I find myself,) Dec. 10, 1741.

I HAVE got no letter from you yet, the post should I have brought it yesterday. The Gazette says, that the Cardinal¹ has declared that they will suffer no expedition against Tuscany. I wish he had told me so! if they preserve e this guarantee, personally, I can forgive their breaking the rest. But I long for your letter; every letter now from each o of us

¹⁵ Lady Sophia Fermor.

¹⁶ Second son of third Duke of Rutland; he took the name of Sutton on succeeding to the estate of his maternal grandfather, Robert Sut-

ton, Lord Lexington; d. 1762. .

¹⁷ So in MS.

LETTER 55.—¹ Cardinal Fleury, first minister of France. *Walpole*.

is material. You will be almost as impatient to hear of the Parliament, as I of Florence. The Lords on Friday went upon the King's Speech; Lord Chesterfield made a very fine speech against the Address, all levelled at the house of Hanover. Lord Cholmley, they say, answered him well. Lord Halifax² spoke very ill, and was answered by little Lord Raymond³, who always will answer him. Your friend Lord Sandwich⁴ affronted his Grace of Grafton⁵ extremely, who was ill, and sat out of his place, by calling him to order; it was indecent in such a boy to a man of his age and rank: the blood of Fitzroy will not easily pardon it. The Court had a majority of forty-one, with some converts.

On Tuesday we had the Speech; there were great differences among the party; the Jacobites, with Shippen⁶ and Lord Noel Somerset⁷ at their head, were for a division, Pulteney and the Patriots against one⁸; the ill-success in the House of Lords had frightened them: we had no division, but a very warm battle between Sir R. and Pulteney. The latter made a fine speech, very personal,

² George Montagu-Dunk (1716-1771), second Earl of Halifax; Master of the Buckhounds, 1744-46; Chief-Justice in Eyre south of Trent, 1746-48; President of the Board of Trade, 1748-61; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1761-63; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1762; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1762-65, 1771; K.G., 1764; Lord Privy Seal, 1770; served in the army, and became Lieutenant-General. He was the opponent of Wilkes on the subject of General Warrants.

³ Robert Raymond (circ. 1717-1756), second Baron Raymond.

⁴ John Montagu (1718-1792), fourth Earl of Sandwich; Lord of the Admiralty, 1744-48; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1748-51, 1763, 1771-82. He was also Plenipotentiary at the Conference at Breda, and Ambassador at the Hague, 1746-48; Joint Vice-Treasurer of

Ireland, 1755-63; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1763-65; Joint Postmaster-General, 1768-70; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1770-71.

⁵ Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, and grandson of Charles II, was a person of considerable weight and influence at the court of George II, where he long held the post of Chamberlain of the Household. *Walpole*.

⁶ William Shippen (1672-1743), M.P. for Newton; a parliamentary leader of the Jacobites.

⁷ Lord Charles Noel Somerset (1709-1756), second son of second Duke of Beaufort; succeeded his brother as fourth Duke of Beaufort, 1746.

⁸ Mr. Pulteney declared against dividing; observing with a witticism, that 'dividing was not the way to multiply.' *Walpole*.

on the state of affairs. Sir R. with as much health, as much spirits, as much force and command as ever, answered him for an hour; said, 'He had long been taxed with all our misfortunes; but did he raise the war in Germany? or advise the war with Spain? did he kill the late Emperor⁹ or King of Prussia¹⁰? did he counsel this King¹¹? or was he first minister to the King of Poland¹²? did he kindle the war betwixt Muscovy and Sweden?' For our troubles at home, he said, 'all the grievances of this nation were owing to the Patriots.' They laughed much at this; but does he want proofs of it? He said, 'They talked much of an equilibrium in this Parliament, and of what they designed against him; if it was so, the sooner he knew it the better; and therefore if any man would move for a day to examine the state of the nation, he would second it.' Mr. Pulteney did move for it; Sir R. did second it, and it is fixed for the twenty-first of January. Sir R. repeated some words of Lord Chesterfield's, in the House of Lords, that this was *a time for truth, for plain truth, for English truth*, and hinted at the reception¹³ his lordship had met in France. After these speeches of such consequence, and from such men, Mr. Lyttelton¹⁴ got up to justify, or rather to flatter Lord Chesterfield, though everybody then had forgot that he had been mentioned. Danvers¹⁵, who is

⁹ Charles VI; d. 1740.

¹⁰ Frederick William I; d. 1740.

¹¹ Frederick II (the Great) (1740-1786).

¹² Frederick Augustus II (1734-1763).

¹³ Lord Chesterfield had been sent by the party, in the preceding September, to France, to request the Duke of Ormond (at Avignon) to obtain the Pretender's order to the Jacobites, to vote against Sir R. W. upon any question whatever; many of them having either voted for him, or retired, on the famous motion

the last year for removing him from the King's councils. *Walpole's*.

¹⁴ George Lyttelton (1709-1773), son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, 4th Baronet, of Hagley Park, Worcestershire, whom he succeeded in 1751; cr. (Nov. 18, 1756) Baron Lyttelton of Frankley, Worcestershire; M.P. for Okehampton; Principal Secretary to the Prince of Wales, 1737; Lord of the Treasury, 1744-54; Cofferer of the Household, 1754-55; Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord of the Treasury, 1755-56.

¹⁵ Joseph Danvers, afterwards

a rough, rude beast, but now and then mouths out some humour, said, 'that Mr. P. and Sir R. were like two old bawds, debauching young members.'

That day was a day of triumph, but yesterday (Wednesday) the streamers of victory did not fly so gallantly. It was the day of receiving petitions; Mr. Pulteney presented an immense piece of parchment, which he said he could but just lift; it was the Westminster petition, and is to be heard next Tuesday, when we shall all have our brains knocked out by the mob; so if you don't hear from me next post, you will conclude my head was a little out of order. After this we went upon a Cornish petition, presented by Sir William Yonge¹⁶, which drew on a debate and a division, when lo! we were but 222 to 215—how do you like a majority of seven? The Opposition triumphs highly, and with reason; one or two such victories, as Pyrrhus, the member for Macedon, said, will be the ruin of us. I look upon it now, that the question is, Downing Street or the Tower; will you come and see a body, if one should happen to lodge at the latter? There are a thousand pretty things to amuse you; the lions, the armoury, the crown, King Harry's cod-piece, and the axe that beheaded Anna Bullen. I design to make interest for the room where the two princes were smothered; in long winter evenings, when one wants company, (for I don't suppose that many people will frequent me then,) one may sit and scribble verses against Crouch-back'd Richard, and dirges on the sweet babes. If I die there, and have my body thrown into a wood, I am too old to be buried by robin redbreasts, am not I?

made a knight. *Walpole*.—Of Swithland, Leicestershire; cr. a Baronet, 1746; M.P. for Totnes; d. 1763.

¹⁶ Sir William Yonge, fourth Baro-

net, of Colyton, Devonshire; M.P. for Honiton; Secretary at War, 1735; Joint Vice Treasurer of Ireland, 1746; d. 1755.

Bootle¹⁷, the Prince's chancellor, made a most long and stupid speech; afterwards Sir Robert called to him, 'Brother Bootle, take care you don't get my old name.' 'What's that?' 'Blunderer.'

You can't conceive how I was pleased with the vast and deserved applause that Mr. Chute's brother, the lawyer, got: I never heard a clearer or a finer speech. When I went home, 'Dear Sir,' said I to Sir R., 'I hope Mr. Chute will carry his election for Heydon; he would be a great loss to you.' He replied, 'We will not lose him.' I, who meddle with nothing, especially elections, and go to no committees, interest myself extremely for Mr. Chute.

Old Marlborough¹⁸ is dying—but who can tell! last year she had lain a great while ill, without speaking; her physicians said, 'She must be blistered, or she will die.' She called out, 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.' If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will.

Adieu! my dear child: I have but room to say,

Yours ever.

56. TO HORACE MANN.

Wednesday night, eleven o'clock, Dec. 16, 1741.
Remember this day.

Nous voilà de la Minorité! entens-tu cela? hé? My dear child, since you will have these ugly words explained, they just mean that we are metamorphosed into the minority. This was the night of choosing a Chairman of the Committee of Elections. Gyles Earle¹ (as in the two last Parliaments) was named by the Court; Dr. Lee², a civilian, by the

¹⁷ Sir Thomas Bootle, Chancellor to the Prince of Wales.

¹⁸ Sarah, Duchess Dowager of Marlborough. *Walpole*.—Widow of the great Duke of Marlborough; d. 1744.

LETTER 56.—¹ Gyles Earle, one of the Lords of the Treasury. *Walpole*.

² George Lee, brother to the Lord Chief Justice; he was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty on the following change, which post he re-

Opposition, a man of a fair character. Earle was formerly a dependent on the Duke of Argyll, is of remarkable covetousness and wit, which he has dealt out largely against the Scotch and the Patriots. It was a day of much expectation, and both sides had raked together all probabilities: I except near twenty, who are in town, but stay to vote on a second question, when the majority may be decided to either party. Have you not read of such in story? Men, who would not care to find themselves on the weaker side, contrary to their intent. In short, the determined sick were dragged out of their beds: zeal came in a great-coat. There were two vast dinners at two taverns, for either party; at six we met in the House. Sir William Yonge, seconded by my uncle Horace³, moved for Mr. Earle: Sir Paul Methuen⁴ and Sir Watkyn Williams Wynne⁵ proposed Dr. Lee—and carried him, by a majority of four: 242 against 238—the greatest number, I believe, that ever *lost* a question. You have no idea of their huzza! unless you can conceive how people must triumph after defeats for twenty years together. We had one vote shut out, by coming a moment too late; one that quitted us, for having been ill-used by the Duke of Newcastle but yesterday—for which, in all probability, he will use him well to-morrow—I mean, for quitting us. Sir Thomas Lowther⁶, Lord Hartington's uncle, was fetched down by him, and voted against us. Young Ross⁷,

signed on the disgrace of his patron, Lord Granville. He was afterwards designed by the Prince of Wales for his first minister, and immediately on the Prince's death, was appointed Treasurer to the Princess Dowager, and soon after made Dean of the Arches, a Knight and Privy Counsellor. *Walpole*.

³ Horatio Walpole (1698-1757), younger brother of the Prime Minister; cr. (June 4, 1756) Baron Walpole of Wolterton, Norfolk; sometime Ambassador at Paris and at

the Hague; Cofferer of the Household, 1730-41; M.P. for Norwich.

⁴ Sir Paul Methuen, K.B., sometime Secretary of State; d. 1757.

⁵ Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, third Baronet (d. 1749), a leader of the Jacobites in the House of Commons.

⁶ Second Baronet, of Holker, Lancashire; m. Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, second daughter of second Duke of Devonshire; d. 1745.

⁷ Charles Ross, killed in Flanders, at the battle of Fontenoy, 1745. *Wal-*

son to a Commissioner of the Customs, and saved from the dishonour of not liking to go to the West Indies when it was his turn, by Sir R.'s giving him a lieutenantancy, voted against us; and Tom Hervey^s, who is always with us, but is quite mad; and being asked why he left us, replied, 'Jesus knows my thoughts; one day I blaspheme, and pray the next.' So, you see what accidents were against us, or we had carried our point. They cry, Sir R. miscalculated: how should he calculate, when there are men like Ross, and fifty others he could name! It was not very pleasant to be stared in the face, to see how one bore it—you can guess at my bearing it, who interest myself so little about anything. I have had a taste of what I am to meet from all sorts of people. The moment we had lost the question, I went from the heat of the House into the Speaker's chamber, and there were some fifteen others of us—an under door-keeper thought a question was new put, when it was not, and, without giving us notice, clapped the door to. I asked him how he dared lock us out without calling us; he replied insolently, 'It was his duty, and he would do it again': one of the party went to him, commended him, and told him he should be punished if he acted otherwise. Sir R. is in great spirits, and still sanguine. I have so little experience, that I shall not be amazed at whatever scenes follow. My dear child, we have triumphed twenty years; is it strange that fortune should at last forsake us; or ought we not always to expect it, especially in this kingdom? They talk loudly off the year *forty-one*, and promise themselves all the confusions that began a hundred years ago from the same date. I hope they prognosticate wrong; but should it be so, I can be

pole.—Hon. Charles Ross of Balnagown, second son of thirteenth Baron Ross.

^s Hon. Thomas Hervey, second son of first Earl of Bristol; d. 1775.

He was at this time writing his famous letter to Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Walpole*.—He eloped with Sir Thomas Hanmer's second wife.

happy in other places. One reflection I shall have, very sweet, though very melancholy; that if our family is to be the sacrifice that shall first pamper discord, at least *the one*⁹, *the part* of it that interested all my concerns, and must have suffered from our ruin, is safe, secure, and above the rage of confusion: nothing in this world can touch her peace now!

To-morrow and Friday we go upon the Westminster election—you will not wonder, shall you, if you hear next post that we have lost that too? Good night.

Yours ever.

57. TO HORACE MANN.

Thursday, six o'clock.

You will hardly divine where I am writing to you—in the Speaker's chamber. The House is examining witnesses on the Westminster election, which will not be determined to-day; I am not in haste it should, for I believe we shall lose it. A great fat fellow, a constable, on their side, has just deposed, that Lord Sundon¹ and the high constable took him by the collar at the election, and threw him downstairs. Do you know the figure of Lord Sundon? if you do, only think of that little old creature throwing any man downstairs!

As I was coming down this morning, your brother brought me a long letter from you, in answer to mine of the 12th of November. You try to make me mistrust the designs of Spain against Tuscany, but I will hope yet: hopes are all I have for anything now!

As to the young man, I will see his mother the first

⁹ His mother, Catherine Lady Walpole, who died August 20, 1737. *Walpole*.

(circ. 1672-1752), first Baron Sundon; Lord of the Treasury, 1727-41. He was at this time candidate for Westminster.

LETTER 57.—¹ William Clayton

minute I can ; and by next post, hope to give you a definitive answer whether he will submit to be a servant or not : in every other respect, I am sure he will please you.

Your friend, Mr. Fane², would not come for us last night, nor will vote till after the Westminster election : he is brought into Parliament by the Duke of Bedford³, and is unwilling to disoblige him in this. We flattered ourselves with better success ; for last Friday, after sitting till two in the morning, we carried a Cornish election in four divisions—the first by a majority of six, then of twelve, then of fourteen, and lastly by thirty-six. You can't imagine the zeal of the young men on both sides : Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Hartington, and my friend Coke⁴ on ours, are warm as possible ; Lord Quarendon⁵ and Sir Francis Dashwood are as violent on theirs : the former speaks often and well. But I am talking to you of nothing but Parliament ; why, really, all one's ideas are stuffed with it, and you yourself will not dislike to hear things so material. The Opposition, who invent every method of killing Sir R., intend to make us sit on Saturdays ; but how mean and dirty is it, how scandalous ! when they cannot ruin him by the least plausible means, to murder him by denying him air and exercise⁶.

² Charles Fane, only son of Lord Viscount Fane, whom he succeeded, had been Minister at Florence. *Walpole*.—He had also been Minister at Turin and Constantinople. He was M.P. for Tavistock, 1734–54 ; for Reading, 1754–61 ; d. 1766.

³ John Russell (1710–1771), fourth Duke of Bedford ; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1744 ; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1748–51 ; K.G., 1749 ; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1756–61 ; Ambassador Extraordinary at Paris, 1762 ; Lord President of the Council, 1763–65.

⁴ Edward, Lord Viscount Coke,

only son of the Earl of Leicester. He died in 1753. *Walpole*.

⁵ George Henry Lee, Lord Viscount Quarendon, eldest son of the Earl of Litchfield, whom he succeeded in that title. *Walpole*.—He was born in 1718 ; succeeded his father in 1743 ; was High Steward of Oxford University, 1760 ; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1760 ; Captain of the Gentleman Pensioners, 1762 ; Chancellor of Oxford University, 1762 ; d. 1772.

⁶ Sir Robert Walpole always went every Saturday to New Park, Richmond, to hunt. *Walpole*.

There was a strange affair happened on Saturday ; it was strange, yet very English. One Nourse, an old gamester, said, in the coffee-house, that Mr. Shuttleworth, a member, only pretended to be ill. This was told to Lord Windsor⁷, his friend, who quarrelled with Nourse, and the latter challenged him. My lord replied, he would not fight him, he was too old. The other replied, he was not too old to fight with pistols. Lord Windsor still refused : Nourse, in a rage, went home and cut his own throat. This was one of the odd ways in which men are made. . . .⁸

I have scarce seen Lady Pomfret lately, but I am sure Lord Lincoln is not going to marry her daughter⁹. I am not surprised at her sister's being shy at receiving civilities from you—that was English too !

Say a great deal for me to the Chutes. How I envy your snug suppers ! I never have such suppers ! Trust me, if we fall, all the grandeur, the envied grandeur of our house, will not cost me a sigh : it has given me no pleasure while we have it, and will give me no pain when I part with it. My liberty, my ease, and choice of my own friends and company, will sufficiently counterbalance the crowds of Downing Street. I am so sick of it all, that if we are victorious or not, I propose leaving England in the spring. Adieu !

Yours ever and ever.

58. TO HORACE MANN.

Christmas Eve, 1741.

MY dearest child, if I had not heard regularly from you, what a shock it would have given me ! The other night, at the Opera, Mr. Worseley, with his peevish face, half smiling through ill nature, told me (only mind !) by way of

⁷ Herbert Hickman-Windsor (1707-1758), second Viscount Windsor, and Baron Mountjoy of the Isle of Wight.

⁸ Passage omitted.

⁹ Lady Sophia Fermor.

news, 'that he heard Mr. Mann was dead at Florence!' How kind! To entertain one with the chit-chat of the town, a man comes and tells one that one's dearest friend is dead! I am sure he would have lost his speech if he had had anything pleasurable to tell. If ever there is a metempsychosis, his soul will pass into a vulture and prey upon carcases after a battle, and then go and bode at the windows of their relations. But I will say no more of him: I punished him sufficiently, if sufficiently there be, by telling him you are perfectly well: you are, are you not? Send me a certificate signed by Dr. Cocchi¹, and I will choke him with it: another's health must be venomous to him.

Sir Francis Dashwood too—as you know all ill-natured people hear all ill news—told me he heard you was ill: I vowed you was grown as strong as the Farnese Hercules. *Then* he desires you will send him four of the Volterra urns, of the chimney-piece size; send them with any of my things: do, or he will think I neglected it because he is our enemy; and I would not be peevish, not to be like them. He is one of the most inveterate; they list under Sandys², a parcel of them with no more brains than their general; but being malicious, they pass for ingenious, as in these countries fogs are reckoned warm weather. Did you ever hear what Earle³ said of Sandys? 'that he never laughed but once, and that was when his best friend broke his thigh.'

Last Thursday I wrote you word of our losing the Chairman of the Committee. This winter is to be all ups and downs. The next day (Friday) we had a most complete victory. Mr. Pulteney moved for all papers and letters,

LETTER 58.—¹ Antonio Cocchi, a learned physician and author of Florence; a particular friend of Mr. Mann. *Walpole*.

² Samuel Sandys, a republican, raised on the fall of Sir R. W. to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, then

degraded to a peer and Cofferer, and soon afterwards laid aside. *Walpole*. —Cr. (Dec. 10, 1743) Baron Sandys of Ombersley, Worcestershire; d. 1770.

³ Gyles Earle, a Lord of the Treasury; a man of great humour. *Walpole*.

&c., between the King and the Queen of Hungary and their ministers. Sir Robert agreed to give them all the papers relative to those transactions, only desiring to except the letters written by the two sovereigns themselves. They divided, and we carried it, 237 against 227. They moved to have those relating to France, Prussia, and Holland. Sir Robert begged they would defer asking for those of Prussia till the end of January, at which time a negotiation would be at an end with that King, which now he might break off, if he knew it was to be made public. Mr. Pulteney persisted; but his obstinacy, which might be so prejudicial to the public, revolted even his own partisans, and seven of them spoke against him. We carried that question by twenty-four; and another by twenty-one, against sitting on the next day (Saturday). Monday and Tuesday we went on the Westminster election. Murray⁴ spoke divinely; he was their counsel. Lloyd⁵ answered him extremely well: but on summing up the evidence on both sides, and in his reply, Murray was—in short, beyond what was ever heard at the bar. That day (Tuesday) we went on the merits of the cause, and at ten at night divided, and lost it. They had 220, we 216; so the election was declared void. You see *four* is a fortunate number to them. We had forty-one more members in town, who would not, or could not, come down. The time is a touchstone for wavering consciences. All the arts, money, promises, threats, all the arts of the former year '41, are applied; and self-interest, in the shape of Scotch members—nay, and of English ones, operates to the aid of their party, and to the defeat of ours. Lord Doneraile⁶, a young Irishman, brought

⁴ William Murray, brother of Lord Stormont, and of Lord Dunbar, the Pretender's first minister. He is known by his eloquence and the friendship of Mr. Pope. He was soon afterwards promoted to be

Solicitor-General. *Walpole*.

⁵ Sir Richard Lloyd, advanced in 1754 to be Solicitor-General in the room of Mr. Murray, appointed Attorney-General. *Walpole*.

⁶ Arthur St. Leger, Lord Doneraile,

in by the Court, was petitioned against, though his competitor had had but one vote. This young man spoke as well as ever any one spoke in his own defence ; insisted on the petition being heard, and concluded with declaring, *that his cause was his Defence, and Impartiality must be his support.* Do you know that, after this, he went and engaged, if they would withdraw the petition, to vote with them in the Westminster affair ! His friends reproached him so strongly with his meanness, that he was shocked, and went to Mr. Pulteney to get off ; Mr. P. told him, he had given him his honour, and he would not release him, though Lord Doneraile declared it was against his conscience : but he voted with them, and lost us the next question which they put (for censuring the High Bailiff) by his single vote ; for in that the numbers were 217 against 215 : the alteration of his vote would have made it even ; and then the Speaker, I suppose, would have chosen the merciful side, and decided for us. After this, Mr. Pulteney, with an affected humanity, agreed to commit the High Bailiff *only* to the Serjeant-at-Arms. Then, by a majority of six, they voted that the soldiers, who had been sent for, after the poll was closed, to save Lord Sundon's life, had come in a military and illegal manner, and influenced the election. In short, they determined, as Mr. Murray had dictated to them, that no civil magistrate, on any pretence whatsoever, though he may not be able to suppress even a riot by the assistance of the militia and constables, may call in the aid of the army. Is not this doing the work of the Jacobites ? have they any other view than to render the Riot Act useless ? and then they may rise for the Pretender whenever they please. Then they moved to punish Justice Blakerby for calling in the soldiers ; and when it was

died in 1750, being Lord of the Bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales.

Walpole.—He was M.P. for Winchelsea.

desired that he might be heard in his own defence, they said he had already confessed his crime. Do but think on it! without being accused, without knowing, or being told it was a crime, a man gives evidence in another cause, not his own, and then they call it his own accusation of himself, and would condemn him for it. You see what justice we may expect if they actually get the majority. But this was too strong a pill for one of their own leaders to swallow: Sir John Barnard⁷ did propose and persuade them to give him a day to be heard. In short, we sat till half an hour after four in the morning; the longest day that ever was known. I say nothing of myself, for I could but just speak when I came away; but Sir Robert was as well as ever, and spoke with as much spirit as ever, at four o'clock. This way they will not kill him; I will not answer for any other. As he came out, Whitehead⁸, the author of *Manners*, and agent, with one Carey, a surgeon, for the Opposition, said, 'Damn him, how well he looks!' Immediately after their success, Lord Gage⁹ went forth, and begged there might be no mobbing; but last night we had bonfires all over the town, and I suppose shall have notable mobbing at the new election; though I do not believe there will be any opposition to their Mr. Edwin and Lord Perceval¹⁰. Thank God! we are now adjourned for three weeks. I shall go to Swallowfield¹¹ for a few days: so for one week you will miss hearing from me. We have escaped the

⁷ Sir John Barnard, Knight (1684-1761), M.P. for the City of London, 1722-61. He was an authority on finance.

⁸ Paul Whitehead, an infamous but not despicable poet. *Walpole*.

⁹ Thomas, Lord Viscount Gage, had been a Roman Catholic, and was Master of the Household to the Prince. *Walpole*.

¹⁰ John Perceval (1711-1770), succeeded his father (1748) as second

Earl of Egmont in Ireland; cr. (1762) Baron Lovell and Holland in England. He was Joint Postmaster-General, 1762-68; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1763-66. He wrote a celebrated pamphlet called *Faction Detected*, and a history of his own family called the *History of the House of Ivery*.

¹¹ Swallowfield, in Berkshire, the seat of John Dodd, Esq. *Walpole*.

Prince's¹² affair hitherto, but we shall have it after the holidays. All depends upon the practices of both sides in securing or getting new votes during this recess. Sir Robert is very sanguine: I hope, for his sake and his honour, and for the nation's peace, that he will get the better; but the moment he has the majority secure, I shall be very earnest with him to resign. He has a constitution to last some years, and enjoy some repose; and for my own part (and both my brothers agree with me in it), we wish most heartily to see an end of his ministry. If I can judge of them by myself, those who want to be in our situation do not wish to see it brought about more than we do. It is fatiguing to bear so much envy and ill-will *undeservedly*.—‘*Otium Divos rogo* ;’ but adieu, politics, for three weeks!

The Duchess of Buckingham¹³, who is more mad with pride than any mercer's wife in Bedlam, came the other night to the Opera *en princesse*, literally in robes, red velvet and ermine. I must tell you a story of her: last week she sent for Cori¹⁴, to pay him for her opera-ticket; he was not at home, but went in an hour afterwards. She said, ‘Did he treat her like a tradeswoman? She would teach him to respect women of her birth’; said he was in league with Mr. Sheffield¹⁵ to abuse her, and bade him come the next morning at nine. He came, and she made him wait till eight at night, only sending him an omelet and a bottle of wine, ‘As it was Friday, and he a Catholic, she supposed he did not eat meat.’ At last she received him in all the form of a princess giving audience to an ambassador. ‘Now,’ she said, ‘she had punished him.’

¹² A scheme for obtaining a larger allowance for the Prince of Wales. *Walpole*.

¹³ Catherine, Duchess Dowager of Buckingham, natural daughter of James II. *Walpole*.—Lady Catherine Darnley (d. 1743); m. 1. James Annesley, third Earl of Anglesey; 2.

as his second wife, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

¹⁴ Angelo Maria Cori, prompter to the Opera. *Walpole*.

¹⁵ Mr. Sheffield, natural son of the late Duke of Bucks, with whom she was at law. *Walpole*.—Cr. a Baronet in 1756; d. 1774

In this age we have some who pretend to impartiality: you will scarce guess how Lord Brook¹⁶ shows his: he gives one vote on one side, one on the other, and the third time does not vote at all, and so on, regularly.

My sister is up to the elbows in joy and flowers that she has received from you this morning, and begs I will thank you for her.

You know, or have heard of, Mrs. Nugent¹⁷ (Newsham's mother); she went the other morning to Lord Chesterfield to beg 'he would encourage Mr. Nugent¹⁸ to speak in the House; for that really he was so bashful, she was afraid his abilities would be lost to the world.' I don't know who *has* encouraged him; but so it is, that this modest Irish converted Catholic stallion does talk a prodigious deal of nonsense in behalf of English liberty.

Lord Gage¹⁹ is another; no man would trust him in a wager, unless he stakes, and yet he is trusted by a whole borough with their privileges and liberties! He told Mr. Winnington the other day, that he would bring his son²⁰ into Parliament, that he would not influence him, but leave him entirely to himself. 'Damn it,' said Winnington, 'so you have all his lifetime.'

Your brother says you accuse him of not writing to you, and that his reasons are, he has not time, and next, that I tell you all that can be said. So I do, I think: tell me

¹⁶ Francis, Baron, and afterwards created Earl Brooke. *Walpole*.

¹⁷ Anna, sister and co-heir of James Craggs; m. 1. John Newsham; 2. John Knight; 3. Robert Nugent; d. 1756.

¹⁸ Robert Nugent (circ. 1720-1788), cr. Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare (in Ireland), Jan. 19, 1767; cr. Earl Nugent, July 21, 1776; M.P. for St. Mawes. He was a wit and had some poetic talent. Goldsmith addressed him (as Viscount Clare) in his *Haunch*

of Venison. Nugent's marriages to two wealthy widows led Horace Walpole to coin the verb 'to Nugentize.' See letter to Mann, July 22, 1744.

¹⁹ Lord Gage was one of those persons to whom the privileges of Parliament were of extreme consequence, as their own *liberties* were inseparable from them. *Walpole*.

²⁰ Hon. William Hall Gage (1718-1791), succeeded his father (1754) as second Viscount Gage; Paymaster of the Pensions, 1766.

when I begin to tire you, or if I am too circumstantial ; but I don't believe you will think so, for I remember how we used to want such a correspondence when I was with you.

I have spoke about the young man, who is well content to live with you as a servant out of livery. I am to settle the affair finally with his father on Monday, and then he shall set out as soon as possible. I will send the things for Prince Craon, &c., by him. I will write to Madame Grifoni the moment I hear she is returned from the country.

The Princess of Hesse²¹ is brought to bed of a son. We are going into mourning for the Queen of Sweden²² ; she had always been apprehensive of the small-pox, which has been very fatal in her family.

You have heard, I suppose, of the new revolutions²³ in Muscovy. The letters from Holland to-day say, that they have put to death the young Czar and his mother, and his father too : which, if true²⁴, is going very far, for he was of a sovereign house in another country, no subject of Russia, and after the death of his wife and son, could have no pretence or interest to raise more commotions there.

We have got a new opera, not so good as the former ; and we have got the famous Bettina to dance, but she is a most indifferent performer. The house is excessively full every Saturday, never on Tuesday : here, you know, we make everything a fashion.

I am happy that my fears for Tuscany vanish every letter. There ! there is a letter of twelve sides ! I am forced to

²¹ Mary, fourth daughter of King George II. *Walpole*.—She married (1740) Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel ; d. 1771.

²² Ulrica, Queen of Sweden, sister of Charles XII. *Walpole*.

²³ This relates to the revolution, by which the young Czar John was deposed, and the Princess Elizabeth

raised to the throne. *Walpole*.

²⁴ This was not true. The Princess Anne of Mecklenburgh died in prison at Riga a few years afterwards. Her son, the young Czar, and her husband, Prince Antony of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttle, were confined for many years. *Walpole*.

page it, it is so long, and I have not time to read it over and look for the mistakes.

Yours ever.

59. TO HORACE MANN.

London, Dec. 29, 1741.

I WRITE to you two days before the post goes out, because to-morrow I am to go out of town ; but I would answer your letter by way of Holland, to tell you how much you have obliged both Sir Robert and me about the Dominichin¹; and to beg you to thank Mr. Chute and Mr. Whithed—but I cannot leave it to you.

‘ My dear Mr. Chute, was ever anything so kind ! I crossed the Giogo² with Mr. Coke³, but it was in August, and I thought it then the greatest compliment that ever was paid to mortal ; and I went with him too ! but you to go only for a picture, and in the month of December ! What can I say to you ? You *do* more to oblige your friend, than I can find terms to thank you for. If I was to tell it here, it would be believed as little as the rape of poor Tory⁴ by a wolf. I can only say that I know the Giogo, its snows and its inns, and consequently know the extent of the obligation that I have to you and Mr. Whithed. If I had any faith in virginity, I would beg that lady whose picture you have been to fetch, to reward you ; but as I cannot hope for any miracles to pay my debts, I fear they will never be paid. Oh ! yes, I have a virgin sister, and the virgin’s name is Mary ; if you will pay yourself—padrone.’

LETTER 59.—¹ A celebrated picture of a Madonna and Child, by Dominichino, in the Palace Zambeccari, at Bologna, now in the collection of the Earl of Orford, at Houghton in Norfolk. *Walpole*.

² The Giogo is the highest part of the Apennine between Florence and

Bologna. *Walpole*.

³ Son of Lord Lovel, since Earl of Leicester. *Walpole*.

⁴ A black spaniel of Mr. Walpole’s was seized by a wolf on the Alps, as it was running at the head of the chaise horses, at noonday. *Walpole*.

Now I return to you, my dear child: I am really so much obliged to you and to them, that I know not what to say. I read Pennee's⁵ letter to Sir R., who was much pleased with his discretion; he will be quite a favourite of mine. And now we are longing for the picture; you know, of old, my impatience.

Your young secretary-servant is looking out for a ship, and will set out in the first that goes: I envy him.

The Court has been trying, but can get nobody to stand for Westminster. You know Mr. Dodington⁶ has lost himself extremely by his new turn, after so often changing sides: he is grown very fat and lethargic; my brother Ned says, 'he is grown of less consequence, but more weight.'

One hears of nothing but follies said by the Opposition, who grow mad on having the least prospect. Lady Carteret⁷, who, you know, did not want any new fuel to her absurdity, says, 'they talk every day of making her lord⁸ first minister, but he is not so easily persuaded as they think for.'

Good night.

Yours ever.

⁵ Probably Peter Penné or Penny, a gentleman of French extraction, who held an office in the Custom House.

⁶ George Bubb Dodington had lately resigned his post of one of the Lords of the Treasury, and gone again into Opposition. *Walpole*.—B. 1691; d. 1762; cr. (April 6, 1761) Baron Melcombe of Melcombe Regis, Dorsetshire; Envoy to Madrid, 1715-17; Lord of the Treasury, 1724-40; Treasurer of the Navy, 1744-49, 1755-56, April-June, 1757; Treasurer of the Chamber to the Prince of Wales, 1749-51. His political self-seeking was notorious, and is frankly re-

vealed in his *Diary* (published in 1784).

⁷ Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Worsley, and first wife of John, Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl of Granville. *Walpole*.

⁸ John Carteret (1690-1763), Lord Carteret; succeeded as second Earl Granville, 1744; Ambassador to Sweden, 1719-20; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1721-24, Feb. 10-14, 1746; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1724-30; Envoy to the Hague, 1742; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1742-44; K.G., 1749; Lord President of the Council, 1751-53.

60. TO HORACE MANN.

London, Jan. 7, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$. O.S.

I MUST answer for your brother a paragraph that he showed me in one of your letters: 'Mr. W.'s letters are full of wit; don't they adore him in England?' Not at all—and I don't wonder at them; for if I have any wit in my letters, which I do not at all take for granted, it is ten to one that I have none out of my letters. A thousand people can write, that cannot talk; and besides, you know, (or I conclude so, from the little one hears stirring,) that numbers of the English have wit, who don't care to produce it. Then, as to adoring; you now see only my letters, and you may be sure I take care not to write you word of any of my bad qualities, which other people must see in the gross; and that may be a great hindrance to their adoration. Oh! there are a thousand other reasons I could give you, why I am not the least in fashion. I came over in an ill season: it is a million to one that nobody thinks a declining old minister's son has wit. At any time, men in opposition have always most; but now, it would be absurd for a courtier to have even common sense. There is not a Mr. Sturt, or a Mr. Stewart, whose names begin but with the first letters of Stanhope¹, that has not a better chance than I, for being liked. I can assure you, even those of the same party would be fools, not to pretend to think me one. Sir Robert has showed no partiality for me; and do you think they would commend where he does not? even supposing they had no envy, which, by the way, I am far from saying they have not. Then, my dear child, I am the coolest man of my party, and if I am ever warm, it is by contagion; and where violence passes for parts, what will indifference be called? But how

LETTER 60.—¹ The name of Lord Chesterfield. *Walpole*

could you think of such a question? I don't want money, consequently no old women pay me for my wit; I have a very flimsy constitution, consequently the young women won't taste my wit, and it is a long while before wit makes its own way in the world; especially as I never prove it, by assuring people that I have it by me. Indeed, if I were disposed to brag, I could quote two or three half-pay officers, and an old aunt or two, who laugh prodigiously at everything I say; but till they are allowed judges, I will not brag of such authorities.

If you have a mind to know who is *adored* and *has wit*; there is old Churchill² has as much God-damn-ye wit as ever—except that he has lost two teeth. There are half a dozen Scotchmen who vote against the Court, and are cried up by the Opposition for wit, to keep them steady. They are forced to cry up their parts, for it would be too barefaced to commend their honesty. Then Mr. Nugent has had a great deal of wit till within this week; but he is so busy and so witty, that even his own party grow tired of him. His plump wife, who talks of nothing else, says he entertained her all the way on the road with repeating his speeches. . . .³

I did not go into the country last week, as I intended, the weather was so bad; but I shall go on Sunday for three or four days, and perhaps shall not be able to write to you that week.

You are in an agitation, I suppose, about politics: both sides are trafficking deeply for votes during the holidays. It is allowed, I think, that we shall have a majority of twenty-six: Sir R. says more; but now, upon a pinch, he brags like any bridegroom.

The Westminster election passed without any disturbance,

² General Charles Churchill. *Walpole*.

³ Passage omitted.

in favour of Lord Perceive-all⁴ and Mr. Perceive-nothing, as my uncle calls them. Lord Chesterfield was vaunting to Lord Lovel⁵, that they should have carried it, if they had set up two broomsticks. 'So I see,' replied Lovel. But it seems we have not done with it yet: if we get the majority, this will be declared a void election too, for my Lord Chancellor has found out that the person who made the return, had no right to make it: it was the High Bailiff's clerk, the High Bailiff himself being in custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. It makes a great noise, and they talk of making subscriptions for a petition.

Lord Stafford⁶ is come over. He told me some good stories of the Primate⁷. . . .⁸

Last night I had a good deal of company to hear Monticelli and Amorevoli, particularly the three beauty-Fitzroys, Lady Euston, Lady Conway, and Lady Caroline⁹. Sir R. liked the singers extremely: he had not heard them before. . . .¹⁰ I forgot to tell you all our beauties: there was Miss Hervey¹¹, my Lord's daughter, a fine, black girl, but as masculine as her father should be; and Jenny Conway¹², handsomer still, though changed with illness, than even the Fitzroys. I made the music for my Lord Hervey, who is too ill to go to operas: yet, with a coffin-face, is as full of his little dirty

⁴ Vide an account of the election of Lord Perceval and one Edwin, in that Lord's *History of the House of Ivery*. Walpole.

⁵ Thomas Coke (circ. 1695-1759), Baron Lovel; cr. Earl of Leicester, May 9, 1744.

⁶ William Matthias Howard, Earl of Stafford. He died in 1751. Walpole.

⁷ The Primate of Lorraine, eldest son of Prince Craon, was famous for his wit and vices of all kinds. Walpole.

⁸ Passage omitted.

⁹ Lady Dorothy Boyle, eldest

daughter of Lord Burlington; Isabella, wife of Francis Lord Conway; and Caroline, afterwards married to Lord Petersham, were the daughter-in-law and daughters of Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain. Walpole.

¹⁰ Passage omitted.

¹¹ Lepel, eldest daughter of John, Lord Hervey, afterwards married to Mr. Phipps. Walpole.—She married (Feb. 26, 1743) Constantine Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave.

¹² Jane, only daughter of Francis, the first Lord Conway, by his second wife, Mrs. Bodens. Walpole.

politics as ever. He *will not* be well enough to go to the House till the majority is certain somewhere, but lives shut up with Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney—a triumvirate, who hate one another more than anybody they could proscribe, had they the power. I dropped in at my Lord Hervey's, the other night, knowing my Lady¹³ had company: it was soon after our defeats. My Lord, who has always professed particularly to me, turned his back on me, and retired for an hour into a whisper with young Hammond¹⁴, at the end of the room. Not being at all amazed at one whose heart I knew so well, I stayed on, to see more of this behaviour; indeed, to use myself to it. At last he came up to me, and begged this music, which I gave him, and would often again, to see how many times I shall be ill and well with him within this month. Yesterday came news that his brother, Captain W. Hervey¹⁵, had taken a Caracca ship, worth full two hundred thousand pounds. He was afterwards separated from it by a storm, for two or three days, and was afraid of losing it, having but five-and-twenty men to thirty-six Spaniards; but he has brought it home safe. I forgot to tell you, that upon losing the first question, Lord Hervey kept away for a week; on our carrying the next great one, he wrote to Sir Robert, how much he desired to see him, 'not upon any business, but Lord Hervey longs to see Sir Robert Walpole.'

¹³ Mary, daughter of Brigadier-General Nicholas Lepell; Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Caroline); m.(1720) John Hervey (subsequently Lord Hervey), second son of first Earl of Bristol. She became the intimate friend and occasional correspondent of Horace Walpole. Lady Louisa Stuart says of her:—'Never was there so perfect a model of the finely polished, highly bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manners had a foreign tinge, which some called affected;

but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether exquisitely pleasing.' (Introductory Anecdotes prefixed to *Correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu*.)

¹⁴ Author of some Love Elegies, and a favourite of Lord Chesterfield. He died this year. *Walpole*.

¹⁵ Captain Hon. William Hervey (1699-1776), third son of first Earl of Bristol, by his second wife, Elizabeth Felton. The ship he captured was the *Constante* of twenty-four guns.

Lady Sundon¹⁶ is dead, and Lady M——¹⁷ disappointed : she, who is full as politic as my Lord Hervey, had made herself an absolute servant to Lady Sundon, but I don't hear that she has left her even her old clothes. Lord Sundon is in great grief : I am surprised, for she has had fits of madness, ever since her ambition met such a check by the death of the Queen. She had great power with her, though the Queen pretended to despise her ; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power, by some secret¹⁸. I was saying to Lady Pomfret, 'To be sure she is dead very rich !' She replied, with some warmth, 'She never took money.' When I came home, I mentioned this to Sir R. 'No,' said he, 'but she took jewels ; Lord Pomfret's place of Master of the Horse to the Queen was bought of her for a pair of diamond ear-rings, of fourteen hundred pounds value.' One day that she wore them at a visit at old Marlbro's, as soon as she was gone, the Duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley, 'How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe ?' — 'Madam,' said Lady Mary, 'how would you have people know where wine is to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out ?' Sir R. told me, that in the enthusiasm of her vanity, Lady Sundon had proposed to him to unite with her, and govern the kingdom together : he bowed, begged her patronage, but said he thought nobody fit to govern the kingdom, but the King and Queen. Another day——

Friday morning.

I was forced to leave off last night, as I found it would be impossible to send away this letter finished in any time. It will be enormously long, but I have prepared you for it. When I consider the beginning of my letter, it looks as if

¹⁶ — Dives, wife of William Clayton, Lord Sundon ; Woman of the Bed-chamber, and Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline. *Walpole*.

¹⁷ So in MS.

¹⁸ This secret (known only to the King and to Lady Sundon) was the existence of a rupture from which Queen Caroline suffered, and which ultimately caused her death.

I were entirely of your opinion about the agreeableness of them. I believe you will never commend them again, when you see how they increase upon your hands. I have seen letters of two or three sheets, written from merchants at Bengal and Canton to their wives: but then they contain the history of a twelvemonth: I grow voluminous from week to week. I can plead in excuse nothing but the true reason; you desired it; and I remember how I used to wish for such letters, when I was in Italy. My Lady Pomfret carries this humanity still farther, and because people were civil to her in Italy, she makes it a rule to visit all strangers in general. She has been to visit a Spanish Count¹⁹ and his wife, though she cannot open her lips in their language. They fled from Spain, he and his brother having offended the Queen²⁰ by their attachments to the Prince of Asturias²¹; his brother ventured back, to bring off this woman, who was engaged to him. Lord Harrington²² has procured them a pension of six hundred a year. They live chiefly with Lord Carteret and his daughter²³, who speak Spanish. But to proceed from where I left off last night, like the Princess Dinarzade in the Arabian Nights, for you will want to know what happened *one day*. Sir Robert was at dinner with Lady Sundon, who hated the Bishop of London as much as she loved the Church. 'Well,' said she to Sir R., 'how does your pope do?'—'Madam,' replied he, 'he is my pope, and shall be my pope; everybody has some pope or other; don't you know that you are one? They call you Pope

¹⁹ Marquis de Tabernago: he returned to Spain after the death of Philip V. *Walpole*.

²⁰ Elizabeth Farnese, second wife of Philip V.

²¹ Eldest son of Philip V, succeeded his father in 1746; d. 1759.

²² William Stanhope (circ. 1690–1756), first Baron Harrington; cr. Earl of Harrington, 1742; Secretary

of State for the Northern Province, 1730–42, 1744–46; Lord President of the Council, 1742–44; Viceroy of Ireland, 1746–51. He served in the army, and became a General.

²³ Frances, youngest daughter of Lord Carteret, afterwards married to the Marquis of Tweedale. *Walpole*.

Joan.' She flew into a passion, and desired he would not fix any names on her; that they were not so easily gotrid of.

We had a little ball the other night at Mrs. Boothby's, and by dancing did not perceive an earthquake, which frightened all the undancing part of the town. . . .²⁴

We had a civility from his Royal Highness, who sent for Monticelli the night he was engaged here, but, on hearing it, said he would send for him some other night. If I did not live so near St. James's, I would find out some politics in this—should not one?

Sir William Stanhope²⁵ has had a hint from the same Highness, that his company is not quite agreeable: whenever he met anybody at Carlton House whom he did not know, he said, 'Your humble servant, Mr. or Mrs. Hamilton.'

I have this morning sent aboard the *St. Quintin* a box for you, with your secretary—not in it.

Old Weston²⁶ of Exeter is dead. Dr. Clarke, the Dean²⁷, Dr. Willes, the decipherer²⁸, and Dr. Gilbert of Llandaff, are candidates to succeed him²⁹. Sir R. is for Willes, who, he says, knows so many secrets, that he might insist upon being archbishop³⁰.

My dear Mr. Chute! how concerned I am that he took all that trouble to no purpose. I will not write to him this post, for as you show him my letters, this here will sufficiently employ any one's patience—but I have done. I long to hear that the Dominichin is safe.

Good night!

Yours ever.

²⁴ Passage omitted.

²⁵ Brother to Lord Chesterfield. This *bon mot* was occasioned by the numbers of Hamiltons which Lady Archibald Hamilton, the Prince's mistress, had placed at that court. *Walpole*.

²⁶ Stephen Weston (1665–1742), Bishop of Exeter.

²⁷ Alured Clarke (1696–1742), Dean of Exeter. He was on friendly terms with Queen Caroline of Anspach, and

published an *Essay* on her character in 1738 (the year after the Queen's death).

²⁸ Edward Willes (d. 1773), Prebendary of Westminster, Bishop of St. David's, 1743; translated to Bath and Wells the same year.

²⁹ John Gilbert (1693–1761), Bishop of Llandaff; translated to Salisbury in 1749, and to York in 1757.

³⁰ Nicholas Clagett, Bishop of St. Davids, was translated to Exeter.

61. TO HORACE MANN.

Friday, Jan. 22, 1742.

DON'T wonder that I missed writing to you yesterday, my constant day : you will pity me when you hear that I was shut up in the House of Commons till one in the morning. I came away more dead than alive, and was forced to leave Sir R. at supper with my brothers : he was all alive and in spirits. He says he is younger than me, and indeed I think so, in spite of his forty years more. My head aches to-night, but we rose early ; and if I don't write to-night, when shall I find a moment to spare ? Now you want to know what we did last night ; stay, I will tell you presently in its place : it was well, and of infinite consequence—so far I tell you now.

Our recess finished last Monday, and never at school did I enjoy holidays so much—but, *les voilà finis jusqu'au printemps!* Tuesday (for you see I write you an absolute journal) we sat on a Scotch election, a double return ; their man was Hume Campbell¹, Lord Marchmont's² brother, lately made solicitor to the Prince, for being as troublesome, as violent, and almost as able as his brother. They made a great point of it, and gained so many of our votes, that at ten at night we were forced to give it up without dividing. Sandys, who loves persecution, *even unto the death*, moved to punish the sheriff ; and as we dared not divide, they ordered him into custody, where by this time, I suppose, Sandys has eaten him.

On Wednesday Sir Robert Godschall, the Lord Mayor,

LETTER 61.—¹ Hon. Hume Campbell, second son of second Earl of Marchmont ; M.P. for Berwickshire.

² Hugh Campbell (1708–1794), third Earl of Marchmont ; First Lord of

Police (in Scotland), 1747 ; Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, 1764–94. He was the friend and correspondent of Alexander Pope.

presented the merchants' petition, signed by three hundred of them, and drawn up by Leonidas Glover³. This is to be heard next Wednesday. This gold chain came into Parliament cried up for his parts, but proves so dull, one would think he chewed opium. Earle says, 'By God, I have heard an oyster speak as well twenty times.'

Well, now I come to *yesterday*: we met, not expecting much business. Five of our members were gone to the York election, and the three Lord Beauclerks⁴ to their mother's funeral at Windsor; for that old beauty St. Albans⁵ is dead at last. On this they depended for getting the majority, and towards three o'clock, when we thought of breaking up, poured in their most violent questions: one was a motion for leave to bring in the Place Bill, to limit the number of placemen in the House. This was not opposed, because, out of decency, it is generally suffered to pass the Commons, and is thrown out by the Lords; only Colonel Cholmondeley⁶ desired to know if they designed to limit the number of those that have promises of places, as well as of those that have places now. I must

³ Glover, a merchant, author of *Leonidas*, a poem; *Boadicea*, a tragedy, &c. *Walpole*.

⁴ Lord Vere, Lord Henry, and Lord Sidney Beauclerk, sons of the Duchess Dowager of St. Albans, who is painted among the Beauties at Hampton Court. *Walpole*. — Lord Vere Beauclerk (1699–1781), third son of first Duke of St. Albans; cr. Baron Vere of Hanworth, 1750; served in the navy and became Admiral of the Blue; Lord of the Admiralty, 1738–49. Lord Henry Beauclerk (1701–1761), fourth son of first Duke of St. Albans; served in the army and became Colonel of foot. Lord Sidney Beauclerk (1702–1744), fifth son of first Duke of St. Albans; Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, 1740. He was a notorious fortune-hunter, and induced a Mr.

Topham, of Windsor, to leave him an estate. He was the father of Topham Beauclerk. (See note by Horace Walpole in *Works* of Sir C. H. Williams, vol. i. p. 47.)

⁵ Lady Diana Vere, eldest daughter, and eventually heiress, of Aubrey Vere, twentieth Earl of Oxford; m. (1694) Charles Beauclerk, first Duke of St. Albans; d. Jan. 15, 1742.

⁶ Colonel James Cholmondeley, brother of the Earl. *Walpole*. — B. 1708; d. 1775; second son of second Earl of Cholmondeley; served in the army, and was present at the battle of Fontenoy; took part in the Scotch campaign of 1745–46. He greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Falkirk. He became a General of foot, and was Colonel of the Inniskilling Dragoons.

tell you that we are a very Conclave; they buy votes with reversions of places on the change of the ministry. Lord Gage was giving an account in Tom's Coffee-house of the intended alterations; that Mr. Pulteney is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Chesterfield and Carteret Secretaries of State. Somebody asked who was to be Paymaster? Numps Edwin, who stood by, replied, 'We have not thought so low as that yet.' Lord Gage harangues every day at Tom's, and has read there a very false account of the King's message to the Prince⁷. The Court, to show their contempt of Gage, have given their copy to be read by Swinny⁸. This is the authentic copy, which they have made the Bishop⁹ write from the message which he carried, and as he and Lord Cholmondeley agree it was given.

On this Thursday, of which I was telling you, at three o'clock, Mr. Pulteney rose up, and moved for a Secret Committee of twenty-one. This Inquisition, this Council of Ten, was to sit and examine whatever persons and papers they should please, and to meet when and where they pleased. He protested much on its not being intended against *any person*, but merely to give the King advice, and on this foot they fought it till ten at night, when Lord Perceval blundered out what they had been cloaking with so much art, and declared that he should vote for it as a committee of accusation. Sir Robert immediately rose, and protested that he should not have spoken, but for what he had heard

⁷ During the holidays, Sir R. W. had prevailed on the King to send to the Prince of Wales, to offer to pay his debts and double his allowance. This negotiation was entrusted to Lord Cholmondeley on the King's, and to Secker, Bishop of Oxford, on the Prince's side; but came to nothing. *Walpole*.

⁸ Owen MacSwinny, a buffoon; former director of the playhouse. *Walpole*. — Manager of the Hay-

market, 1706–10, and of Drury Lane, 1710–11. He then returned to the Haymarket, but became bankrupt, and lived abroad for twenty years. On returning to England, he obtained a place in the Custom House, and became Store-Keeper at the King's Mews; d. 1754. He left his fortune to Mrs. Woffington.

⁹ Thomas Secker, Bishop of Oxford, translated to Canterbury, 1758.

last ; but that now, he must take it to himself. He portrayed the malice of the Opposition, who, for twenty years, had not been able to touch him, and were now reduced to this infamous shift. He defied them to accuse him, and only desired that if they should, it might be in an open and fair manner ; desired no favour, but to be acquainted with his accusation. He spoke of Mr. Dodington, who had called his administration infamous, as of a person of great self-mortification, who, for sixteen years, had condescended to bear part of the odium. For Mr. Pulteney, who had just spoken a second time, Sir R. said, he had begun the debate with great calmness, but give him his due, he had made amends for it in the end. In short, never was innocence so triumphant !

There were several glorious speeches on both sides ; Mr. Pulteney's two, W. Pitt's¹⁰ and Grenville's¹¹, Sir Robert's, Sir W. Yonge's, Harry Fox's¹², Mr. Chute's, and the Attorney-General's¹³. My friend Coke, for the first

¹⁰ William Pitt (1708-1778), second son of Robert Pitt, of Boconnoc, Cornwall, by Harriet, daughter of Hon. Edward Villiers and sister of John Villiers, fifth Viscount and first Earl Grandison ; cr. Earl of Chatham, Aug 4, 1766 ; Cornet of first Regiment of Horse, 1721-35 ; M.P. for Old Sarum ; Groom of the Bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales, 1737-45 ; Paymaster-General of the Forces, 1746-55 ; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1756-57, 1757-61 ; Lord Privy Seal, 1766-Feb. 1768, March-Oct. 1768. Pitt at this time belonged to a group of young politicians known as the 'Boy Patriots' (or the 'Cobham cousins'). He had been deprived of his commission in the army, on account of his attacks on Sir Robert Walpole's administration.

¹¹ Hon. George Grenville (1712-1770), second son of Richard Grenville and Hester Temple (who suc-

ceeded her brother as Viscountess Cobham, and was subsequently cr. Countess Temple) ; M.P. for Buckingham, 1741-70 ; Lord of the Admiralty, 1744 ; Lord of the Treasury, 1747 ; Treasurer of the Navy, 1754-55, 1756-57, 1757-62 ; Secretary of State, 1762 ; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1762 ; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister) and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1763-65.

¹² Henry Fox (1705-1774), second surviving son of Sir Stephen Fox ; cr. Baron Holland, of Foxley, Wiltshire, April 17, 1763 ; M.P. for Hindon ; Surveyor-General of Works, 1737-47 ; Lord of the Treasury, 1743-44 ; Secretary at War, 1746-55 ; Secretary of State, 1755 ; Leader of the House of Commons, 1755-56, 1762-63 ; Paymaster-General, 1757-65.

¹³ Sir Dudley Ryder, Knight (1691-1756) ; Solicitor-General, 1733 ; Attorney-General, 1737 ; Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1754-56.

time, spoke vastly well, and mentioned how great Sir Robert's character is abroad. Sir Francis Dashwood replied that he had found quite the reverse from Mr. Coke, and that foreigners always spoke with contempt of the Chevalier de Walpole. This was going too far, and he was called to order, but got off well enough, by saying, that he knew it was contrary to rule to name any member, but that he only mentioned it as spoken by an impertinent Frenchman.

But of all speeches, none ever was so full of wit as Mr. Pulteney's last. He said, 'I have heard this committee represented as a most dreadful spectre; it has been likened to all terrible things; it has been likened to the King; to the Inquisition; it will be a committee of safety; it is a committee of danger; I don't know what it is to be! One gentleman, I think, called it *a cloud*! (this was the Attorney) *a cloud*! I remember Hamlet takes Lord Polonius by the hand and shows him *a cloud*, and then asks him if he does not think it is like a whale.' Well, in short, at eleven at night we divided, and threw out this famous committee by 253 to 250, the greatest number that ever was in the House, and the greatest number that ever *lost* a question.

It was a most shocking sight to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides! Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon¹⁴ from his bed, with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig. I could scarce pity him for his ingratitude. The day before the Westminster petition, Sir Charles Wager¹⁵ gave his son a ship, and the next day the father came down and voted against him. The son has since been cast away; but they concealed it from the father, that he might not absent himself. However, as we have our good-natured men too on our side,

¹⁴ Sir William Gordon, Baronet; M.P. for Cromarty and Nairn; d. June 9, 1742.

(1666-1743); First Lord of the Admiralty, 1733-42; Treasurer of the Navy, 1741-43.

¹⁵ Admiral Sir Charles Wager

one of his own countrymen went and told him of it in the House. The old man, who looked like Lazarus at his resuscitation, bore it with great resolution, and said, he knew *why* he was told of it, but when he thought his country in danger, he would not go away. As he is so near death, that it is indifferent to him whether he died two thousand years ago or to-morrow, it is unlucky for him not to have lived when such insensibility would have been a Roman virtue.

There are no arts, no menaces, which the Opposition do not practise. They have threatened one gentleman to have a reversion cut off from his son, unless he will vote with them. To Totness there came a letter to the mayor from the Prince, and signed by two of his lords, to recommend a candidate in opposition to the Solicitor-General¹⁶. The mayor sent the letter to Sir Robert. They have turned the Scotch to the best account. There is a young Oswald¹⁷, who had engaged to Sir R. but has voted against us. Sir R. sent a friend to reproach him; the moment the gentleman who had engaged for him came into the room, Oswald said, 'You had like to have led me into a fine error! did you not tell me that Sir R. would have the majority?'

When the debate was over, Mr. Pulteney owned that he had never heard so fine a debate on our side; and said to Sir Robert, 'Well, nobody can do what you can!' 'Yes,' replied Sir R. 'Yonge did better.' Mr. Pulteney answered, 'It was fine, but not of that weight with what you said.' They all allow it; and now their plan is to persuade Sir Robert to retire with honour. All that evening there was a report about the town, that he and my uncle were to be sent to the Tower, and people hired windows in the City

¹⁶ John (afterwards Sir John) Strange (1696-1754), M.P. for West Looe; Solicitor-General, 1737-42; Master of the Rolls, 1749-52.

¹⁷ James Oswald, afterwards one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations. *Walpole*. — M.P. for Kirkcaldy Burghs; d. 1769.

to see them pass by—but for this time I believe we shall not exhibit so historical a parade.

The night of the committee, my brother Walpole¹⁸ had got two or three invalids at his house, designing to carry them into the House through his door, as they were too ill to go round by Westminster Hall; the Patriots, who have rather more contrivances than their predecessors of Grecian and Roman memory, had taken the precaution of stopping the keyhole with sand. How Livy's eloquence would have been hampered, if there had been back-doors and keyholes to the Temple of Concord!

A few days ago there were lists of the officers at Port Mahon laid before the House of Lords: unfortunately, it appeared that two-thirds of the regiment had been absent. The Duke of Argyll said, 'Such a list was a libel on the government'; and of all men, the Duke of Newcastle was the man who rose up and agreed with him: remember what I told you once before of his union with Carteret. We have carried the York election by a majority of 956.

The other night the Bishop of Canterbury¹⁹ was with Sir Robert, and on going away, said, 'Sir, I have lately been reading Thuanus²⁰; he mentions a minister, who having long been persecuted by his enemies, at length vanquished them: the reason he gives, *quia se non deseruit*.'

Sir Thomas Robinson is at last named to the government of Barbadoes; he has long prevented its being asked for, by declaring that he had the promise of it. Luckily for

¹⁸ Robert, Lord Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. He was Auditor of the Exchequer, and his house joined to the House of Commons, to which he had a door; but it was soon afterwards locked up, by an order of the House. *Walpole*.—He succeeded his father as second Earl of Orford, 1745; was Ranger of

Richmond Park, 1725; Master of the Foxhounds, 1788; Auditor of the Exchequer, 1739; d. 1751.

¹⁹ John Potter, d. 1747.

²⁰ Jacques Auguste de Thou (1553–1617), who wrote in Latin a history of his own time in one hundred and thirty-eight books.

him, Lord Lincoln liked his house, and procured him this government on condition of hiring it.

I have mentioned Lord Perceval's speeches; he has a set who have a rostrum at his house, and harangue there. A gentleman who came thither one evening was refused, but insisting that he was engaged to come, 'Oh, Sir,' said the porter, 'what, are you one of those who play at members of Parliament?'

I must tell you something, though Mr. Chute will see my letter. Sir Robert brought home yesterday to dinner a fat comely gentleman, who came up to me, and said, he believed I knew his brother abroad. I asked his name; he replied, 'He is with Mr. Whithed.' I thought he said, 'It is Whithed.' After I had talked to him of Mr. Whithed, I said, 'There is a very sensible man with Mr. Whithed, one Mr. Chute.' 'Sir,' said he, 'my name is Chute.' 'My dear Mr. Chute, now I know both your brothers. You will forgive my mistake.'

With what little conscience I begin a third sheet! but it shall be but half a one. I have received your vast packet of music by the messenger, for which I thank you a thousand times; and the political sonnet, which is far from bad. Who translated it? I like the translation.

I am obliged to you about the Gladiator, &c.: the temptation of having them at all is great, but too enormous. If I could have the Gladiator for about a hundred pounds, I would give it.

I enclose one of the bills of lading of the things that I send you by your secretary: he sets out to-morrow. By Oswald's²¹ folly, to whom I entrusted the putting them on board, they are consigned to Goldsworthy²², but pray take

²¹ George Oswald, steward to Sir R. W. Walpole.

²² Mr. Goldsworthy, Consul at Leghorn, had married Sir Charles

Wager's niece, and was endeavouring to supplant Mr. Mann at Florence. Walpole.

care that he does not open them. The captain mortifies me by proposing to stay three weeks at Genoa. I have sent away to-night a small additional box of steel wares, which I received but to-day from Woodstock²³. As they are better than the first, you will choose out some of them for Prince Craon, and give away the rest as you please.

We have a new opera by Pescetti²⁴, but a very bad one; however, all the town runs after it, for it ends with a charming dance. They have flung open the stage to a great length, and made a perfect view of Venice, with the Rialto, and numbers of gondolas that row about full of masks, who land and dance. You would like it.

Well, I have done. Excuse me if I don't take the trouble to read it all over again, for it is immense, as you will find. Good night!

62. TO HORACE MANN.

London, Feb. 4, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$.

I AM miserable that I have not more time to write to you, especially as you will want to know so much of what I have to tell you; but for a week or fortnight I shall be so hurried, that I shall scarce know what I say. I sit here writing to you, and receiving all the town, who flock to this house; Sir Robert has already had three levees this morning, and the rooms still overflowing—they overflow up to me. You will think this the prelude to some victory! On the contrary, when you receive this, there will be no longer a Sir Robert Walpole: you must know him for the future by the title of Earl of Orford. That other envied name expires next week with his ministry!

Preparatory to this change, I should tell you, that last

²³ Before the rise of Birmingham and Sheffield, Woodstock was noted for its manufacture of articles of

fine steel.

²⁴ Giovanni Battista Pescetti (d. 1758).

week we heard in the House of Commons the Chippenham election, when Jack Frederick and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hulme¹, on our side, petitioned against Sir Edmund Thomas² and Mr. Baynton Rolt³. Both sides made it the decisive question—but our people were not all equally true; and upon the previous question we had but 235 against 236, so lost it by one. From that time my brothers, my uncle, I, and some of his particular friends, persuaded Sir R. to resign. He was undetermined till Sunday night. Tuesday we were to finish the election, when we lost it by 16; upon which, Sir Robert declared to some particular persons in the House his resolution to retire, and had that morning sent the Prince of Wales notice of it. It is understood from the heads of the party, that nothing more is to be pursued against him. Yesterday (Wednesday) the King adjourned both Houses for a fortnight, for time to settle things. Next week Sir Robert resigns and goes into the House of Lords. The only change yet fixed, is, that Lord Wilmington⁴ is to be at the head of the Treasury—but numberless other alterations and confusions must follow. The Prince will be reconciled, and the Whig Patriots will come in. There were a few bonfires last night, but they are very unfashionable, for never was fallen minister so followed. When he kissed the King's hand to take his first leave, the King fell on his neck, wept and kissed him, and begged to see him frequently. He will continue in town, and assist the ministry in the Lords. Mr. Pelham has declared that he will accept nothing that

LETTER 62.—¹ Alexander, eldest son of Robert Hume; an East India Director, and three times M.P. for Southwark; m. Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Frederick, Knight; d. 1765.

² Sir Edmund Thomas, third Baronet, of Wenvoe, Glamorgan; d. 1767.

³ Edward Baynton Rolt, of Spyre

Park, Wiltshire; cr. a Baronet, 1762; Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales; Surveyor of the Duchy of Cornwall; d. 1800.

⁴ Sir Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, Knight of the Garter, and at this time Lord President of the Council. *Walpole*.

was Sir Robert's; and this moment the Duke of Richmond has been here from Court to tell Sir R. that he had resigned the Mastership of the Horse, having received it from him, unasked, and that he would not keep it beyond his ministry⁵. This is the greater honour, as it was so unexpected, and as he had no personal friendship with the Duke.

For myself, I am quite happy to be free from all the fatigue, envy, and uncertainty of our late situation. I go everywhere; indeed, to have the stare over, and to use myself to neglect, but I meet nothing but civilities. Here have been Lord Hartington, Coke, and poor Fitzwilliam⁶, and others crying; here has been Lord Deskford and numbers to wish me joy; in short, it is a most extraordinary and various scene.

There are three people whom I pity much; the King, Lord Wilmington, and my own sister⁷; the first, for the affront, to be forced to part with his minister, and to be forced to forgive his son; the second, as he is too old, and (even when he was young) unfit for the burthen; and the poor girl, who must be *created* an earl's daughter, as her birth would deprive her of the rank. She must kiss hands and bear the flirts of impertinent real quality.

I am invited to dinner to-day by Lord Strafford⁸, Argyll's son-in-law. You see we shall grow the fashion.

My dear child, these are the most material points: I am sensible how much you must want particulars; but you must be sensible, too, that just yet, I have not time.

⁵ This did not prove true.

⁶ William, Baron, and afterwards Earl, Fitzwilliam; a young lord, much attached to Sir R. W. Walpole.

⁷ Maria, natural daughter to Sir R. W. by Maria Skerret, his mistress, whom he afterwards married. She had a patent to take place as an earl's daughter. *Walpole*.

⁸ William Wentworth (1722-1791), second Earl of Strafford; Farmer of the Post Fines, 1746; m. (1740) Lady Anne Campbell, second daughter and co-heir of John Campbell, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich. He was an occasional correspondent of Horace Walpole, with whom he continued on friendly terms until his death.

Don't be uneasy; your brother Ned⁹ has been here to wish me joy: your brother Gal has been here and cried; your tender nature will at first make you like the latter; but afterwards you will rejoice with your elder and me. Adieu!

Yours ever, and the same.

63. TO HORACE MANN.

Feb. 9, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$.

YOU will have had my letter that told you of the great change. The scene is not quite so pleasant as it was, nor the tranquillity arrived that we expected. All is in confusion; no overtures from the Prince, who, it must seem, proposes to be King. His party have persuaded him not to make up, but on much greater conditions than he first demanded; in short, notwithstanding his professions to the Bishop¹, he is to insist on the impeachment of Sir R., saying now, that his terms not being accepted at first, he is not bound to stick to them. He is pushed on to this violence by Argyll, Chesterfield, Cobham², Sir John Hinde Cotton, and Lord Marchmont. The first says, 'What impudence it is in Sir R. to be driving about the streets!' and all cry out, that he is still minister behind the curtain. They will none of them come into the ministry, till several are displaced; but have summoned a great meeting of the faction for Friday, at the Fountain Tavern³, to consult

⁹ Edward Louisa Mann, eldest son of Robert Mann, Deputy Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital; d. 1775.

LETTER 63.—¹ Secker, Bishop of Oxford. *Walpole*.

² Richard Temple (circ. 1669–1749), first Viscount Cobham; served in the army, and distinguished himself in Marlborough's campaigns. Envoy

to Vienna, 1714–15; Governor of Jersey, 1723; General, 1735; Field Marshal, 1742. He was a friend of Pope and Congreve, both of whom celebrated him in verse. He rebuilt the house at Stowe, and laid out the celebrated gardens there.

³ In the Strand.

measures against Sir R., and to-morrow the Common Council meet, to draw up instructions for their members. They have sent into Scotland and into the counties for the same purpose. Carteret and Pulteney⁴ pretend to be against this violence, but own that if their party insist upon it, they cannot desert them. The cry against Sir R. has been greater this week than ever; first, against a grant of four thousand pounds a year, which the King gave him on his resignation, but which, to quiet them, he has given up⁵. Then, upon making his daughter a lady; their wives and daughters declare against giving her place. He and she both kissed hands yesterday, and on Friday go to Richmond for a week. He seems quite secure in his innocence—but what protection is that, against the power and malice of party! Indeed, his friends seems as firm as ever, and frequent him as much; but they are not now the strongest. As to an impeachment, I think they will not be so mad as to proceed to it: it is too solemn and too public to be attempted, without proof of crimes, of which he certainly is not guilty. For a bill of pains and penalties, they may if they will, I believe, pass it through the Commons, but will scarce get the assent of the King and Lords. In a week more I shall be able to write with less uncertainty.

I hate sending you false news, as that was, of the Duke of Richmond's resignation. It arose from his being two hours below with Sir R., and from some very warm discourse of his in the House of Lords, against the present violences; but went no farther. Zeal magnified this, as she

⁴ Lord Carteret and Mr. Pulteney had really betrayed their party; and so injudiciously, that they lost their old friends, and gained no new. *Walpole*.

⁵ Sir R., at the persuasion of his brother, Mr. Selwyn, and others, desisted from pursuing this grant. Three years afterwards, when the

clamour was at an end, and his affairs extremely involved, he sued for it; which Mr. Pelham, his friend and *élève*, was brought with the worst grace in the world to ask, and his old obliged master, the King, prevailed upon, with as ill grace, to grant. *Walpole*.

came upstairs to me, and I wrote to you before I had seen Sir Robert.

At a time when we ought to be most united, we are in the greatest confusion; such is the virtue of the Patriots, though they have obtained what they professed alone to seek. They will not stir one step in foreign affairs, though Sir R. has offered to unite with them, with all his friends, for the common cause. It will now be seen, whether he or they are most patriot. You see I call him *Sir Robert* still! after one has known him by that name for these *threescore years*, it is difficult to accustom one's mouth to another title.

In the midst of all this, we are diverting ourselves as cordially as if Righteousness and Peace had just been kissing one another. Balls, operas, and masquerades! The Duchess of Norfolk⁶ makes a grand masqueing next week; and to-morrow there is one at the Opera-house.

Here is a Saxe-Gothic prince⁷, brother to her Royal Highness: he sent her word from Dover that he was driven in there, in his way to Italy. The man of the inn, whom he consulted about lodgings in town, recommended him to an errant bawdy-house in Suffolk Street. He has got a neutrality for himself, and goes to both courts⁸.

Churchill asked Pulteney the other day, 'Well, Mr. Pulteney, will you break me too?'—'No, Charles,' replied he, 'you break fast enough of yourself!' Don't you think it hurt him more than the other breaking would?

Good night!

Yours ever.

Thursday, Feb. 11, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$.

P.S. I had finished my letter, and unwillingly resolved to send you all that bad news, rather than leave you igno-

⁶ Mary, second daughter and co-heir of Edward Blount, of Blagden, Devon; m. (1727) Edward Howard, eighth Duke of Norfolk; d. 1773.

⁷ The Duke of Saxe-Gotha, brother of the Princess of Wales.

⁸ The King's court, and that of the Prince of Wales.

rant of our doings; but I have the pleasure of mending your prospect a little. Yesterday the Common Council met, and resolved upon instructions to their members, which, except one not very descriptive paragraph, contains nothing personal against our new Earl; and ends with resolutions 'to stand by our present constitution.' Mind what followed! One of them proposed to insert 'the King and Royal Family' before the words, 'our present constitution'; but, on a division, it was rejected by three to one.

But to-day, for good news! Sir Robert has resigned; Lord Wilmington is First Lord of the Treasury, and Sandys has accepted the seals as Chancellor of the Exchequer, with Gybbon⁹ and Sir John Rushout¹⁰, joined to him as other Lords of the Treasury. Waller¹¹ was to have been the other, but has formally refused. So Lord Sundon, Earle, Treby, and Clutterbuck¹² are the first discarded, unless the latter saves himself by Waller's refusal. Lord Harrington, who is created an Earl, is made President of the Council, and Lord Carteret has consented to be Secretary of State in his room—but mind, not one of them has promised to be against the prosecution of Sir Robert, though I don't believe now that it will go on. You see Pulteney is not come in, except in his friend Sir John Rushout, but is to hold the balance between liberty and prerogative; at least, in this, he acts with honour. They say Sir John Hinde Cotton and the Jacobites will be left out, unless they bring in Dr. Lee and Sir John Barnard to the Admiralty, as they propose; for I do not think it is decided what are their principles. Sir Charles Wager has resigned this morning: he says, 'We

⁹ Phillips Gybbon, M.P. for Rye.

¹⁰ Sir John Rushout, fourth Baronet; Lord of the Treasury, 1742-43; Treasurer of the Navy, 1743-44; d. 1775.

¹¹ Edmund Waller, M.P. for Chip-

ping Wycombe; Cofferer of the Household, 1744.

¹² Lord Sundon, Giles Earle, George Treby, and Thomas Clutterbuck were Lords of the Treasury.

shall not die, but be all changed !' though he says, a parson lately reading this text in an old Bible, where the *c* was rubbed out, read it, *not die, but be all hanged !*

To-morrow our Earl goes to Richmond Park, *en retiré*; comes on Thursday to take his seat in the Lords, and returns thither again. Sandys is very angry at his taking the title of Orford, which belonged to his wife's¹³ great-uncle. You know a step of that nature cost the great Lord Strafford¹⁴ his head, at the prosecution of a less bloody-minded man than Sandys.

I remain in town, and have not taken at all to withdrawing, which I hear has given offence, as well as my gay face in public; but as I had so little joy in the grandeur, I am determined to take as little part in the disgrace. I am looking about for a new house.

I have received two vast packets from you to-day, I believe from the bottom of the sea, for they have been so washed that I could scarce read them. I could read the terrible history of the earthquakes at Leghorn: how infinitely good you was to poor Mrs. Goldsworthy! how could you think I should not approve such vast humanity? but you are all humanity and forgiveness. I am only concerned that they will be present when you receive all these disagreeable accounts of your friends. Their support¹⁵ is removed as well as yours, I only fear the interest of the Richmonds¹⁶ with the Duke of Newcastle; but I will try to put you well with Lord Lincoln. We must write circumspectly, for our letters now are no longer safe.

I shall see Amorevoli to-night to give him the letter. He,

¹³ Lady Sandys was daughter of Lady Tipping, niece of Russell, Earl of Orford. *Walpole*.

¹⁴ Sir Thomas Wentworth, the great Earl of Strafford, took the title of Raby from a castle of that name, which belonged to Sir Henry Vane,

who, from that time, became his mortal foe. *Walpole*.

¹⁵ Sir Charles Wager. *Walpole*.

¹⁶ Mrs. Goldsworthy had been a companion of the Duchess of Richmond. *Walpole*.

Monticelli, and the Visconti are to sing to-night at a great assembly at Lady Conway's. I have not time now to write more: so, good night, my dearest child! be in good spirits.

Yours most faithfully.

P.S. We have at last got Crébillon's *Sofa*¹⁷: Lord Chesterfield received three hundred, and gave them to be sold at White's. It is admirable! except the beginning of the first volume, and the last story, it is equal to anything he has written. How he has painted the most refined nature in Mazulhim! the most retired nature in Mocles! the man of fashion, that sets himself above natural sensations, and the man of sense and devotion, that would skirmish himself from their influence, are equally justly reduced to the standard of their own weakness.

64. TO HORACE MANN.

Feb. 18, 1741½.

I WRITE to you more tired, and with more headache, than any one but you could conceive! I came home at five this morning from the Duchess of Norfolk's masquerade, and was forced to rise before eleven, for my father, who came from Richmond to take his seat in the Lords, for the Houses met to-day. He is gone back to his retirement. Things wear a better aspect; at the great meeting on Friday, at the Fountain, Lord Carteret and Lord Winchelsea¹ refused to go, only saying that they never dined at a tavern. Pullteney and the new Chancellor of the Exchequer went, and were abused by his Grace of Argyll. The former said he was content with what was already done, and would not be active

¹⁷ *Le Sopha*, by Claude Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon (1707-1777).

LETTER 64.—¹ Daniel Finch (1688-1769), second Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham; Lord of the Treas-

ury, 1715-16; Comptroller of the Household, 1725-30; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1742-44, April-July, 1757; K.G., 1752; Lord President of the Council, 1765-66.

in any farther proceedings, though he would not desert the party. Sandys said the King had done him the honour to offer him that place; why should he not accept it? if he had not, another would: if nobody would, the King would be obliged to employ his old minister again, which he imagined the gentlemen present would not wish to see; and protested against *screening*, with the same conclusion as Pulteney. The Duke of Bedford was very warm against Sir William Yonge; Lord Talbot² was so in general.

During the recess, they have employed Fazakerley³ to draw up four impeachments; against Sir Robert, my uncle, Mr. Keene⁴, and Colonel Bladen⁵, who was only commissioner for the tariff at Antwerp. One of the articles against Sir R. is, his having at this conjuncture trusted Lord Waldegrave⁶ as ambassador, who is so near a relation of the Pretender; but these impeachments are likely to grow obsolete manuscripts. The minds of the people grow much more candid; at first, they made one of the actors at Drury Lane repeat some applicable lines at the end of Harry the Fourth; but last Monday, when his Royal Highness had purposely bespoken *The Unhappy Favourite*⁷, for Mrs. Porter's⁸ benefit, they never once applied the most glaring passages; as where they read the indictment against *Robert, Earl of Essex, &c.* The Tories declare against any farther prosecution—if Tories

² William Talbot (1710–1782), second Baron and afterwards first Earl Talbot; Steward of the Household, 1761.

³ Nicholas Fazackerley, of an old Lancashire family, M.P. for Preston; d. 1767. He was a lawyer and a Jacobite.

⁴ As having signed the Spanish Convention (1739).

⁵ Lieutenant-Colonel Martin Bladen (1680–1746); M.P. for Maldon; Comptroller of the Mint, 1714; Lord of Trade and Plantations, 1717–46; First Commissary and Plenipotentiary to

the Conference at Antwerp for drawing up the tariffs between England, the Emperor of Germany, and the States General (1732). He was a steady supporter of Sir Robert Walpole.

⁶ His mother was natural daughter of King James II. *Walpole*.—James Waldegrave (1684–1741), first Earl Waldegrave; Ambassador Extraordinary to Paris, 1725, 1730; Ambassador to Vienna, 1727.

⁷ A tragedy on the fate of the Earl of Essex, by John Banks.

⁸ Mary Porter, d. 1765.

there are, for now one hears of nothing but the *Broad Bottom*: it is the reigning cant word, and means, the taking all parties and people, indifferently, into the ministry. The Whigs are the dupes of this; and those in the Opposition affirm that Tories no longer exist. Notwithstanding this, they will not come into the new ministry, unless what were always reckoned Tories are admitted. The Treasury has gone a-begging; I mean one of the lordships, which is at last filled up with a Major Compton⁹, a relation of Lord Wilmington; but now we shall see a new scene. On Tuesday night Mr. Pulteney went to the Prince, and, without the knowledge of Argyll, &c., prevailed on him to write to the King: he was so long determining, that it was eleven at night before the King received his letter. Yesterday morning the Prince, attended by two of his lords, two Grooms of the Bedchamber, and Lord Scarborough¹⁰, his treasurer, went to the King's levee. The King said, 'How does the Princess do? I hope she is well.' The Prince kissed his hand, and this was all! He returned to Carlton House, whither crowds went to him. He spoke to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham; but would not to the three dukes, Richmond, Grafton, and Marlborough¹¹. At night the Royal Family were all at the Duchess of Norfolk's, and the streets were illuminated and bonfired. To-day, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Halifax, and some others, were at St. James's: the King spoke to all the lords. In a day or

⁹ Hon. George Compton (1692-1758), Major of the second troop of Horse-Guards; brother of fifth Earl of Northampton, whom he succeeded in 1754. M.P. for Northampton; Lord of the Treasury, 1742-44.

¹⁰ Thomas Lumley-Saunders (circ. 1690-1752), third Earl of Scarborough; served in the army; Envoy to Lisbon, 1721-25; Treasurer to the Prince of Wales, 1738-51.

¹¹ Charles Spencer (1706-1758),

third Duke of Marlborough; served in the army; distinguished himself at the battle of Dettingen, 1743; commanded the expedition against St. Malo, 1758; commanded in Germany, 1758; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1738; K.G., 1741; Lord Steward of the Household, 1749-55; Lord Privy Seal, Jan.-Dec. 1755; Master General of the Ordnance, 1755-58.

two, I shall go with my uncle and brothers to the Prince's levee.

Yesterday there was a meeting of all the Scotch of our side, who, to a man, determined to defend Sir Robert.

Lyttelton is going to marry Miss Fortescue¹², Lord Clinton's sister.

When our Earl went to the House of Lords to-day, he apprehended some incivilities from his Grace of Argyll, but he was not there. The Bedford, Halifax, Berkshire¹³, and some more, were close by him, but would not bow to him. Lord Chesterfield wished him joy. This is all I know for certain; for I will not send you the thousand lies of every new day.

I must tell you how fine the masquerade of last night was. There were five hundred persons, in the greatest variety of handsome and rich dresses I ever saw, and all the jewels of London—and London has some! There were dozens of ugly Queens of Scots, of which I will only name to you the eldest Miss Shadwell! The Princess of Wales was one, covered with diamonds, but did not take off her mask: none of the Royalties did, but everybody else. Lady Conway¹⁴ was a charming Mary Stuart: Lord and Lady Euston, man and woman huzzars. But the two finest and most charming masks were their Graces of Richmond¹⁵, like Harry the Eighth and Jane Seymour: excessively rich, and both so handsome! Here is a nephew of the King of Denmark¹⁶, who was in armour, and his governor, a most

¹² Lucy (d. 1747), daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh, Devonshire; m. (1742) George Lyttelton (afterwards Lord Lyttelton).

¹³ Henry Bowes Howard (1686–1757), fourth Earl of Berkshire; succeeded as eleventh Earl of Suffolk, 1745.

¹⁴ Lady Isabella Fitzroy, youngest daughter of the Duke of Grafton,

and wife of Francis Seymour, Lord Conway, afterwards Earl of Hertford. *Walpole*.

¹⁵ Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Master of the Horse, and Sarah Cadogan, his Duchess. He died in 1750, and she the year following. *Walpole*.

¹⁶ Christian VI (1730–1746).

admirable Quixote. There were quantities of pretty Vandikes, and all kinds of old pictures walked out of their frames. It was an assemblage of all ages and nations, and would have looked like the day of judgement, if tradition did not persuade us that we are all to meet naked, and if something else did not tell us that we shall not meet then with quite so much indifference, nor thinking quite so much of *the becoming*. My dress was an Aurengzebe: but of all extravagant figures, commend me to our friend the Countess!¹⁷ She and my Lord trudged in like pilgrims, with vast staffs in their hands; and she was so heated, that you would have thought her pilgrimage had been, like Pantagruel's voyage, to the Oracle of the Bottle! Lady Sophia¹⁸ was in a Spanish dress—so was Lord Lincoln; not, to be sure, by design, but so it happened. When the King came in, the Faussans¹⁹ were there, and danced an *entrée*. At the masquerade the King sat by Mrs. Selwyn²⁰, and with tears told her, that 'the Whigs should find he loved them, as he had done the poor man that was gone!' He had sworn that he would not speak to the Prince at their meeting, but was prevailed on.

I received your letter by Holland, and the paper about the Spaniards. By this time you will conceive that I can now speak of nothing to any purpose, for Sir R. does not meddle in the least with business.

As to the Sibyl, I have not mentioned it to him; I still am for the other. Except that, he will not care, I believe, to buy more pictures, having now so many more than he has room for at Houghton; and he will have but a small house in town when we leave this. But you must thank the dear Chutes for their new offers; the obligations are too

¹⁷ The Countess of Pomfret. *Walpole*.

¹⁸ Lady Sophia Fermor.

¹⁹ Two celebrated comic dancers. *Walpole*.

²⁰ Mary (d. 1777), daughter of General Farrington, and mother of George Augustus Selwyn.

great, but I am most sensible to their goodness, and, were I nott so excessively tired now, would write to them. I cannot add a word more, but to think of the Princess²¹: 'Comment! vous avez donc des enfans!' You see how nature sometimes breaks out, in spite of religion and prudery, granddeur and pride, delicacy and *épuisements*!

Good night!

Yours ever.

65. TO HORACE MANN.

London, Feb. 25, 1742.

I AM impatient to hear that you have received my first account of the change; as to be sure you are now for every post. This last week has not produced many new events. The Prince of Wales has got the measles, so there has been but little incense offered up to him: his brother of Saxegothaa has got them too. When the Princess went to St. James's, she fell at the King's feet and struggled to kiss his haand, and burst into tears. At the Norfolk masquerade she was vastly bejewelled; Frankz had lent her forty thousand pounds' worth, and refused to be paid for the hire, only desiring that she would tell whose they were. All this is nothing, but to introduce one of Madame de Pomfret's ingenuities, who, being dressed like a pilgrim, told the Princess, that she had taken her for the Lady of Loreto.

But you will wish for politics now, more than for histories of masquerades, though this last has taken up people's thoughts full as much. The House met last Thursday, and voted the army without a division: Shippen¹ alone, unchanged, opposed it. They have since been busied on elections, turning out our friends and voting in their own,

²¹ Princess Craon.

LETTER 65.—¹ William Shippen, a celebrated Jacobite. Sir R. Wal-

pole said, that he was the only man whose price he did not know. *Walpole*.

almost without opposition. The chief affair has been the Denbighshire election, on the petition of Sir Watkyn Williams. They have voted him into Parliament and the high-sheriff into Newgate. Murray² was most eloquent: Lloyd³, the counsel on the other side, and no bad one, said, (for I go constantly, though I do not stay long, but 'leave the dead to bury their dead,') that it was objected to the sheriff, that he was related to the sitting member; but, indeed, in that country (Wales) it would be difficult *not* to be related. Yesterday we had another hearing of the petition of the merchants, when Sir Robert Godschall shone brighter than even his usual. There was a copy of a letter produced, the original being lost: he asked whether the copy had been taken before the original was lost, or after!

Next week they commence their prosecutions, which they will introduce by voting a committee to inquire into all the offices: Sir William Yonge is to be added to the impeachments, but the chief whom they wish to punish is my uncle. He is the more to be pitied, because nobody will pity him. They are not fond of a formal message which the States General have sent to Sir Robert, 'to compliment him on his new honour, and to condole with him on being out of the ministry, which will be so detrimental to Europe!'

The third augmentation in Holland is confirmed, and that the Prince of Hesse⁴ is chosen Generalissimo, which makes it believed that his Grace of Argyll will not go over, but that we shall certainly have a war with France in the spring Argyll has got the Ordonnance restored to him, and they wanted to give him back his regiment; to which end Lord Hertford⁵ was desired to resign it, with the offer of his old

² William Murray, Mr. Pope's friend, afterwards Solicitor, and then Attorney-General. *Walpole*.

³ Sir Richard Lloyd, who succeeded Mr. Murray, in 1754, as Solicitor-General. *Walpole*.

⁴ Frederick William, succeeded as Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, 1760; d. 1785.

⁵ Algernon Seymour (1684-1750), eldest son of Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset, by his first wife,

troop again. He said he had received the regiment from the King; if his Majesty pleased to take it back, he might, but he did not know why he should resign it. Since that, he wrote a letter to the King, and sent it by his son, Lord Beauchamp⁶, resigning his regiment, his government, and his wife's pension, as Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen.

No more changes are made yet. They have offered the Admiralty to Sir Charles Wager again, but he refused it: he said, he heard that he was an old woman, and that he did not know what good old women could do anywhere.

A comet has appeared here for two nights, which, you know, is lucky enough at this time, and a pretty ingredient for making prophecies.

These are all the news. I receive your letters regularly, and hope you receive mine so: I never miss one week. Adieu! my dearest child! I am perfectly well; tell me always that you are. Are the good Chutes still at Florence? My best love to them, and services to all.

Here are some new Lines much in vogue⁷:—

1741.

Unhappy England, still in forty-one⁸
By Scotland art thou doom'd to be undone!
But Scotland now, to strike alone afraid,
Calls in her worthy sister Cornwall's⁹ aid;

Elizabeth Percy, Countess Ogle; styled Earl of Hertford until he succeeded his father as seventh Duke, 1748; served in the army; Governor of Minorca, 1787-42; General of Horse, 1747; Governor of Guernsey, 1742-50; m. Frances (d. 1754), daughter and heiress of Hon. Henry Thynne. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Caroline.

⁶ George Seymour (1725-1744), Viscount Beauchamp; d. before his

father.

⁷ These lines were written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. *Walpole*.

⁸ Alluding to the Grand Rebellion against Charles the First. *Walpole*.

⁹ The Parliament which overthrew Sir R. W. was carried against him by his losing the majority of the Scotch and Cornish boroughs; the latter managed by Lord Falmouth and T. Pitt. *Walpole*.

And these two common strumpets, hand in hand,
Walk forth, and preach up virtue through the land;
Start at corruption, at a bribe turn pale,
Shudder at pensions, and at placemen rail.
Peace, peace! ye wretched hypocrites; or rather
With Job, say to Corruption, 'Thou'rt our Father.'

But how will Walpole justify his fate?
He trusted Islay¹⁰, till it was too late.
Where were those parts! where was that piercing mind!
That judgement, and that knowledge of mankind!!
To trust a traitor that he knew so well!
(Strange truth! betray'd, but not deceiv'd, he fell!!)
He knew his heart was, like his aspect, vile;
Knew him the tool, and brother of Argyll!
Yet to his hands his power and hopes gave up;
And though he saw 'twas poison, drank the cup!
Trusted to one he never could think true,
And perish'd by a villain that he knew.

66. TO HORACE MANN.

London, March 8, 17742.

I AM obliged to write to you to-day, for I am sure I shall not have a moment to-morrow; they are to make their motion for a Secret Committee to examine into the late administration. We are to oppose it strongly, but to no purpose; for since the change, they have beat us on no division under a majority of forty. This last weekk has produced no novelties; his Royal Highness has been shut up with the measles, of which he was near dying, by eating China oranges.

We are to send sixteen thousand men into Flanders in

¹⁰ Archibald Campbell, Earl of Islay, brother of John, Duke of Argyll, in conjunction with whom (though then openly at variance) he was supposed to have betrayed Sir R. W. and to have let the Opposition

succeed in the Scotch elections, which were trusted to his management. It must be observed that Sir R. W. would never allow that he believed himself betrayed by Lord Islay. *Walpole.*

the spring, under his Grace of Argyll; they talk of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Albemarle¹ to command under him. Lord Cadogan² is just dead, so there is another regiment vacant: they design Lord Delawar's³ for Lord Westmoreland⁴; so now Sir Francis Dashwood⁵ will grow as fond of the King again as he used to be—or as he has hated him since.

We have at last finished the merchants' petition⁶, under the conduct of the Lord Mayor and Mr. Leonidas⁷; the greatest coxcomb and the greatest oaf that ever met in blank verse or prose. I told you the former's question about the copy of a letter taken after the original was lost. They have got a new story of him; that hearing of a gentleman who had had the small-pox twice and died of it, he asked, if he died the first time or the second—if this is made for him, it is at least quite in his style. After summing up the evidence (in doing which, Mr. Glover literally drank several times to the Lord Mayor in a glass of water that stood by him), Sir John Barnard moved to vote, that there had been great neglect in the protection of the trade, to the great advantage

LETTER 66.—¹ William Anne Kerpel (1702–1754), second Earl of Albemarle; Lord of the Bedchamber to George II, 1727; Governor of Virginia, 1737; served in the army; was present at the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Culloden; Lieutenant-General, 1743; Colonel of Coldstream Guards, 1744; Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, 1746; Ambassador to Paris, 1749; K.G., 1749; Groom of the Stole to George II, 1751.

² This report was untrue. Charles Cadogan (1685–1776), second Baron Cadogan of Oakley; served in the army; Lieutenant-General, 1745; Governor of Sheerness, 1749; Governor of Tilbury Fort, 1752–76; General of Horse, 1761.

³ John West (1693–1766), seventh

Baron Delawarr, cr. Earl Delawarr, 1761; served in the army; was present at the battle of Dettingen; Lieutenant-General, 1747; Governor of New York, 1737; Governor of Tilbury Fort, 1747; Governor of Guernsey, 1752; General of Horse, 1765.

⁴ John Fane (1685–1762), seventh Earl of Westmoreland; served in the army; Lieutenant-General, 1742; General of Horse, 1761; High Steward of Oxford University, 1754; Chancellor of Oxford University, 1759.

⁵ Sir Francis Dashwood, nephew to the Earl of Westmoreland, had gone violently into opposition, on that lord's losing his regiment, *Dover*.

⁶ For more guard-ships.

⁷ Mr. Glover. *Walpole*.

of the enemy, and *the dishonour of the nation*. He said he did not mean to charge the Admiralty particularly, for then particular persons must have had particular days assigned to be heard in their own defence, which would take up too much time, *as we are now going to make inquiries of a much higher nature*. Mr. Pelham was for leaving out the last words. Mr. Dodington rose, and in a set speech declared that the motion was levelled at a particular person, who had so usurped all authority, that all inferior offices were obliged to submit to his will, and so either *bend and bow, or be broken*: but that he hoped the steps we were now going to take, would make the office of first minister so dangerous a post, that nobody would care to accept it for the future. Do but think of this fellow, who has so lost all character, and made himself so odious to both King and Prince, by his alternate flatteries, changes, oppositions, and changes of flatteries and oppositions, that he can never expect what he has so much courted by all methods,—think of his talking of making it dangerous for any one else to accept the first ministership! Should such a period ever arrive, he would accept it with joy—the only chance he can ever have for it! But sure, never was impudence more put to shame! The whole debate turned upon him. Lord Doneraile (who, by the way, has produced blossoms of Dodington—like fruit, and consequently is the fitter scourge for him) stood up and said, he did not know what that gentleman meant; that he himself was as willing to bring all offenders to justice as any man; but that he did not intend to confine punishment to those who had been employed only at the end of the last ministry, but proposed to extend it to all who had been engaged in it, and wished that that gentleman would speak with more lenity of an administration, in which he himself had been concerned for so many years. Winnington said, he did not know what Mr. Dodington had meant, by either

bending or being *broken*; that he knew *some* who had been *broken*, though they had both *bowed* and *bended*. Waller defended Dodington, and said, if he was guilty, at least Mr. Winnington was so too; on which Fox rose up, and, laying his hand on his breast, said he never wished to have such a friend, as could only excuse him by bringing in another for equal share of his guilt. Sir John Cotton replied, he did not wonder that Mr. Fox (who had spoken with great warmth) was angry at hearing his friend *in place* compared to one *out of place*. Do but figure how Dodington must have looked and felt during such dialogues! In short, it ended in Mr. Pulteney's rising, and saying, he could not be against the latter words, as he thought the former part of the motion had been proved; and wished both parties would join in carrying on the war vigorously, or in procuring a good peace, rather than in ripping open old sores, and continuing the heats and violences of parties. We came to no division—for we should have lost it by too many.

Thursday evening.

I had written all the former part of my letter, only reserving room to tell you, that they had carried the Secret Committee—but it is put off till next Tuesday. To-day we had nothing but the giving up the Heydon election, when Mr. Pulteney had an opportunity (as Mr. Chute and Mr. Robinson⁸ would not take the trouble to defend a cause which they could not carry) to declaim upon corruption: had it come to a trial, there were eighteen witnesses ready to swear positive bribery against Mr. Pulteney. I would write to Mr. Chute, and thank him for his letter which you sent me, but I am so out of humour at his brother's losing his seat, that I cannot speak civilly even to him to-day.

It is said, that my Lord's Grace of Argyll has carried his

⁸ Luke Robinson; he regained the seat in 1747.

great point of the *Broad Bottom*⁹—as I suppose you will hear by rejoicings from Rome¹⁰. The new Admiralty is named; at the head is to be Lord Winchilsea, with Lord Granard¹¹, Mr. Cockburn, his Grace's friend, Dr. Lee, the chairman, Lord Vere Beauclerc, one of the old set, by the interest of the Duke of Dorset, and the connection of Lady Betty Germain, whose niece Lord Vere married¹²; and two Tories, Sir John Hind Cotton and Will. Chetwynd¹³, an agent of Bolingbroke's¹⁴—all this is not declared yet, but is believed.

This great Duke has named his four aide-de-camps—Lord Charles Hay¹⁵; George Stanhope¹⁶, brother of Earl Stanhope; Dick Lyttelton¹⁷, who was page; and a Campbell. Lord Cadogan is not dead, but has been given over.

We are rejoicing over the great success of the Queen of Hungary's arms¹⁸, and the number of blows and thwarts which the French have received. It is a prosperous season for our new popular generals to grow glorious!

⁹ So called as including men of widely different opinions.

¹⁰ Where the Pretender lived, who was likely to be gratified by the employment of Tories.

¹¹ George Forbes (1685–1765), third Earl of Granard; served in the navy; Admiral, 1734.

¹² Lord Vere Beauclerk married (1736) Mary, eldest daughter and co-heir of Thomas Chambers, of Hanworth, Middlesex, by Lady Mary Berkeley, sister of Lady Betty Germain.

¹³ Hon. William Chetwynd (1684–1770), succeeded his brother as third Viscount Chetwynd, 1767; M.P. for Stafford; Envoy to Genoa, 1708–12; Lord of the Admiralty, 1717–27; Master of the Mint, 1727–69.

¹⁴ Henry St. John (1672–1751), first Viscount Bolingbroke, the famous minister and author. He was attainted (1715), but subsequently pardoned by George I (1723). He

had ceased to take any active part in politics, and resided at Argeville, on the Seine.

¹⁵ Third son of third Marquis of Tweeddale; behaved with conspicuous gallantry at Fontenoy; Lieutenant-General, 1757; d. 1760.

¹⁶ Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. George Stanhope (1717–1754), second son of first Earl Stanhope. He greatly distinguished himself at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden.

¹⁷ Fifth son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, fourth Baronet; Page of Honour to Queen Caroline; Aide-de-Camp to Lord Stair at the battle of Dettingen; Master of the Jewel Office, 1756; Governor of Minorca, 1762; Governor of Guernsey, 1766; K.B., 1753; d. 1770.

¹⁸ Her troops had recovered part of Bohemia, defeated the French and Bavarians at Linz, and entered Munich (Feb. 12, 1742).

Butt, to have done with politics. Old Marlborough has at last published her Memoirs¹⁹; they are digested by one Hooke²⁰, who wrote a Roman history; but from her materials, which are so womanish, that I am sure the man might sooner have made a gown and petticoat with them. There are some choice letters from Queen Anne, little inferior in the fulsome to those from King James to the Duke of Buckingham.

Lord Oxford's²¹ famous sale begins next Monday, where there is as much rubbish of another kind as in her Grace's History. Feather bonnets presented by the Americans to Queen Elizabeth; elks'-horns converted into caudle-cups; true copies of original pictures that never existed; presents to himself from the Royal Society, &c., particularly forty volumes of prints of illustrious English personages; which collection is collected from frontispieces to godly books, bibles and poems; head-pieces and tail-pieces to Waller's works; views of King Charles's sufferings; tops of ballads, particularly earthly crowns for heavenly ones, and streams of gloomy. There are few good pictures, for the miniatures are not to be sold, nor the manuscripts; the books not till next year. There are a few fine bronzes, and a very fine collection of English coins.

We have got another opera²², which is liked. There was

¹⁹ *Account of her Conduct from her first Coming to Court till the year 1710.*

²⁰ Nathaniel Hooke (d. 1763), sergeant-at-law. He received £5,000 from the Duchess as a reward for his assistance. She is stated to have quarrelled with him in consequence of an attempt on his part to convert her to Roman Catholicism.

²¹ Edward Harley (1689-1741), second Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer; High Steward of Cambridge University, 1728. His 'miscellaneous curiosities, with the coins,

medals, and portraits, were sold by auction in March, 1742, and the books . . . were bought the same year by Thomas Osborne, the bookseller of Gray's Inn, for £13,000. . . . That the manuscripts might not be dispersed, Lady Oxford parted with them in 1753 to the nation for the insignificant sum of £10,000. They now form the Harleian collection in the British Museum.'—(D.N.B.)

²² By Buranello, and called 'Scipione in Cartagine.' Wright.

to have been a vast elephant, but the just directors, designing to give the audience the full weight of one for their money, made it so heavy, that at the *prova* it broke through the stage. It was to have carried twenty soldiers, with Monticelli on a throne in the middle. There is a new subscription begun for next year, thirty subscribers at two hundred pounds each. Would you believe that I am one? You need not believe it quite, for I am but half an one; Mr. Conway and I take a share between us. We keep Monticelli and Amorevoli, and to please Lord Middlesex, that odious Muscovita; but shall discard Mr. Vaneschi. We are to have the Barberina and the two Faussans; so, at least, the singers and dancers will be equal to anything in Europe.

Our Earl²³ is still at Richmond: I have not been there yet; I shall go once or twice; for however little inclination I have to it, I would not be thought to grow cool just now. You know I am above such dirtiness, and you are sensible that my coolness is of much longer standing. Your sister²⁴ is with mine at the Park; they came to town last Tuesday for the opera, and returned next day. After supper, I prevailed on your sister to sing, and though I had heard her before, I thought I never heard anything beyond it; there is a sweetness in her voice equal to Cuzzoni's²⁵, with a better manner.

I was last week at the masquerade, dressed like an old woman, and passed for a good mask. I took the English liberty of teasing whomever I pleased, particularly old Churchill. I told him I was quite ashamed of being there till I met him, but was quite comforted with finding one person in the room older than myself. The Duke²⁶, who

²³ His father, the Earl of Orford.

²⁴ Mary Mann, afterwards married to Mr. Foote. *Walpole*.

²⁵ Francesca Cuzzoni, d. 1770.

²⁶ Of Cumberland. *Walpole*.

had been told who I was, came up and said, 'Je connois cette poitrine.' I took him for some Templar, and replied, 'Vous! vous ne connoissez que des poitrines qui sont bien plus usées.' It was unluckily pat. The next night, at the Drawing-room, he asked me, very good-humouredly, if I knew who was the old woman that had teased everybody at the masquerade. We were laughing so much at this, that the King crossed the room to Lady Hervey, who was with us, and said, 'What are those boys laughing at so?' She told him, and that I had said I was so awkward at undressing myself, that I had stood for an hour in my stays and under-petticoat before my footman. My thanks to Madame Grifoni. I cannot write more now, as I must not make my letter too big, when it appears at the secretary's office *now*. As to my sister, I am sure Sir Robert would never have accepted Prince Craon's offer, who now, I suppose, would not be eager to repeat it.

67. TO HORACE MANN.

March 10, 1742.

I WILL not work you up into a fright only to have the pleasure of putting you out of it, but will tell you at once that we have gained the greatest victory! I don't mean in the person of Admiral Vernon, nor of Admiral Haddock; no, nor in that of his Grace of Argyll. By *we*, I don't mean *we-England*, but *we*, literally *we*; not you and I, but *we*, the house of Orford. The certainty that the Opposition (or rather the Coalition, for that is the new name they have taken) had of carrying every point they wished, made them, in the pride of their hearts, declare that they would move for the Secret Committee yesterday (Tuesday), and next Friday would name the list, by which day they should have Mr. Sandys from his re-election. It was, however,

expected to be put off, as Mr. Pulteney could not attend the House; his only daughter was dying—they say she is dead. But an affair of consequence to them, and indeed to the nation in general, roused all their rage, and drove them to determine on the last violences. I told you in my last, that the new Admiralty was named, with a mixture of Tories; that is, it was named by my Lord of Argyll; but the King flatly put his negative on Sir John Cotton. They said he was no Tory now, (and, in truth, he *yesterday* in the House professed himself a Whig,) and that there were no Tories left in the nation. The King replied, ‘that might be; but he was determined to stand by those who had set him and his family upon the throne.’ This refusal enraged them so much, that they declared they would force him, not only to turn out all the old ministry, but the new too, if he wished to save Sir R. and others of his friends; and that, as they supposed he designed to get the great bills passed, and then prorogue the Parliament, they were determined to keep back some of the chief bills, and sit all the summer, examining into the late administration. Accordingly, yesterday, in a most full House, Lord Limerick¹ (who last year, seconded the famous motion²) moved for a committee to examine into the conduct of the last twenty years, and was seconded by Sir John St. Aubin³. In short, (for I have not time to tell you the debate at length,) we divided, between eight and nine, when there was not a man of our party that did not expect to lose it by at least fifteen or twenty, but, to our great amazement, and their as great confusion, we threw out the motion, by a majority

LETTER 67.—¹ William Hamilton, Lord Viscount Limerick. *Walpole*.—James (not William) Hamilton, Viscount Limerick, cr. Earl of Clanbrassil, 1756; d. 1758.

² For removing Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole*.

³ Sir John St. Aubyn (1696-1744), third Baronet, of Clowance, Cornwall; M.P. for Cornwall, 1722-44. He was active in opposition to Walpole, but declined to preside over the Committee appointed to examine into his official acts.

of 244 against 242. Was there ever a more surprising event? a disgraced minister, by his personal interest, to have a majority to defend him even from inquiry! What was ridiculous, the very man who seconded the motion happened to be shut out at the division; but there was one on our side shut out too.

I don't know what violent step they will take next; it must be by surprise, for when they could not carry this, it will be impossible for them to carry anything more personal. We trust that the danger is now past, though they had a great meeting to-day at Dodington's, and threaten still. He was to have made the motion, but was deterred by the treatment he met last week. Sir John Norris was not present; he has resigned all his employments, in a pique for not being named of the new Admiralty. His old Grace of Somerset⁴ is reconciled to his son, Lord Hertford, on his late affair of having the regiment taken from him: he sent for him, and told him he had behaved like his son.

My dearest child, I have this moment received a most unexpected and most melancholy letter from you, with an account of your fever and new operation. Jesus! I did not in the least dream of your having any more trouble from that disorder! are you never to be delivered from it? Your letter has shocked me extremely; and then I am terrified at the Spaniards passing so near Florence. If they should, as I fear they will, stay there, how inconvenient and terrible it would be for you, now you are ill! You tell me, and my good Mr. Chute tells me, that you are out of all danger, and much better; but to what can I trust, when you have these continual relapses! The vast time that passes between your writing and my receiving your letters,

⁴ Charles Seymour (1662-1748), sixth Duke of Somerset, known as the 'Proud Duke.'

makes me flatter myself, that by now you are out of all pain: but I am miserable, with finding that you may be still subject to new torture! not all your courage, which is amazing, can give me any about you. But how can you write to me? I will not suffer it—and now, good Mr. Chute will write for you. I am so angry at your writing immediately after that dreadful operation, though I see your goodness in it, that I will not say a word more to you. All the rest is to Mr. Chute.

What shall I say to you, my dearest Sir, for all your tenderness to poor Mr. Mann and me? as you have so much friendship for him, you may conceive how much I am obliged to you. How much do I regret not having had more opportunities of showing you my esteem and love, before this new attention to Mr. Mann. You do flatter me, and tell me he is recovering—may I trust you? and don't you say it, only to comfort me?—Say a great deal for me to Mr. Whithed; he is excessively good to me; I don't know how to thank him. I am happy that you are so well yourself, and so constant to your fasting. To reward your virtues, I will tell you all the news I know; not much, but very extraordinary. What would be the most extraordinary event that you think could happen? Would not—next to his becoming a real patriot—the Duke of Argyll's resigning be the most unexpected? would anything be more surprising than his immediately resigning power and profit, after having felt the want of them? Be that as it will, he literally, actually resigned all his new commissions yesterday, because the King refused to employ the Tories. What part he will act next, is yet to come. Mrs. Boothby said, upon the occasion, 'that in one month's time he had contrived to please the whole nation—the Tories, by going to Court; the Whigs, by leaving it.'

They talk much of impeaching my father, since they

could not committee him; but as they could not, I think they will scarce be able to carry a more violent step. However, to show how little Tory resentments are feared, the King has named a new Admiralty; Lord Winchilsea, Admiral Cavendish⁵, Mr. Cockburn, Dr. Lee, Lord Baltimore, young Trevor⁶, (which is much disliked, for he is of no consequence for estate, and less for parts, but is a relation of the Pelhams,) and Lord Archibald Hamilton⁷—to please his Royal Highness. Some of his people (*not* the Lytteltons and Pitts) stayed away the other night upon the Secret Committee, and they think he will at last rather take his father's part than Argyll's.

Poor Mr. Pulteney has lost his girl⁸: she was an only daughter, and sensible and handsome. He has only a son left⁹, and, they say, is afflicted to the greatest degree.

I will say nothing about old Sarah's Memoirs; for with some spirit, they are nothing but remnants of old women's frippery. Good night! I recommend my poor Mr. Mann to you, and am

Yours most faithfully.

P.S. My dearest child, how unhappy I shall be, till I hear you are quite recovered!

⁵ Admiral Philip Cavendish, M.P. for Portsmouth; d. 1743.

⁶ John Trevor (d. 1745), eldest surviving son of John Morley Trevor, of Glynde, Sussex, by Lucy, daughter of Edward Montagu, of Horton, Northamptonshire; M.P. for Lewes. He was a nephew of Walpole's friend George Montagu. (See Table II.)

⁷ Seventh and youngest son of

Anne Hamilton (circ. 1636–1716), *suo jure* Duchess of Hamilton (by her husband, William Douglas, first Earl of Selkirk, created Duke of Hamilton for life); Governor of Jamaica, 1710; Master of Greenwich Hospital, 1746.

⁸ Miss Pulteney died on March 9.

⁹ William Pulteney, afterwards styled Viscount Pulteney; d. 1763 (during his father's lifetime).

68. TO HORACE MANN.

Monday, March 22.

[Great part of this letter is lost¹.]

. . . I HAVE at last received a letter from you in answer to the first I wrote to you upon the change in the ministry. I hope you have received mine regularly since, that you may know all the consequent steps. I like the Pasquinades you sent me, and think the Emperor's letter as mean as you do. I hope his state will grow more abject every day. It is amazing, the progress and success of the Queen of Hungary's arms! It is said to-day, that she has defeated a great body of Prussians in Moravia. We are going to extend a helping hand to her at last. Lord Stair² has accepted what my Lord Argyll resigned, and sets out ambassador to Holland in two days; and afterwards will have the command of the troops that are to be sent into Flanders. I am sorry I must send away this to-night, without being able to tell you the event of to-morrow; but I will let you know it on Thursday, if I write but two lines. You have no notion how I laughed at Mrs. Goldsworthy's 'talking from hand to mouth³.' How happy I am that you have Mr. Chute still with you; you would have been distracted else with that simple woman; for fools prey upon one, when one has no companion to laugh them off.

I shall say everything that is proper for you to the Earl, and shall take care about expressing you to him, as I know

LETTER 68.—¹ In Horace Walpole's handwriting.

² John Dalrymple (1673-1747), second Earl of Stair; he greatly distinguished himself in Marlborough's campaigns, and was Colonel of the Scots Greys, 1706; Colonel of Inniskilling Dragoons, 1714; Envoy (afterwards Ambassador) at Paris, 1714-20;

Vice-Admiral of Scotland, 1729-33; deprived of that office, and of military command (owing to his opposition to Walpole), 1733; Field-Marshal (on the fall of Walpole), 1742; Commander-in-Chief in Flanders, 1742-43.

³ An expression of Mr. Chute. Walpole.

you have your gratitude far more at heart, than what I am thinking of for you, I mean your stay at Florence. I have spoken very warmly to Lord Lincoln about you, who, I am sure, will serve you to his power. Indeed, as all changes are at a stop, I am convinced there will be no thought of removing you. However, till I see the situation of next winter, I cannot be easy on your account.

I have made a few purchases at Lord Oxford's sale; a small Vandyke⁴, in imitation of Teniers; an old picture of the Duchess of Suffolk, mother of Lady Jane Grey, and her young husband⁵; a sweet bronze vase by Fiamingo, and two or three other trifles. The things sold dear; the antiquities and pictures for about five thousand pounds, which yet, no doubt, cost him much more, for he gave the most extravagant prices. His coins and medals are now selling, and go still dearer. Good night! How I wish for every letter, to hear how you mend!

69. TO HORACE MANN.

March 24, 1742.

I PROMISED you in my last letter to send you the event of yesterday. It was not such as you would wish, for on the division, at nine o'clock at night, we lost it by two hundred forty-two against two hundred forty-five. We had three people shut out, so that a majority of three is so small that it is scarce doubted, but that, on Friday, when we ballot for the twenty-one to form the Committee, we shall carry a list composed of our people, so that then it will be

⁴ 'Soldiers at cards, a curious picture, being painted in the manner of Teniers, by Vandyck; from Lord Oxford's collection.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill.*)

⁵ 'A fine and very valuable picture by Lucas de Heere, representing

Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, mother of the Lady Jane Grey, and Adrian Stoke, her second husband. This picture was in the collection of the Earl of Oxford, and was engraved by Vertue.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill.*)

better that we lost it yesterday, as they never can trouble my Lord Orford more, when the Secret Committee consists of his own friends. The motion was made and seconded by the same people as before: Mr. Pulteney¹ had been desired, but refused, yet spoke very warmly for it. He declared, 'that if they found any proofs against the Earl, he would not engage in the prosecution'; and especially protested against *resumptions of grants to his family*, of which, he said, 'there had been much talk, but were what he would never come into, as being very illegal and unjust.' The motion was quite personal against Lord Orford, singly and by name, for his last ten years—the former question had been for twenty years, but as the rules of Parliament do not allow of repeating any individual motion in the same session of its rejection, and as every evasion is allowed in this country, half the term was voted by the same House of Commons that had refused an inquiry into the whole; a sort of proof that every *omne majus* does not *continere in se minus*—but Houses of Commons can find out evasions to logical axioms, as well as to their own orders. If they carry their list, my Lord will be obliged to return from Houghton.

After the division, Mr. Pulteney moved for an address to the King, to declare their resolution of standing by him, especially in assisting the Queen of Hungary—but I believe, after the loss of the question, he will not be in very good humour with this address.

I am now going to tell you what you will not have expected—that a particular friend of yours opposed the motion, and it was the first time he ever spoke. To keep

LETTER 69.—¹ This was much mentioned in the pamphlets written against the war, which was said to have been determined by a gentleman's fumbling in his pocket for a

piece of paper at ten o'clock at night, and the House's agreeing to the motion without any consideration. Walpole.

you not in suspense, though you must have guessed, it was 220². As the speech was very favourably heard, and has done him service, I prevailed with him to give me a copy—here it is:—

‘Mr. Speaker³,—I have always thought, Sir, that incapacity and inexperience must prejudice the cause they undertake to defend; and it has been diffidence of myself, not distrust of the cause, that has hitherto made me so silent upon a point on which I ought to have appeared so zealous.

‘While the attempts for this inquiry were made in general terms, I should have thought it presumption in me to stand up and defend measures in which so many abler men have been engaged, and which, consequently, they could so much better support; but when the attack grows more personal, it grows my duty to oppose it more particularly, lest I be suspected of an ingratitude which my heart disdains. But I think, Sir, I cannot be suspected of that, unless my not having abilities to defend my father can be construed into a desire not to defend him.

‘My experience, Sir, is very small; I have never been conversant in business and politics, and have sat a very short time in this House—with so slight a fund, I must much mistrust my power to serve him—especially as in the short time I have sat here, I have seen that not his own knowledge, innocence, and eloquence, have been able to protect him against a powerful and determined party. I have seen, since his retirement, that he has many great and noble friends, who have been able to protect him from farther violence. But, Sir, when no repulses can calm the clamour against him, no motives should sway his friends from openly undertaking his defence. When the King has conferred rewards on his services; when the Parliament has refused its assent to any inquiries of complaint against him; it is but maintaining the King’s and our own honour, to reject this motion—for the repeating

² The author of these letters. *Walpole*.

³ There is a fictitious speech printed for this in several magazines

of that time, but which does not contain one sentence of the true one. *Walpole*.

which, however, I cannot think the authors to blame, as I suppose now they have turned him out, they are willing to inquire whether they had any reason to do so.

‘I shall say no more, Sir, but leave the material part of this defence to the impartiality, candour, and credit of men who are no ways dependent on him. He has already found that defence, Sir, and I hope he always will! It is to their authority I trust—and to me, it is the strongest proof of innocence, that for twenty years together, no crime could be solemnly alleged against him; and since his dismissal, he has seen a majority rise up to defend his character in that very House of Commons in which a majority had overturned his power. As therefore, Sir, I must think him innocent, I stand up to protect him from injustice—had he been accused, I should not have given the House this trouble: but I think, Sir, that the precedent of what was done upon this question a few days ago, is sufficient reason, if I had no other, for me to give my negative now.’

William Pitt, some time after, in the debate, said, how very commendable it was in him to have made the above speech, which must have made an impression upon the House; but if it was becoming in him to remember that he was the child of the accused, that the House ought to remember too that they are the children of their country.—It was a great compliment from him, and very artful too.

I forgot to tell you in my last, that one of our men-of-war, commanded by Lord Bamffe⁴, a Scotchman, has taken another register ship, of immense value.

You will laugh at a comical thing that happened the other day to Lord Lincoln. He sent the Duke of Richmond word that he would dine with him in the country, and

⁴ Alexander Ogilvy (d. 1746), sixth Baron Banff. ‘The “Hastings,” Lord Bamff, took off the Madeiras, Jan. 7, after an engagement of two hours, a Spanish Register-ship of 20 guns and 105 men, besides 10 men and 4 women passengers, and

a child, bound from Cadiz for the Havanna. As he was carrying his prize into Madeira he likewise took on the 16th a Privateer of 14 carriage and 6 swivel guns, and 73 men.’ (*Gent. Mag.*, 1742, p. 218.)

if he would give him leave, would bring Lord Bury⁵ with him. It happens that Lord Bury is nothing less than the Duke of Richmond's nephew. The Duke, very properly, sent him word back, that Lord Bury might bring him, if he pleased.

I have been plagued all this morning with that oaf of unlicked antiquity, Prideaux⁶, and his great boy. He talked through all Italy, and everything in all Italy. Upon mentioning Stosch, I asked him if he had seen his collection. He replied, very few of his things, for he did not like his company; that he never heard so much *heathenish talk* in his days. I inquired what it was, and found that Stosch had one day said before him, 'that the soul was only a little glue.' I laughed so much, that he walked off; I suppose, thinking that I believed so too. By the way, tell Stosch that a gold Alectus sold at Lord Oxford's sale for above threescore pounds.

Good night, my dear child! I am just going to the ridotto; one hates those places, comes away out of humour, and yet one goes again! How are you? I long for your next letter to answer me.

70. TO HORACE MANN.

Downing Street, April 1, 1742.

I RECEIVED your letter of March 18th, and would be as particular in the other dates which you have sent me in the end of your letter, but our affairs having been in such confusion, I have removed all my papers in general from

⁵ George Keppel (1724-1772), Viscount Bury, succeeded his father as third Earl of Albemarle, 1754; served in the army; was the favourite A.D.C. of William, Duke of Cumberland, whom he attended at Fontenoy and Culloden; Governor of Jersey,

1761; Commander-in-Chief of expedition against the Havana, 1762; K.G., 1771.

⁶ Grandson of Dean Prideaux; he was just returned out of Italy, with his son. *Walpole*.

hence, and cannot now examine them. I have, I think, received all yours: but lately I received them two days at least after their arrival, and evidently opened; so we must be cautious now what we write. Remember this, for of your last the seal had been quite taken off and set on again.

Last Friday we balloted for the Secret Committee. Except the vacancies, there were but thirty-one members absent: five hundred and eighteen gave in lists. At six that evening they named a committee, of which Lord Hartington was chairman (as having moved for it), to examine the lists. This lasted from that time, all that night, till four in the afternoon of the next day; twenty-two hours without remission. There were sixteen people, of which were Lord Hartington and Coke, who sat up the whole time, and one of them, Velters Cornwall¹, fainted with the fatigue and heat, for people of all sorts were admitted into the room, to see the lists drawn; it was in the Speaker's chambers. On the conclusion, they found the majority was for a mixed list, but of which the Opposition had the greater number. Here are the two lists, which were given out by each side, but of which people altered several in their private lists.

THE COURT LIST.

William Bowles².

*Lord Cornbury³.

*William Finch⁴.

THE OPPOSITION LIST.

Sir John Barnard.

Alexander Hume Campbell⁵.

Sir John Cotton.

LETTER 70.—¹ Velters Cornwall (1696–1768), of Moccas Court, M.P. for Herefordshire in seven Parliaments.

² M.P. for Bewdley.

³ Son of the Earl of Clarendon. *Walpole*.—Henry Hyde (1710–1753), Viscount Cornbury, eldest surviving son of fourth Earl of Clarendon, whom he predeceased. M.P. for Oxford University, 1732–50; Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince

of Wales, 1738; summoned to House of Lords as Baron Hyde of Hindon, 1750.

⁴ Afterwards Vice-Chamberlain. *Walpole*.—Second son of sixth Earl of Winchelsea; Envoy to Sweden; Envoy to the Hague, 1726; Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, 1742–65; d. 1766.

⁵ Afterwards Solicitor to the Prince. *Walpole*.

THE COURT LIST.

Lord Fitzwilliam.
 Sir Charles Gilmour.
 *Charles Gore.
 H. Arthur Herbert⁶.
 Sir Henry Liddel⁷.
 John Plumptree⁸.
 Sir John Ramsden⁹.
 Strange (Solicitor-General).
 Cholmley Turnor.
 John Talbot¹⁰.
 General Wade¹¹.
 James West¹².

THE OPPOSITION LIST.

George Bubb Dodington¹³.
 Nicholas Fazakerley.
 Henry Furnese.
 Earl of Granard.
 Mr. Hooper¹⁴.
 Lord Limerick¹⁵.
 George Lyttelton¹⁶.
 John Phillips¹⁷.
 William Pitt¹⁸.
 Mr. Prowse¹⁹.
 Edmund Waller²⁰.
 Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn.

⁶ Afterwards Earl of Powis. *Walpole*.—Henry Arthur Herbert (circ. 1703–1772), cr. Baron Herbert of Cherbury, Dec. 21, 1743; Earl of Powis, 1748. He served in the army; was Comptroller of the Household, May–Nov. 1761; Treasurer of the Household, 1761; General, 1772.

⁷ Afterwards Lord Ravensworth. *Walpole*.—Fourth Baronet; cr. Baron Ravensworth, June 29, 1747; M.P. for Morpeth; d. 1784. He was the father of Horace Walpole's friend and correspondent, the Countess of Upper Ossory.

⁸ He had a place in the Ordnance. *Walpole*.

⁹ Third Baronet, of Byrom, Yorkshire; d. 1769.

¹⁰ Son of the late Lord Chancellor, and afterwards a Judge. *Walpole*.

¹¹ Afterwards Field-Marshal. *Walpole*.—General George Wade (1673–1748), M.P. for Bath. He commanded in the Netherlands (1744), and was at the head of a body of troops sent against the rebels in 1745. He is best known as the maker of roads through the Highlands.

¹² Afterwards Secretary of the Treasury. *Walpole*.—M.P. for St.

Albans; he was an antiquary, and made a good collection of MSS. and curiosities; d. 1772.

¹³ Had been a Lord of the Treasury. *Walpole*.

¹⁴ Had a place on the change of ministry. *Walpole*.—M.P. for Christchurch; an authority on finance. He was uncle of the first Earl of Malmesbury, to whom he left his seat, Heron Court, Hampshire.

¹⁵ Afterwards King's Remembrancer. *Walpole*.—This office (Chief Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland) appears to have been held by Lord Limerick's son, James Hamilton, second Earl of Clanbrassil. (See *Complete Peerage*.)

¹⁶ Afterwards Cofferer. *Walpole*.

¹⁷ Afterwards a Lord of Trade and Baronet. *Walpole*.—Sixth Baronet, of Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire.

¹⁸ Afterwards Paymaster. *Walpole*.

¹⁹ Thomas Prowse, a Tory and M.P. for Somersetshire; he declined the Speakership of the House of Commons in 1761; d. 1767.

²⁰ Afterwards Cofferer. *Walpole*.

Besides the following six, which were in both lists:—

*George Compton . . . 515	These six, on casting up the
*William Noel ²¹ . . . 512	numbers, had those marked
*Lord Quarendon ²² . . . 512	against their names, and were
*Sir John Rushout ²³ . . . 516	consequently chosen.—Those
Samuel Sandys ²⁴ . . . 516	with this mark() were reckoned
*Sir John St. Aubin . . . 518	of the Opposition.

On casting up the numbers, the lists proved thus:—

*Sir John Barnard . . . 268	*Mr. Prowse 259
*Nicholas Fazakerley . . . 262	*Edmund Waller . . . 259
*Henry Furnese 262	William Bowles 259
*Earl of Granard 259	*Lord Cornbury 262
*Mr. Hooper 265	Solicitor-General 259
*William Pitt 259	Cholmley Turnor 259

This made eighteen: Mr. Finch, Sir Harry Liddel, and Mr. Talbot, had 258 each, and Hume Campbell 257, besides one in which his name was mis-written, but allowed; out of these four, two were to be chosen: it was agreed that the Speaker was to choose them. He, with a resolution not supposed to be in him, as he has been the most notorious affecter of popularity, named Sir Harry Liddel and Mr. Talbot; so that, on the whole, we have just five that we can call our own. These will not be sufficient to stop their proceedings, but by being privy, may stop any iniquitous proceedings. They have chosen Lord Limerick chairman. Lord Orford returns to-morrow from Houghton to Chelsea, from whence my uncle went in a great fright to fetch him.

²¹ Afterwards a Judge. *Walpole*.—Second son of Sir John Noel, fourth Baronet; M.P. for Stamford; for West Looe, 1747–57; a King's Counsel; Chief Justice of Chester, 1750; Judge of Common Pleas, 1757; d. 1762.

²² Afterwards Earl of Lichfield. *Walpole*.

²³ Afterwards Treasurer of the Navy. *Walpole*.

²⁴ Afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, then Cofferer, and then a Baron. *Walpole*.

I was yesterday presented to the Prince and Princess ; but had not the honour of a word from either : he did vouchsafe to talk to Lord Walpole the day before.

Yesterday the Lord Mayor brought in their favourite bill for repealing the Septennial Act, but we rejected it by 284 to 204.

You shall have particular accounts of the Secret Committee and their proceedings ; but it will be at least a month before they can make any progress. You did not say anything about yourself in your last ; never omit it, my dear child.

71. TO HORACE MANN.

London, April 8, 1742.

You have no notion how astonished I was, at reading your account of Sir Francis Dashwood !—that it should be possible for private and personal pique so to sour any man's temper and honour, and so utterly to change their principles ; I own I am for your naming him in your next dispatch : they may at least intercept his letters, and prevent his dirty intelligence. As to Lady Walpole, her schemes are so wild and so ill-founded, that I don't think it worth while to take notice of them. I possibly may mention this new one of changing her name, to her husband, and of her coming-over design, but I am sure he will only laugh at it.

The ill-situation of the King, which you say is so much talked of at the Petraia¹, is not true ; indeed he and the Prince are not at all more reconciled for being reconciled ; but I think his resolution has borne him out. All the public questions are easily carried, even with the concur-

LETTER 71.—¹ The Petraia is a villa belonging to the Great Duke, where

Prince Craon resided in summer. Walpole.

rence of the Tories. Mr. Pulteney proposed to grant a large sum for assisting the Queen of Hungary, and got Sir John Barnard to move it. They have given the King five hundred thousand pounds for that purpose. The land-tax of four shillings in the pound is continued. Lord Stair is gone to Holland, and orders are given to the regiments and guards to have their camp equipages ready. As to the Spanish war and Vernon, there is no more talk of them; one would think they had both been taken by a privateer.

We talk of adjourning soon for a month or six weeks, to give the Secret Committee time to proceed, which yet they have not done. Their object is returned from Houghton in great health and greater spirits. They are extremely angry with him for laughing at their power. The concourse to him is as great as ever; so is the rage against him. All this week the mob has been carrying about his effigies in procession, and to the Tower. The chiefs of the Opposition have been so mean as to give these mobs money for bonfires, particularly the Earls of Lichfield², Westmorland, Denbigh³, and Stanhope⁴: the servants of these last got one of these figures, chalked out a place for the heart, and shot at it. You will laugh at me, who, the other day, meeting one of these mobs, drove up to it to see what was the matter: the first thing I beheld was a mawkin, in a chair, with three footmen, and a label on the breast, inscribed "Lady Mary⁵."

The Speaker, who has been much abused for naming two of our friends to the Secret Committee, to show his disinterestedness, has resigned his place of Treasurer to the Navy. Mr. Clutterbuck⁶, one of the late Treasury, is to

² George Henry Lee (1690-1743), second Earl of Lichfield.

³ William Fielding (1697-1755), fifth Earl of Denbigh.

⁴ Philip Stanhope (1717-1786),

second Earl Stanhope.

⁵ Lady Mary Walpole, daughter of Sir R. W. Walpole.

⁶ This Mr. Clutterbuck had been raised by Lord Carteret, when Lord-

have it ; so there seems a stop put to any new persons from the Opposition.

His Royal Highness is gone to Kew ; his Drawing-rooms will not be so crowded at his return, as he has disoblged so many considerable people, particularly the Dukes of Montagu⁷ and Richmond, Lord Albemarle, &c. The Richmond went twice, and yet was not spoken to ; nor the others ; nay, he has vented his princely resentment even upon the women, for to Lady Hervey not a word.

This is all the news, except that little Brook is on the point of matrimony with Miss Hamilton⁸, Lady Archibald's⁹ daughter. She is excessively pretty and sensible, but as diminutive as he.

I forgot to tell you, that the Place Bill has met with the same fate from the Lords as the Pension Bill and the Triennial Act ; so that, after all their clamour and changing of measures, they have not been able to get one of their popular bills passed, though the newspapers, for these three months, have swarmed with instructions for these purposes

Lieutenant of Ireland, whom he betrayed to Sir R. Walpole ; the latter employed him, but never would trust him. He then ingratiated himself with Mr. Pelham, under a pretence of candour and integrity, and was continually infusing scruples into him on political questions, to distress Sir R. On the latter's quitting the ministry, he appointed a Board of Treasury at his own house, in order to sign some grants ; Mr. Clutterbuck made a pretence to slip away, and never returned. He was a friend too of the Speaker's : when Sir R. W. was told that Mr. Onslow had resigned his place, and that Mr. Clutterbuck was to succeed him, he said, 'I remember that the Duke of Roxburgh, who was a great pretender to conscience, persuaded the Duke of Montrose to resign the seals of Secretary of State, on some scruple,

and begged them himself the next day.' Mr. Clutterbuck died very soon after this transaction. *Walpole.*

⁷ John Montagu (1689-1749), second Duke of Montagu ; served in the army ; K.G., 1718 ; Grand Master of Order of the Bath, 1725 ; Governor of Isle of Wight, 1733-34 ; Captain of Gentlemen Pensioners, 1734-40 ; Master General of the Ordnance, 1742-49 ; General of Horse, 1746.

⁸ Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Archibald Hamilton ; m. (1742), Francis Greville, Lord Brooke, afterwards Earl of Warwick ; d. 1800.

⁹ Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of sixth Earl of Abercorn ; m. (1719) Lord Archibald Hamilton. She was First Lady of the Bedchamber, Mistress of the Robes and Privy Purse to Augusta, Princess of Wales.

from the constituents of all parts of Great Britain to their representatives.

We go into mourning on Sunday for the old Empress Amelia¹⁰. Lord Chedworth¹¹, one of three new peers, is dead. We hear the King of Sardinia is at Piacenza, to open the campaign. I shall be in continual fears lest they disturb you at Florence. My love to the Chutes, and my compliments to all my old acquaintance. I don't think I have forgot one of them. Patapan is entirely yours, and entirely handsome. Good night!

72. TO HORACE MANN.

April 15, 1742.

THE great pleasure I receive from your letters is a little abated by my continually finding that they have been opened. It is a mortification, as it must restrain the freedom of our correspondence, and at a time when more than ever I must want to talk to you.

Your brother showed me a letter, which I approve extremely, yet do not think this a proper time for it; for there is not only no present prospect of any farther alterations, but, if there were, none that will give that person any interest. He really has lost himself so much, that it will be long before he can recover credit enough to do anybody any service. His childish and troublesome behaviour, particularly lately (but I will not mention instances, because I would not have it known whom I mean), has set him in the lowest light imaginable. I have desired your brother to keep your letter, and when we see a necessary or convenient opportunity, which I hope will not arrive, it shall

¹⁰ Widow of the Emperor Joseph. She was of the House of Wolfenbittel. *Walpole*.

¹¹ John Howe, created a Baron, 1741. *Walpole*.

be delivered. However, if you are still of that opinion, say so, and your brother shall carry it. At present, my dear child, I am much more at repose about you, as I trust no more will happen to endanger your situation. I shall not only give you the first notice, but employ all the means in my power to prevent your removal.

The Secret Committee, it seems, are almost aground, and, it is thought, will soon finish. They are now reduced, as I hear, to inquire into the last month, not having met with any foundation for proceeding in the rest of the time. However, they have this week given a strong instance of their arbitrariness and private resentments. They sent for Paxton¹, the Solicitor of the Treasury, and examined him about five hundred pounds which he had given seven years ago at Lord Limerick's election. The man, as it directly tended to accuse himself, refused to answer. They complained to the House, and after a long debate he was committed to the Serjeant-at-Arms; and to-day, I hear, for still refusing, will be sent to Newgate. We adjourn to-day for ten days, but the Committee has leave to continue sitting. But, my dear child, you may be quite at ease, for they themselves seem to despair of being able to effect anything.

The Duke² is of age to-day, and, I hear by the guns, is just gone with the King to take his seat in the Lords.

I have this morning received the jar of cedrati³ safe, for which I give you a million of thanks. I am impatient to hear of the arrival of your secretary and the things at Florence; it is time for you to have received them.

Here! Amorevoli has sent me another letter. Would you believe that our wise directors for next year will not

LETTER 72. —¹ Nicholas Paxton, committed to Newgate, April 14, and released, July 15, 1742.

² The Duke of Cumberland.

³ Citrons preserved in *liqueur*.

keep the Visconti, and have sent for the Fumagalli? She will not be heard to the first row of the pit.

I am growing miserable, for it is growing fine weather—that is, everybody is going out of town. I have but just begun to like London, and to be settled in an agreeable set of people, and now they are going to wander all over the kingdom. Because they have some chance of having a month of good weather, they will bury themselves three more in bad.

The Duchess of Cleveland⁴ died last night of what they call a miliary fever, which is much about: she had not been ill two days. So the poor creature, her Duke⁵, is again to be let: she paid dear for the hopes of being Duchess dowager.

Lady Catherine Pelham⁶ has miscarried of twins; but they are so miserable with the loss of their former two boys, that they seem glad now of not having any more to tremble for.

I told you that we had seen a comet; the women are very full of what they call the *new comet*; it is a man who publicly in the streets *produces a violent fiery tail*. He exhibited lately to Lady Tankerville's daughter as she was passing by in the coach: her governess cried out, 'Oh! fie! nasty man! pull up the glass, child, pull up the glass!'—you know that was the way to hinder her seeing it.

There is another man who has by degrees bred himself up to walk upon stilts so high, that he now stalks about and peeps into the one pair of stairs windows. If this practice should spread, dining-rooms will be as innocent as

⁴ Lady Henrietta Finch, sister of the Earl of Winchelsea, wife of William, Duke of Cleveland. *Watpole*.

⁵ William Fitzroy (1698–1774), third Duke of Cleveland; Receiver General of the Profits of the Seals in the King's Bench and Common Pleas, and Comptroller of the Seal

and Green Wax Office.

⁶ Catherine, sister of John Manners, Duke of Rutland, and wife of Henry Pelham. They lost their two sons by an epidemic sore throat, after which she would never go to Esher or any house where she had seen them. *Watpole*.

chapels. Good night! I never forget my best loves to the Chutes.

P.S. I this moment hear that Edgcumbe⁷ and Lord Fitzwilliam are created English peers: I am sure the first is, and I believe the second⁸.

73. TO HORACE MANN.

London, April 22, 1742.

You perceive, by the size of my paper, how little I have to say. The whole town is out of town for Easter, and nothing left but dust, old women, and the Secret Committee. They go on warmly, and have turned their whole thoughts to the secret-service money, after which they are inquiring by all methods. Sir John Rawdon¹ (you remember that genius in Italy) voluntarily swore before them that, at the late election at Wallingford, he spent two thousand pounds, and that one Morley promised him fifteen hundred more, if he would lay it out. 'Whence was Morley to have it?'—'*I don't know*; I believe from the First Minister.' This makes an evidence. It is thought that they will ask leave to examine members, which was the reason of Edgcumbe's going into the peerage, as they supposed he had been the principal agent for the Cornish boroughs. Sir John Cotton said upon the occasion, 'Between Newgate² and the House of Lords, the Committee will not get any information.'

⁷ Richard Edgcumbe, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a great friend of Sir R. Walpole, was created a Baron to prevent his being examined by the Secret Committee concerning the management of the Cornish boroughs. *Walpole*.—Richard Edgcumbe (1680–1758), of Mount Edgcumbe, cr. Baron Edgcumbe, April 20, 1742; served in the army; Major-General, 1755; Chief Justice in Eyre, North of Trent, 1758.

⁸ Lord Fitzwilliam was created a Peer of Great Britain, April 19, 1742.

LETTER 73.—¹ He was afterwards made an Irish Lord. *Walpole*.—Fourth Baronet (1720–1793), cr. (April 9, 1750) Baron Rawdon of Moira, co. Down; Earl of Moira (in Ireland), 1762.

² Alluding to Paxton, who was sent thither for refusing to give evidence. *Walpole*.

The troops for Flanders go on board Saturday se'night, the first embarkation of five thousand men: the whole number is to be sixteen thousand. It is not yet known what success Earl Stair has had at the Hague. We are in great joy upon the news of the King of Prussia's running away from the Austrians: though his cowardice is well established, it is yet believed that the flight in question was determined by his head, not his heart; in short, that it was treachery to his allies³.

I forgot to tell you, that of the Secret Committee Sir John Rushout and Cholmley Turnor never go to it, nor, which is more extraordinary, Sir John Barnard. He says he thought their views were more general, but finding them so particular against one man, he will not engage with them.

I have been breakfasting this morning at Ranelagh Garden⁴: they have built an immense amphitheatre, with balconies full of little alehouses; it is in rivalry to Vauxhall, and costs about twelve thousand pounds. The building is not finished, but they get great sums by people going to see it and breakfasting in the house: there were yesterday no less than three hundred and eighty persons, at eighteen pence a-piece. You see how poor we are, when, with a tax of four shillings in the pound, we are laying out such sums for cakes and ale.

We have a new opera, with your favourite song, *Se cerca, se dice*⁵: Monticelli sings it beyond what you can conceive. Your last was of April 8th. I like the medal of the Caesars and Nihils⁶ extremely; but don't at all like the cracking of

³ The King of Prussia, at the beginning of April, raised the siege of Brunn and withdrew from Moravia. His retreat was due to the inadequate support of his allies, the French and Saxons.

⁴ Ranelagh Gardens were upon land granted by William III to Richard Jones, first Earl of Rane-

lagh (d. 1712). The buildings were demolished in 1802, and the site now forms part of Chelsea Hospital Gardens.

⁵ In the *Olimpiade*. Walpole.

⁶ A satirical medal: on one side was the head of Francis, Duke of Lorraine (afterwards Emperor), with this motto, *aut Caesar aut nihil*; on

your house⁷, except that it drives away your Pettegola⁸. What I like much worse, is your recovering your strength so slowly; but I trust to the warm weather.

Miss Granville⁹, daughter of the late Lord Lansdown¹⁰, is named Maid of Honour, in the room of Miss Hamilton, who I told you is to be Lady Brook: they are both so small! what little eggs they will lay!

How does my Princess¹¹! does not she deign to visit you too? Is Sade¹² there still? Is Madame Suares quite gone into devotion yet? Tell me anything—I love anything that you write to me. Good night!

74. TO HORACE MANN.

London, April 29.

By yours of April 17, N.S., and some of your last letters, I find my Lady Walpole is more mad than ever—why, there never was so wild a scheme as this of setting up an interest through Lord Chesterfield! one who has no power; and, if he had, would think of, or serve her, one of the last persons upon earth. What connection has he with, what interest could he have in obliging her? and, but from views, what has he ever done, or will he ever do? But is Richcourt¹ so shallow, and so ambitious, as to put any

the reverse, that of the Emperor Charles VII, Elector of Bavaria, who had been driven out of his dominions, *et Caesar et nihil.* Walpole.

⁷ Mann had written that in consequence of an earthquake at Leghorn, he had received Mrs. Goldsworthy and her children as his guests. The appearance of some cracks in the walls of his house alarmed her, and at last induced her to think of returning to Leghorn.

⁸ Mrs. Goldsworthy. Walpole.

⁹ Hon. Elizabeth Granville, d. unmarried, 1790.

¹⁰ George Granville (1667–1735), first Baron Lansdowne, 1711; a poet and playwright, and an early patron of Pope.

¹¹ Princess Craon. Walpole.

¹² The Chevalier de Sade. Walpole.

LETTER 74.—¹ Count Richcourt was a Lorrainer, and Chief Minister of Florence; there was great connection between him and Lady W. Walpole.

trust in these projects? My dear child, believe me, if I was to mention them here, they would sound so chimerical, so womanish, that I should be laughed at for repeating them. For yourself, be quite at rest, and laugh, as I do, at feeble, visionary malice, and assure yourself, whoever mentions such politics to you, that my Lady Walpole must have very frippery intelligence from hence, if she can raise no better views and on no better foundations. For the poem you mention, I never read it: upon inquiry, I find there was such a thing, though now quite obsolete: undoubtedly not Pope's, and only proves what I said before, how low, how paltry, how uninformed her ladyship's correspondents must be.

We are now all military! all preparations for Flanders! no parties but reviews; no officers but *hope* they are to go abroad—at least, it is the fashion to say so. I am studying lists of regiments and names of colonels—not that *I hope I am to go abroad*, but to talk of those who do. Three thousand men embarked yesterday and the day before, and the thirteen thousand others sail as soon as the transports can return. Messieurs d'Allemagne² roll their red eyes, stroke up their great beavers, and look fierce—you know one loves a review and a tattoo.

We had a debate yesterday in the House on a proposal for replacing four thousand men of some that are to be sent abroad, that, in short, we might have fifteen thousand men to guard the kingdom. This was strongly opposed by the Tories, but we carried it in the Committee, 214 against 123, and to-day, in the House, 280 against 169. Sir John Barnard, Pulteney, the new ministry, all the Prince's people, *except the Cobham cousins*³, the Lord Mayor⁴, several of the

² The Royal Family. *Walpole*.

³ Pitts, Grenvilles, Lytteltons, all related by marriage or female de-

scent to Lord Cobham. *Dover*.—See Table V.

⁴ Sir Robert Godschal.

Opposition, voted with us ; so you must interpret *Tories* in the strongest sense of the word.

The Secret Committee has desired leave to-day to examine three members, Burrel⁵, Bristow⁶, and Hanbury Williams⁷ : the two first are directors of the Bank ; and it is upon an agreement made with them, and at which Williams was present, about remitting some money to Jamaica, and in which they pretend Sir Robert made a bad bargain, to oblige them as members of Parliament. They all three stood up, and voluntarily offered to be examined ; so no vote passed upon it.

These are all the political news : there is little of any other sort ; so little gallantry is stirring, that I do not hear of so much as one Maid of Honour who has declared herself with child by any officer, to engage him not to go abroad. I told you once or twice that Miss Hamilton is going to be married to Lord Brook : somebody wished Lord Archibald joy. He replied, ' Providence has been very good to my family.'

We had a great scuffle the other night at the Opera, which interrupted it. Lord Lincoln was abused in the most shocking manner by a drunken officer, upon which he kicked him, and was drawing his sword, but was prevented. They were put under arrest, and the next morning the man begged his pardon before the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Albemarle, and other officers, in the most submissive terms. I saw the quarrel from the other side of the house, and rushing to get to Lord Lincoln, could not for the crowd. I climbed into the front boxes, and stepping over the shoulders of three ladies, before I knew where I was,

⁵ Peter Burrell, of Beckenham, Kent ; M.P. for Haslemere.

⁶ John Bristow, M.P. for St. Ives.

⁷ Charles Hanbury Williams, of Pontypool Park, Monmouthshire ; K.B., 1744. He was successively

Envoy at Dresden, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. He died insane in 1759. He was an ardent supporter of Sir Robert Walpole, as his political poems testify.

found I had lighted into Lord Rockingham's^s lap. It was ridiculous! Good night!

75. TO RICHARD WEST.

DEAR WEST,

London, May 4, 1742.

Your letter made me quite melancholy, till I came to the postscript of fine weather. Your so suddenly finding the benefit of it, makes me trust you will entirely recover your health and spirits with the warm season: nobody wishes it more than I: nobody has more reason, as few have known you so long.

Don't be afraid of your letters being dull. I don't deserve to be called your friend, if I were impatient at hearing your complaints. I do not desire you to suppress them till their causes cease; nor should I expect you to write cheerfully while you are ill. I never design to write any man's life as a stoic, and consequently should not desire him to furnish me with opportunities for assuring posterity what pains he took not to show any pain.

If you did amuse yourself with writing anything in poetry, you know how pleased I should be to see it; but for encouraging you to it, d'ye see, 'tis an age most unpoetical! 'Tis even a test of wit to dislike poetry; and though Pope has half a dozen old friends that he has preserved from the taste of last century, yet, I assure you, the generality of readers are more diverted with any paltry prose answer to old Marlborough's secret history of Queen Mary's robes. I do not think an author would be universally commended for any production in verse, unless it were an Ode to the Secret Committee, with rhymes of liliberty and property, nation and administration.

Wit itself is monopolised by politics; no laugh but would

^s Lewis Watson (circ. 1709-1745), second Earl of Rockingham.n.

be ridiculous if it were not on one side or t'other. Thus Sandys thinks he has spoken an epigram, when he crinkles up his nose and lays a smart accent on *ways and means*.

We may, indeed, hope a little better now to the declining arts. The reconciliation between the royalties is finished, and fifty thousand pounds a year more added to the heir apparent's revenue. He will have money now to tune up Glover, and Thomson¹, and Dodsley² again:

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Caesare tantum.

Ashton is much yours. He has preached twice at Somerset Chapel with the greatest applause. I do not mind his pleasing the generality, for you know they ran as much after Whitfield³ as they could after Tillotson⁴; and I do not doubt but St. Jude converted as many honourable women as St. Paul. But I am sure you would approve his compositions, and admire them still more when you heard him deliver them. He will write to you himself next post, but is not mad enough with his fame to write you a sermon. Adieu, dear child! Write me the progress of your recovery⁵, and believe it will give me a sincere pleasure; for I am, yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

76. TO HORACE MANN.

Downing Street, May 6, 1742.

I HAVE received a long letter from you of the 22nd of April. It amazes me! that our friends of Florence should

LETTER 75.—1 James Thomson (1700-1748) was made known to the Prince by Lyttelton, in 1738. The Prince granted him a pension of £100 a year, but withdrew it in 1748, on a quarrel with Thomson's patron, Lyttelton.

² Robert Dodsley (1703-1764), poet, dramatist, and bookseller.

³ George Whitfield (1714-1770).

⁴ John Tillotson (1630-1694), Archbishop of Canterbury, of whom Whitfield said that he 'knew no more about true Christianity than Mahomet.' His popularity as a preacher equalled that of Whitfield at the time of Walpole's reference to the latter.

⁵ West died at Popes, near Hatfield, June 1, 1742.

not prove our friends'! Is it possible? I have always talked of their cordiality, because I was convinced they could have no shadow of interest in their professions:—of that, indeed, I am convinced still—but how could they fancy they had? There is the wonder! If they wanted common honesty, they seem to have wanted common sense more. What hope of connection could there ever be between the English ministry and the Florentine nobility? The latter have no views *of* being, or knowledge *for* being envoys, &c. They are too poor and proud to think of trading with us; too abject to hope for the restoration of their liberty from us—and, indeed, however we may affection our own, we have showed no regard for their liberty—they have had no reason ever to expect that from us! In short, to me it is mystery! But how could you not tell me some particulars? Have I so little interested myself with Florence, that you should think I can be satisfied without knowing the least particulars? I must know names. Who are these wretches that I am to scratch out of my list? I shall give them a black blot the moment I know who have behaved ill to you. Is Casa Ferroni of the number? I suspect it:—that was of your first attachments. Are the Prince and Princess dirty?—the Suares?—tell me, tell me! Indeed, my dear Mr. Chute, I am not of your opinion, that he should shut himself up and despise them; let him go abroad and despise them. Must he mope because the Florentines are like the rest of the world? But that is not true, for the world in England have not declared themselves so suddenly. It has not been the fashion to desert the Earl and his friends: he has had more concourse, more professions, and has still, than in the height of his power. So

LETTER 76.—¹ According to Lord Dover, Mann noticed a change in the bearing of some of his Florentine friends towards himself after the

resignation of Sir Robert Walpole, with whom they supposed him to be intimately connected.

your neighbours have been too hasty; they are new style, at least, eleven days before us. Tell them, tell Richcourt, tell his Cleopatra², that all their hopes are vanished, all their faith in Secret Committees—the reconciliation³ is made, and whatever report their secretships may produce, there will be at least above a hundred votes added to our party. Their triumph has been but in hope, and their hope has failed in two months⁴.

As to your embroil with Richcourt, I condemn you excessively: not that you was originally in fault, but by seeming to own yourself so. He is an impertinent fellow, and will be so, if you'll let him. My dear child, act with the spirit of your friends here; show we have lost no credit by losing power, and that a little Italian minister must not dare to insult you. Publish the accounts I send you; which I give you my honour are authentic. If they are not, let Cytheris, your Antony's travelling concubine, contradict them.

You tell me the *St. Quintin* is arrived at Genoa; I see by the prints of to-day that it is got to Leghorn: I am extremely glad, for I feared for it, for the poor boy, and for the things. Tell me how you like your secretary. I shall be quite happy, if I have placed one with you that you like.

I laughed much at the family of cats I am to receive. I believe they will be extremely welcome to Lord Islay now; for he appears little, lives more darkly and more like a wizard than ever. These huge cats will figure prodigiously in his cell: he is of the mysterious, dingy nature of Stosch.

As words is what I have not rhetoric to find out to thank you for sending me this paragraph of Madame Goldsworthy,

² Lady Walpole.

³ Between the King and the Prince of Wales.

amine into the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole's ministry was made March 9, 1742.

⁴ Lord Limerick's motion to ex-

I can only tell you that I laughed for an hour at it. This was one of my Lady Pomfret's correspondents.

There seems to be a little stop in our embarkations; since the first, they have discovered that the horse must not go till all the hay is provided. Three thousand men will make a fine figure towards supporting the balance of power! Our whole number was to be but sixteen; and if all these cannot be assembled before the end of July, what will be said of it?—*À propos* to troops, here is a Colonel Meguire⁵ arrived, who was in the late Emperor's service, an Irish Roman Catholic. That he might come into our army, he resolved to change his profession: he went to my Lord of London, and told him in very intelligible Irish, that he was come to abdicate his religion. The Bishop commended his intention, but desired leave to examine him a little; asked what his objections were to his own faith—Oh! he said, 'there were several things he could not swallow—several of the doctrines that were too monstrous to be believed.'—'Pray which be they?'—'Why, there's transubstantiation—and the Trinity.'—My Lord Bishop cried, 'Enough, enough!' and immediately baptised him a good Protestant in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

The Secret Committee go on very pitifully: they are now inquiring about some custom-house officers that were turned out at Weymouth for voting wrong at elections. Don't you think these articles will prove to the world what they have been saying of Sir Robert for these twenty years? The House still sits in observance to them; which is pleasant to me, for it keeps people in town. We have operas too; but they are almost over, and if it were not for a daily east wind, they would give way to Vauxhall and Chelsea. The new directors have agreed with the Fumagalli for next

⁵ He afterwards married the Dowager Lady Cathcart. *Walpole*.

year, but she is to be second woman : they keep the Visconti. Did I never mention the Bettina, the first dancer ? It seems she was kept by a Neapolitan prince, who is extremely jealous of her coming hither. About a fortnight ago she fell ill, upon which her Neapolitan footman made off immediately. She dances again, but is very weak, and thinks herself poisoned.

Adieu ! my dear child ; tell me you are well, easy, and in spirits : kiss the Chutes for me, and believe me, &c.

77. TO HORACE MANN.

London, May 13, 1742.

As I am obliged to put my letter into the secretary's office by nine o'clock, and it now don't want a quarter of it, I can say but three words, and must defer till next post answering your long letter by the courier. I am this moment come from the House, where we have had the first part of the Report from the Secret Committee. It is pretty long : but, unfortunately for them, there is not once to be found in it the name of the Earl of Orford : there is a good deal about Mr. Paxton and the borough of Wendover ; and it appears that in eleven years Mr. Paxton has received ninety-four thousand pounds unaccounted for : now, if Lady Richcourt can make anything of all this, you have freely my leave to communicate it to her. Pursuant to this Report, and Mr. Paxton's contumacy, they moved for leave to bring in a bill to indemnify all persons who should accuse themselves of any crime, provided they do but accuse Lord Orford, and they have carried it by 251 to 228 ! but it is so absurd a bill, that there is not the least likelihood of its passing the Lords¹. By this bill, whoever is guilty of murder, treason, forgery, &c., have

LETTER 77.—¹ The bill was lost in the House of Lords by a large majority, in spite of the efforts of Chesterfield and Bathurst.

nothing to do but to add perjury, and swear Lord Orford knew of it, and they may plead their pardon. Tell Lady Richecourt this. Lord Orford knew of her gallantries: she may plead her pardon. Good night! I have not a moment to lose.

78. TO THE HON. HENRY PELHAM.

SIR,

Downing Street, May 17.

I have no pretence in the world to give you this trouble, but by knowing from your own example how right it is to undertake anything for a friend. Yet, Sir, if the favour I am going to ask is the least impertinent, I beg you will punish it, by taking no notice of it.

There is fallen a small living in Lancashire in the gift of the Crown, by the death of Mr. Tully the incumbent; 'tis called Adlington or Adlingham¹, and is worth about an hundred a year. If I could obtain it for Mr. Ashtton of Lancaster, a clergyman who lives with me, and who is reckoned to have some merit, I should think myself extremely happy, and much more so, if I could add it to the very great obligations which we already have to Mr. Pelham.

I am Sir,

your most obedient

humble Servant,^t

HOR. WALPOOLE.

79. TO HORACE MANN.

May 20, 1742.

I SENT you a sketch last post of the division on the Indemnity Bill. As they carried the question for its being

LETTER 78. — Not in C.; now printed from original in British Museum (Add. MSS. 32, 699).

was held by Ashton for some years, was Aldingham, in north Lancashire.

¹ The name of this living, which

brought in, they brought it in on Saturday; but were prevailed on to defer the second reading till Tuesday. Then we had a long debate till eight at night, when they carried it, 228 against 217, only eleven majority; before, they had had twenty-three. They immediately went into the committee on it, and reported it that night. Yesterday it came to the last reading; but the House, having sat so late the night before, was not so full, and they carried it, 216 to 184. But to-day it comes into the Lords, where they do not in the least expect to succeed; yet, to show their spirit, they have appointed a great dinner at the Fountain¹ to-morrow, to consider on methods for supporting the honour of the Commons, as they call it, against the Lords. So now all prospect of quiet seems to vanish! The noise this bill makes is incredible; it is so unprecedented, so violent a step! Everything is inflamed by Pulteney, who governs both parties, only, I think, to exasperate both more. Three of our own people of the Committee, the Solicitor², Talbot, and Bowles, vote against us in the Indemnity Bill, and the two latter have even spoke against us. Sir Robert said, at the beginning, when he was congratulated on having some of his own friends in the Committee, 'The moment they are appointed, they will grow so jealous of the honour of the Committee, that they will prefer that to every other consideration³.'

Our foreign news are as bad as our domestic: there seem little hopes of the Dutch coming in to our measures; there are even letters, that mention strongly their resolution of not stirring—so we have Quixoted away sixteen thousand men⁴! On Saturday we had accounts of the

LETTER 79.—¹ A great Tavern in the Strand, where the most numerous meetings of the Opposition were generally held. Walpole.

² John Strange.

³ Voltaire has since made the same

kind of observation in his *Life of Louis XIV*, Art. of Calvinism: *Les hommes se piquent toujours de remplir un devoir qui les distingue.* Walpole.

⁴ Owing to delay on the part of their allies, the Dutch, the English

Austrians having cut off two thousand Prussians, in a retreat; but on Sunday came news of the great victory which the latter have gained, killing six, and taking two thousand Austrians prisoners⁵, and that Prince Charles⁶ is retired to Vienna wounded. This will but too much confirm the Dutch in their apprehensions of Prussia.

As to the long letter you wrote me, in answer to a very particular one of mine, I cannot explain myself, till I find a safer conveyance than the post, by which, I perceive, all our letters are opened. I can only tell you, that in most things you guessed right; and that as to myself⁷ all is quiet.

I am in great concern, for you seem not satisfied with the boy we sent you. Your brother entirely agreed with me, that he was what you seemed to describe; and as to his being on the foot of a servant, I give you my honour I repeated it over and over to his mother. I suppose her folly was afraid of shocking him. As to Italian, she assured me he had been learning it some time. If he does not answer your purpose, let me know if you can dispose of him any other way, and I will try to accommodate you better. Your brother has this moment been here, but there was no letter for me; at least, none that they will deliver yet.

I know not in the least how to advise Mr. Jackson⁸. I do not think Mr. Pelham the proper person to apply to; for the Duke of Newcastle is as jealous of him as of anybody. Don't say this to him. For Lord Hervey, though Mr. Jackson has interest there, I would not advise him to try it, for both

forces remained inactive in Flanders throughout the campaign.

⁵ On May 17, 1742, the King of Prussia defeated Prince Charles of Lorraine with considerable loss at Czaslau (or Chotusitz) in Bohemia.

⁶ Charles Alexander of Lorraine (1712-1780), Governor-General of the Netherlands, Grand Master of the Teutonic Order; son of Leopold I, Duke of Lorraine, by Elizabeth Char-

lotte, daughter of the Duke of Orléans, and brother of Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscany (the husband of Maria Theresa).

⁷ This relates to some differences between Mr. Walpole and his father, to which the former had alluded in one of his letters. *Dover*.

⁸ He had been Consul at Genoa. *Walpole*.

hate him. The application to the Duke of Newcastle, by the most direct means, I should think the best, or by any one that can be serviceable to the government.

You will laugh at an odd accident that happened the other day to my uncle: they put him into the papers for Earl of Sheffield. There have been little disputes between the two Houses about coming into each other's House; when a lord comes into the Commons, they call out *withdraw*: that day, the moment my uncle came in, they all roared out, *withdraw! withdraw!*

The great Mr. Nugent has been unfortunate, too, in Parliament; besides being very ill heard, from being a very indifferent speaker; the other day on the Place Bill, (which, by the way, we have new modelled and softened, and to which the Lords have submitted to agree to humour Pulteney,) he rose, and said, 'He would not vote, as he was not determined in his opinion; but he would offer his sentiments; which were, particularly, that the bishops had been the cause of this bill being thrown out before.' Winnington called him to order, desiring he would be tender of the Church of England. You know he was a papist. In answer to the beginning of his speech, Velters Cornwall, who is of the same side, said, 'He wondered that when that gentleman could not convince himself by his eloquence, he should expect to convince the majority.'

Did I tell you that Lord Rochford⁹ has at last married Miss Young¹⁰? I say, at last, for they don't pretend to have been married this twelvemonth; but were publicly married last week.—Adieu!

⁹ William Henry Nassau de Zulestein (1717-1781), fourth Earl of Rochford; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1738; Envoy to Turin, 1749-55; Groom of the Stole, 1755-60; Ambassador to Madrid, 1763-66; Ambassador to Paris, 1766-68; Secretary

of State for the Northern Province, 1768; for the Southern Province, 1770-75; K.G., 1778.

¹⁰ Daughter of Edward Young, Esq. She had been Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales. *Walpole*.

80. TO HORACE MANN.

Downing Street, May 26, 1742.

TO-DAY calls itself May the 26th, as you perceive by the date; but I am writing to you by the fire-side, instead of going to Vauxhall. If we have one warm day in seven, 'we bless our stars, and think it luxury.' And yet we have as much waterworks and fresco diversions, as if we lay ten degrees nearer warmth. Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvecence. The building and disposition of the gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a week there are to be *ridottos*, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better; for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water. Our operas are almost over; there were but three-and-forty people last night in the pit and boxes. There is a little simple farce at Drury Lane, called *Miss Lucy in Town*¹, in which Mrs. Clive² mimics the Muscovita admirably, and Beard³, *Amorevoli* intolerably. But all the run is now after Garrick⁴, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Good man's Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not

LETTER 80.—¹ Partly written by Henry Fielding.

² Catherine Raftor (1711-1785), married (1732) George Clive, a barrister—conjectured by Collins (*Peerage*, vol. v. p. 545, note) to be an uncle of Lord Clive. Mrs. Clive subsequently became Horace Walpole's tenant at Little Strawberry Hill.

³ John Beard, singer and actor, afterwards manager of Covent Garden Theatre; d. 1791.

⁴ In the early part of 1742, Garrick appeared as Bayes in *The Rehearsal*, Master Johnny in *Cibber's Schoolboy*, King Lear, and Lord Foppington in the *Careless Husband*.

tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it ; but it is heresy to say so : the Duke of Argyll says, he is superior to Betterton. Now I talk of players, tell Mr. Chute, that his friend Bracegirdle⁵ breakfasted with me this morning. As she went out, and wanted her clogs, she turned to me, and said, 'I remember at the playhouse, they used to call Mrs. Oldfield's⁶ chair ! Mrs. Barry's⁷ clogs ! and Mrs. Bracegirdle's pattens !'

I did, indeed, design the letter of this post for Mr. Chute ; but I have received two such charming long ones from you of the 15th and 20th of May (N.S.), that I must answer them, and beg him to excuse me till another post ; so must the Prince⁸, Princess, the Grifona⁹, and Countess Galli. For the Princess's letter, I am not sure I shall answer it so soon, for hitherto I have not been able to read above every third word ; however, you may thank her as much as if I understood it all. I am very happy that *mes bagatelles* (for I still insist they were so) pleased. You, my dear child, are very good to be pleased with the snuff-box. I am much obliged to the superior *lumières* of old Sarasin¹⁰ about the Indian ink : if she meant the black, I am sorry to say I had it into the bargain with the rest of the Japan : for the coloured, it is only a curiosity, because it has seldom been brought over. I remember Sir Hans Sloane was the first who ever had any of it, and would on no account give my mother the least morsel of it. She afterwards got a good deal of it from China ; and since that, more has come over ; but it is even less valuable than the other, for we never could tell how to use it ; however, let it make its figure.

⁵ Anne Bracegirdle, died 1748.

⁶ Anne Oldfield (1688-1730), 'generally went to the theatre in a chair, attended by two footmen, and in the dress she had worn at some aristocratic dinner.' (D. N. B.)

⁷ Elizabeth Barry (1658-1713).

⁸ Prince Craon. *Walpole*.

⁹ The Signora Elisabetta Capponi Grifoni, a great beauty. *Walpole*.

¹⁰ Madame Sarasin, a Lorraine lady, companion to Princess Craon. *Walpole*.

I am sure you hate me all this time, for chatting about so many trifles, and telling you no politics. I own to you, I am so wearied, so worn with them, that I scarce know how to turn my hand to them; but you shall know all I know. I told you of the meeting at the Fountain tavern: Pulteney had promised to be there, but was not; nor Carteret. As the Lords had put off the debate on the Indemnity Bill, nothing material passed; but the meeting was very Jacobite. Yesterday the bill came on, and Lord Carteret took the lead against it, and about seven in the evening it was flung out by almost two to one, 92 to 47, and 17 proxies to 10. To-day we had a motion by the new Lord Hillsborough¹¹ (for the father is just dead), and seconded by Lord Barrington¹², to examine the Lords' votes, to see what was become of the bill: this is the form. The Chancellor of the Exchequer¹³, and all the new ministry, were with us against it; but they carried it, 164 to 159. It is to be reported to-morrow, and as we have notice, we may possibly throw it out; else they will hurry on to a breach with the Lords. Pulteney was not in the House: he was riding the other day, and met the King's coach; endeavouring to turn out of the way, his horse started, flung him, and fell upon him: he is much bruised; but not at all dangerously. On this occasion, there was an epigram fixed to a list, which I will explain to you afterwards: it is not known who wrote it, but it was addressed to him:

¹¹ Wills Hill, the second Lord Hillsborough, afterwards created an Irish Earl, and Cofferer of the Household. *Walpole*.—Cr. Marquis of Downshire (in Ireland), 1789; M.P. for Warwick. He was Comptroller of the Household, 1754–55; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1755; President of the Board of Trade, 1763–65, Aug.–Dec. 1766, 1768–72; Joint Post-Master-General, 1766–68; Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1768–72;

Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1779–82; d. 1793.

¹² William Wildman, Viscount Barrington, made a Lord of the Admiralty on the coalition; and Master of the Great Wardrobe, in 1754. *Walpole*.—He was also Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1761; Treasurer of the Navy, 1762; Secretary at War, 1764–78; d. 1793.

¹³ Samuel Sandys.

Thy horse does things by halves, like thee:
 Thou, with irresolution,
 Hurt'st friend and foe, thyself and me,
 The King and Constitution.

The list I meant: you must know, some time ago, before the change, they had moved for a Committee to examine, and state the public accounts: it was passed. Finding how little success they had with their Secret Committee, they have set this on foot, and we were to ballot for seven commissioners, who are to have a thousand a year. We balloted yesterday: on our list were Sir Richard Corbet¹⁴, Charles Hamillton¹⁵ (Lady Archibald's brother), Sir William Middleton¹⁶, Mr. West, Mr. Fonnereau, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Ellis¹⁷. On theirs, Mr. Bance, George Grenville, Mr. Hooper, Sir Charles Mordaunt¹⁸, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Stuart¹⁹. On casting up the numbers, the four first on ours, and the three first on their list, appeared to have the majority: so no great harm will come from this, should it pass the Lords; which it is not likely to do. I have now told you, I think, all the political news, except that the troops continue going to Flanders, though we hear no good news yet from Holland.

If we can prevent any dispute between the two Houses, it is believed and much hoped by the Court, that the Secret Committee will desire to be dissolved: if it does, there is an end off all this tempest!

¹⁴ Fourth Baronet, of Longnor and Leighton, Montgomeryshire; M.P. for Shrewsbury; d. 1774.

¹⁵ Ninth son of sixth Earl of Abercorn; Comptroller of the Green Cloth to the Prince of Wales; M.P. for Trumro; Receiver-General of Minorca, 11743.

¹⁶ Third Baronet, of Belsay Castle, Northumberland; M.P. for Northumberland; d. 1757.

¹⁷ Welbore Ellis (1713-1802), cr. (Aug. 113, 1794) Baron Mendip, of

Mendip, Somersetshire; M.P. for Cricklade; Lord of the Admiralty, 1747-55; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1756-61, 1765-66, 1770-77; Secretary at War, 1762-65; Treasurer of the Navy, 1777-82; Secretary of State for America, February-March, 1782.

¹⁸ Sixth Baronet, of Massingham, Norfolk; M.P. for Warwickshire; d. 1778.

¹⁹ Hon. John Stuart, son of seventh Earl of Moray; M.P. for Anstruther.

I must tell you an ingenuity of Lord Raymond²⁰, an epitaph on the Indemnifying Bill—I believe you would guess the author:—

Interr'd beneath this marble stone doth lie
The Bill of Indemnity;
To show the good for which it was design'd,
It died itself to save mankind.

My Lady Townshend made me laugh the other night about your old acquaintance, Miss Edwin; who, by the way, is grown almost a Methodist. My Lady says she was forced to have an issue made on one side of her head, for her eyes, and that Kent advised her to have another on the other side for symmetry.

There has lately been published one of the most impudent things that ever was printed; it is called *The Irish Register*, and is a list of all the unmarried women of any fashion in England, ranked in order, duchesses dowager, ladies, widows, misses, &c., with their names at length, for the benefit of Irish fortune-hunters, or as it is said, for the incorporating and manufacturing of British commodities. Miss Edwards²¹ is the only one printed with a dash, because they have placed her among the widows. I will send you this, *Miss Lucy in Town*, and the magazines, by the first opportunity, as I should the other things, but your brother tells me you have had them by another hand. I received the cedrati, for which I have already thanked you: but I have been so much thanked by several people to whom I gave some, that I can very well afford to thank you again.

As to Stosch expecting any present from me, he was so extremely well paid for all I had of him, that I do not think

²⁰ Robert, the second Lord Raymond, son of the Lord Chief Justice. *Walpole*.

²¹ Miss Edwards, an unmarried lady of great fortune, who openly

kept Lord Anne Hamilton. *Walpole*.—Mary, daughter of Francis Edwardes, of Welham, Leicestershire. Lord Anne was third son of fourth Duke of Hamilton.

myself f at all in his debt: however, you was very good to offer too pay him.

As t to my Lady W., I shall say nothing now, as I have not seeen either of the two persons since I received your letter t to whom I design to mention her; only that I am extremnely sorry to find you still disturbed at any of the little r nonsense of that cabal. I hoped that the accounts which r I have sent you, and which, except in my last letter, must h have been very satisfactory, would have served you as an antidote to their legends; and I think the great victory in thee House of Lords, and which, I assure you, is here reckoned prodigious, will raise your spirits against them. I am happy you have taken that step about Sir Francis Dashwood; the credit it must have given you with the King will more than counterbalance any little hurt you might t apprehend from the cabal.

I am in no hurry for any of my things; as we shall be movinng from hence as soon as Sir Robert has taken another house, s, I shall not want them till I am more settled.

Adilieu! I hope to tell you soon that we are all at peace, and tthen I trust you will be so. A thousand loves to the Chutees. How I long to see you all!

P.S.S. I unseal my letter to tell you what a vast and, probabbly, final victory we have gained to-day. They moved, that t the Lords flinging out the Bill of Indemnity was an obstruuction of justice, and might prove fatal to the liberties of this country. We have sat till this moment, seven o'clockk, and have rejected this motion by 245 to 193. The call oof the House, which they have kept off from fortnight to forrtnight, to keep people in town, was appointed for to-dayy. The moment the division was over, Sir John Cottonn rose and said, 'As I think the inquiry is at an end, y you may do what you will with the call.' We have put it t off for two months. There's a noble postscript!

81. TO HORACE MANN.

London, June 3, 1742.

I HAVE sent Mr. Chute all the news; I shall only say to you that I have read your last letter about Lady W. to Sir R. He was not at all surprised at her thoughts of England, but told me that last week my Lord Carteret had sent him a letter which she had written to him, to demand his protection. This you may tell publicly; it will show her ladyship's credit.

Here is an epigram, which I believe will divert you: it is on Lord Islay's garden upon Hounslow Heath.

Old Islay, to show his fine delicate taste¹
 In improving his gardens purloin'd from the waste,
 Bade his gard'ner one day to open his views,
 By cutting a couple of grand avenues:
 No particular prospect his lordship intended,
 But left it to chance how his walks should be ended.

With transport and joy he beheld his first view end
 In a favourite prospect—a church that was ruin'd—
 But alas! what a sight did the next cut exhibit!
 At the end of the walk hung a rogue on a gibbet!
 He beheld it and wept, for it caus'd him to muse on
 Full many a Campbell that died with his shoes on.
 All amaz'd and aghast at the ominous scene,
 He order'd it quick to be clos'd up again
 With a clump of Scotch firs, that serv'd for a *Screen*.

Sir Robert asked me yesterday about the Dominichin, but I did not know what to answer: I said I would write to you about it. Have you bought it? or did you quite put it off? I had forgot to mention it again to you. If you have it not, I am still of opinion that you should buy it for him. Adieu!

LETTER 81.—¹ These lines were written by Bramston, author of *The*

Art of Politics and The Man of Taste.
Walpole.

82. TO HORACE MANN.

June 10, the Pretender's birthday, which, by the way, I believe he did not expect to keep at Rome this year, 1742.

SINCE I wrote you my last letter, I have received two from you of the 27th of May and 3rd of June, N.S. I hope you will get my two packets; that is, one of them was addressed to Mr. Chute, and in them was all my faggot of compliments.

Is not poor Scully¹ vastly disappointed that we are not arrived? But really, will that mad woman never have done? does she still find credit for her extravagant histories? I carried her son² with me to Vauxhall last night: he is a most charming boy, but grows excessively like her in the face.

I don't at all foresee how I shall make out this letter: everybody is gone out of town during the Whitsuntide, and many will not return, at least not these six weeks; for so long they say it will be before the Secret Committee make their Report, with which they intend to finish. We are, however, entertained with pageants every day—reviews to gladden the heart of David³, and triumphs of Absolom⁴! He and his wife went in great parade yesterday through the City and the dust to dine at Greenwich; they took water at the Tower, and trumpeting away to Grace Tosier's⁵,

Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave⁶.

LETTER 82.—¹ An Irish tailor at Florence, who let out ready-furnished apartments to travelling English. Lady W. had reported that Lord Orford was flying from England and would come thither. *Walpole*.

² George Walpole, afterwards the third Earl of Orford. *Walpole*.—Born 1730; styled Viscount Walpole, 1745-51, when he succeeded his father; succeeded his mother as

Lord Clinton, 1781. Ranger of Hyde Park, 1763-83; of St. James's Park, 1763-91; d. 1791. In later life he was frequently insane.

³ George the Second. *Walpole*.

⁴ Frederick Prince of Wales. *Walpole*.

⁵ Keeper of a well-known chocolate house at Blackheath; d. 1753.

⁶ *Dunciad*, Bk. I. l. 86.

I don't know whether it was my Lord of Bristol⁷ or some one of the Saddlers' Company⁸ who had told him that this was the way 'to steal the hearts of the people⁹.' He is in a quarrel with Lord Falmouth¹⁰. There is just dead one Hammond¹¹, a disciple of Lord Chesterfield, and Equerry to his Royal Highness: he had parts, and was just come into Parliament, strong of the Cobham faction, or nepotism, as Sir Robert calls it. The White Prince desired Lord Falmouth to choose Dr. Lee, who, you know, has disoblged the party by accepting a Lordship of the Admiralty. Lord Falmouth has absolutely refused, and insists upon choosing one of his own brothers¹²: his Highness talks loudly of opposing him. The borough is a Cornish one.

There is arrived a courier from Lord Stair, with news of Prince Lobkowitz¹³ having cut off five thousand French¹⁴. We are hurrying away the rest of our troops to Flanders, and say that we are in great spirits, and intend to be in greater when we have defeated the French too.

For my own particular I cannot say I am well; I am

⁷ Dr. Secker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford. *Walpole*.

⁸ The Prince was a member of the Saddlers' Company. *Walpole*.

⁹ See 2 Samuel xv. 6.

¹⁰ Hugh Boscawen (1707-1782), second Viscount Falmouth; served in the army; General, 1772.

¹¹ Author of *Love Elegies*. *Walpole*.—James Hammond (1710-1742), M.P. for Truro; said to have died of love for Miss Catherine Dashwood, 'the toast of the Oxfordshire Jacobites,' who survived until 1779.

¹² Captain Hon. Edward Boscawen (1711-1761), third son of first Viscount Falmouth; Lord of the Admiralty, 1751-61; Vice-Admiral, 1755; Admiral of the Blue, 1758.

¹³ George Christian, Prince Lobkowitz, d. 1753.

¹⁴ 'The French having posted 5,000 men at Teyn, under the Duke

de Boufflers, on the East Side of the Moldau in Bohemia, with intention to take Tabor; Prince Charles of Lorraine fell upon them on the 25th [May] past, and drove them through their very camp, with prodigious Slaughter. The Duke however escaped by flight with only two Regiments, but left behind some Cannon, four Standards, two pair of Colours, and all the Baggage. Marshal Broglio on advice of this action, quitted his Camp with great Precipitation at Frauenberg, which Prince Lobkowitz thereupon entered and dispatched his Croats and Hussars, after the Enemy, who lost in their Flight above 1,000 Men; here Prince Lobkowitz found a considerable Booty, and even the Military Chest, in which was a Million of Livres.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1742, p. 332.)

afraid I have a little fever upon my spirits, or at least have *nerves*, which, you know, everybody has in England. I begin the cold bath to-morrow, and talk of going to Tunbridge, if the Parliament rises soon. Sir R., who begins to talk seriously of Houghton, has desired me to go with him thither; but that is not at all settled. Now I mention Houghton, you was in the right to miss a gallery there; but there is one actually fitting up, where the greenhouse was, and to be furnished with the spoils of Downing Street.

I am quite sorry you have had so much trouble with those odious cats of Malta: dear child, fling them into the Arno, if there is water enough at this season to drown them; or, I'll tell you, give them to Stosch, to pay the postage he talked of. I have no ambition to make my court with them to the old wizard.

I think I have not said anything lately to you from Patapan¹⁵; he is handsomer than ever, and grows fat: his eyes are charming; they have that agreeable lustre which the vulgar moderns call sore eyes, but the judicious ancients golden eyes, *ocellos Patapanicos*.

The process is begun against her Grace of Beaufort¹⁶, and articles exhibited in Doctors' Commons. Lady Townshend has had them copied, and lent them to me. There is everything proved to your heart's content, to the birth of the child, and much delectable reading. . . .¹⁷

Adieu! my dear child; you see I have eked out a letter: I hate missing a post, and yet at this dead time I have almost been tempted to invent a murder or a robbery. . . .¹⁸ But you are good, and will be persuaded that I have used my eyes and ears for your service; when, if it were not for

¹⁵ Mr. W.'s dog. *Walpole*.

¹⁶ Frances, daughter and heiress of the last Lord Scudamore, wife of Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, from whom she was divorced for adultery with Lord Talbot; after-

wards married to Colonel Fitzroy, natural son of the Duke of Grafton. *Walpole*.

¹⁷ Passage omitted.

¹⁸ Passage omitted.

you, I should let them lie by in a drawer from week's end to week's end. Good night!

83. TO HORACE MANN.

Downing Street, June 17, 1742.

WE were surprised last Tuesday with the great good news of the peace between the Queen and the King of Prussia¹. It was so unexpected and so welcome, that I believe he might get an Act of Parliament to forbid any one thinking that he ever made a slip in integrity. Then, the repeated accounts of the successes of Prince Charles and Lobkowitz over the French have put us into the greatest spirits. Prince Charles is extremely commended for courage and conduct, and makes up a little for other flaws in the family.

It is at last settled that Lord Gower², Cobham, and Bathurst³ are to come in. The first is to be Privy Seal, and was to have kissed hands last Friday, but Lord Hervey had carried the seal with him to Ickworth; but he must bring it back. Lord Cobham is to be Field Marshal, and to command all the forces in England. Bathurst was to have the Gentlemen Pensioners, but Lord Essex⁴, who is now the Captain, and was to have had the Beef-eaters, will not change. Bathurst is to have the Beef-eaters; the Duke of Bolton, who has them, is to have the Isle of Wight, and Lord Lymington⁵, who has that, is to have—nothing!

LETTER 83.—¹ The Treaty of Breslau, of which the preliminaries were signed on June 1, 1742.

² John Leveson-Gower (1694-1754), second Baron Gower, cr. Earl Gower, July 8, 1746; Lord Privy Seal, 1742-43, 1744-55.

³ Allen Bathurst (1684-1775), first Baron Bathurst, cr. Earl Bathurst, Aug. 7, 1772; Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners, 1742-44; Treasurer

to Prince of Wales, 1757-60.

⁴ William Capel (1697-1743), third Earl of Essex; Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, 1739; Ranger of St. James's Park.

⁵ John Wallop (1690-1762), first Viscount Lymington, cr. Earl of Portsmouth, April 11, 1743; Governor and Vice-Admiral of the Isle of Wight, 1734-42, 1746-62.

The Secret Committee are in great perplexities about Scrope⁶: he would not take the oath, but threatened the Middlesex justices who tendered it to him: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'have you any complaint against me? if you have not, don't you fear that I will prosecute you for enforcing oaths?' However, one of them began to read the oath—'I, John Scrope!'—'I, John Scrope!' said he; 'I did not say any such thing: but come, however, let's hear the oath;'—'do promise that I will faithfully and truly answer all such questions as shall be asked me by the Committee of Secrecy, and—' they were going on, but Scrope cried out, 'and! Hold, hold! there is more than I can digest already.' He then went before the Committee, and desired time to consider. Pitt asked him abruptly, if he wanted a quarter of an hour; he replied, 'he did not want to inform either his head or his heart, for both were satisfied what to do; but that he would ask the King's leave.' He wants to fight Pitt. He is a most testy little old gentleman, and about eight years ago would have fought Alderman Perry. It was in the House, at the time of the excise: he said we should carry it; Perry said he hoped to see him hanged first. 'You see me hanged, you dog, you!' said Scrope, and pulled him by the nose. The Committee have tried all ways to soften him, and have offered to let him swear to only what part he pleased, or only with regard to money given to members of Parliament. Pulteney himself has tried to work on him; but the old gentleman is inflexible, and answered, 'that he was fourscore years old, and did not care if he spent the few months he has to live⁷ in the Tower or not; that the last thing he would do should be to betray

⁶ John Scrope, Secretary of the Treasury. He had been in Monmouth's rebellion, when very young,

and carried intelligence to Holland in woman's clothes. *Walpole*.

⁷ He did not die till 1759.

the King, and next to him the Earl of Orford.' It remains in suspense.

The troops continue going to Flanders, but slowly enough. Lady Vane has taken a trip thither after a cousin⁸ of Lord Berkeley, who is as simple about her as her own husband is, and has written to Mr. Knight⁹ at Paris to furnish her with what money she wants. He says she is vastly to blame; for he was trying to get her a divorce from Lord Vane, and then would have married her himself. Her adventures¹⁰ are worthy to be bound up with those of my good sister-in-law, the German Princess¹¹, and Moll Flanders.

Whom should I meet in the Park last night but Ceretesi! He told me he was at a *Bagne*. I will find out his bagnio; for though I was not much acquainted with him, yet the obligations I had to Florence make me eager to show any Florentine all the civilities in my power; though I do not love them near so well, since what you have told me of their late behaviour; notwithstanding your letter of June 20th, which I have just received. I perceive that *simple-hearted, good, unmeaning* Rucellai is of the number of the false, though you do not directly say so.

I was excessively diverted with your pompous account of the siege of Lucca by a single Englishman¹². I do believe that you and the Chutes might put a certain city into as great a panic. Adieu!

⁸ Henry Berkeley, killed the next year at the battle of Dettingen. *Walpole*.

⁹ Probably Robert Knight, formerly cashier of the South Sea Company.

¹⁰ Lady Vane's Memoirs, dictated by herself, were actually published afterwards in a book, called *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*; and she makes mention of Lady Orford. *Walpole*.

¹¹ Mary Carleton, an impostor,

hanged for theft in the reign of Charles II.

¹² 'For this last week I have had complaints made to me which were brought by an express, of an Englishman, one Wright's design to storm the Town and Republick of Lucca; which horrid design was manifested by his obstinate refusal to deliver a couple of Pistols to the Guards at the Gate.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 72.)

84. TO HORACE MANN.

Midsummer Day, 1742.

ONE begins every letter now with an *Io Pæan!* indeed our hymns are not so tumultuous as they were some time ago, to the tune of Admiral Vernon. They say there came an express last night, of the taking of Prague and the destruction of some thousand French¹. It is really amazing, the fortune of the Queen! We expect every day the news of the King of Poland having made his peace; for it is affirmed that the Prussian left him but sixteen days to think of it². There is nothing could stop the King of Prussia, if he should march to Dresden: how long his being at peace with that king will stop him I look upon as very uncertain.

They say we expect the Report from the Secret Committee next Tuesday, and then finish. I preface all my news with *they say*; for I am not at all in the secret, and I had rather that *they say* should tell you a lie than myself. They have sunk the affair of Scrope: the Chancellor³ and Sir John Rushout spoke in the Committee against persecuting him, for he is Secretary to the Treasury. I don't think there is so easy a language as the ministerial in the world—one learns it in a week! There are few members in town, and most of them no friends to the Committee; so that there is not the least apprehension of any violence following the Report. I dare say there is not; for my uncle, who is my political weather-glass, and whose quicksilver rises and falls with the least variation of parliamentary weather, is in great

LETTER 84.—¹ The French were, however, still masters of Prague.

² 'One of the separate Articles [of the Treaty of Breslau] imports, that the King of Poland shall be invited

to accede to this Treaty, to whom 16 Days are allowed to withdraw his Troops.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1742, p. 333.)

³ Mr. Sandys, Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole*.

spirits, and has spoken three times in the House within this week ; he had not opened his lips before since the change. Mr. Pulteney has got his warrant in his pocket for Earl of Bath, and kisses hands as soon as the Parliament rises. The promotions I mentioned to you are not yet come to pass ; but a fortnight will settle things wonderfully.

The Italian⁴, who I told you is here, has let me into a piece of secret history, which you never mentioned : perhaps it is not true ; but he says the mighty mystery of the Count's⁵ elopement from Florence, was occasioned by a letter from Wachtendonck⁶, which was so impertinent as to talk of satisfaction for some affront. The great Count very wisely never answered it—his life, to be sure, is of too great consequence to be trusted at the end of a rash German's sword ! however, the General wrote again, and hinted at coming himself for an answer. So it happened, that when he arrived, the Count was gone to the baths of Lucca—those waters were reckoned better for his health, than steel in the abstract. How oddly it happened ! He just returned to Florence as the General was dead ! Now was not this heroic lover worth running after ? I wonder, as the Count must have known my lady's courage and genius for adventures, that he never thought of putting her into men's clothes, and sending her to answer the challenge. How pretty it would have been to have fought for one's lover ! and how great the obligation, when he durst not fight for himself ! . . .⁷

I heard the other day, that the Primate of Lorrain was dead of the small-pox. Will you make my compliments of condolence ? though I dare say, they are little afflicted : he was a most worthless creature, and all his wit and parts,

⁴ Ceretesi. *Walpole*.

⁵ Count Richcourt. *Walpole*.

⁶ General Wachtendonck, Com-

mander of the Queen of Hungary's troops at Leghorn. *Walpole*.

⁷ Passage omitted.

I believe, little comforted them for his brutality and other vices.

The fine Mr. Pitt⁸ is arrived: I dine with him to-day at Lord Lincoln's, with the Pomfrets. So now the old *partie quarrée* is complete again. The Earl is not quite cured, and a partner in sentiments may help to open the wound again. My Lady Townshend dines with us too. She flung the broadest Wortley-eye⁹ on Mr. Pitt, the other night, in the Park!

Adieu! my dear child; are you quite well? I trust the summer will perfectly re-establish you.

85. TO HORACE MANN.

Downing Street, June 30, 1742.

It is about six o'clock, and I am come from the House, where, at last, we have had another Report from the Secret Committee. They have been disputing this week among themselves, whether this should be final or not. The new ministry, thank them! were for finishing; but their arguments were not so persuasive as dutiful, and we are to have yet another. This lasted two hours and a half in reading, though confined to the affair of Burrell and Bristow, the Weymouth election, and secret-service money. They moved to print it; but though they had fetched most of their members from ale and the country, they were not strong enough to divide. Velters Cornwall, whom I have mentioned to you, I believe, for odd humour, said, 'he believed the somethingness of this Report would make amends for

⁸ George Pitt, of Strathfieldsea; he had been in love with Lady Charlotte Fermor, second daughter of Lord Pomfret, who was afterwards married to William Finch, Vice-Chamberlain. *Walpole*.—Born 1721; cr. (May 20, 1776) Baron

Rivers of Strathfieldsaye, Hampshire; Envoy to Turin, 1761; Ambassador at Madrid, 1770-71; d. 1803.

⁹ Mr. Pitt was very handsome, and Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu had liked him extremely, when he was in Italy. *Walpole*.

the nothingness of the last, and that he was for printing it, if it was only from believing that the King would not see it, unless it is printed.' Perhaps it may be printed at the conclusion; at least it will without authority—so you will see it.

I received yours of June 24, N.S., with one from Mr. Chute, this morning, and I will now go answer it and your last. You seem still to be uneasy about my letters, and their being retarded. I have not observed, lately, the same signs of yours being opened; and for my own, I think it may very often depend upon the packet-boat and winds.

You ask me if Pulteney has lately received any new disgusts.—How can one answer for a temper so hasty, so unsettled?—not that I know, unless that he finds, what he has been twenty years undoing, is not yet *undone*.

I must interrupt the thread of my answer, to tell you that I hear news came last night that the States of Holland have voted forty-seven thousand men for the assistance of the Queen¹, and that it was not doubted but the States-General would imitate this resolution. This seems to be the consequence of the King of Prussia's proceedings—but how can they trust him so easily?

I am amazed that your Leghorn ministry are so wavering; they are very old style, above eleven days out of fashion, if they any longer fear the French: my only apprehension is, lest these successes should make Richcourt more impertinent.

You have no notion how I laughed at the man that 'talks nothing but Madeira².' I told it to my Lady Pomfret, concluding it would divert her too; and forgetting that she repines when she should laugh, and reasons when she should be diverted. She asked gravely what language that was!

LETTER 85.—¹ The Queen of Hungary.

² The only daughter and heiress

of the Marquis Acciaiuoli at Florence, was married to one of the same name, who was born at Madeira.

‘That Madeira being subject to an European prince, to be sure they talk some European dialect!’ The grave personage! It was of a piece with her saying, ‘that Swift would have written better, if he had never written ludicrously.’

I have been laughing at another story, which I shall take care not to tell her, lest she descant on that too—one of the Methodist apostles who went to America to try to make people believe what has travelled through all degrees of belief and disbelief from Jerusalem to the Lizard Point, was boasting of his success and what great improvements the poor Indians had made in Christianity; ‘You shall only hear me examine the first we meet’—and then stopping one of his swarthy congregation, he asked him if he had not felt great comfort last Sunday at the sacrament after receiving the bread and wine? ‘Yes, indeed,’ replied the poor Primitive, ‘but I wish it had been rum!’

I met a friend of yours the other day at an auction, and though I knew him not the least, yet being your friend, and so like you (for do you know, he is excessively), I had a great need to speak to him—and did. He says, ‘he has left off writing to you, for he never could get an answer.’ I said, you had never received but one from him in all the time I was with you, and that I was witness to your having answered it. He was with his mother, Lady Abercorn³, a most *frightful* gentlewoman: Mr. Winnington says, he one day overheard her and the Duchess of Devonshire⁴ talking of ‘hideous ugly women!’ By the way, I find I have never told you that it was Lord Paisley⁵; but that you will have perceived.

Amorevoli is gone to Dresden for the summer; our

³ Anne Plumer, m. (1711) James Hamilton, seventh Earl of Abercorn; d. 1754.

⁴ Catherine Hoskins, daughter and heiress of John Hoskins, of Oxted, Surrey; m. (1718) William Caven-

dish, third Duke of Devonshire; d. 1777.

⁵ James Hamilton, Baron Paisley, succeeded his father as eighth Earl of Abercorn, 1744; d. 1789.

directors are in great fear that he will serve them like Farinelli, and not return for the winter.

I am writing to you in one of the charming rooms towards the Park: it is a delightful evening, and I am willing to enjoy this sweet corner while I may, for we are soon to quit it. Mrs. Sandys came yesterday to give us warning; Lord Wilmington has lent it to them. Sir Robert might have had it for his own at first, but would only take it as First Lord of the Treasury⁶. He goes into a small house of his own in Arlington Street, opposite to where we formerly lived. Whither I shall travel is yet uncertain: he is for my living with him; but then I shall be cooped—and besides, I never found that people loved one another the less for living asunder.

The drowsy Lord Mayor⁷ is dead—so the newspapers say. I think he is not dead, but sleepeth. Lord Gower is laid up with the gout: this, they say, is the reason of his not having the Privy Seal yet.

The town has talked of nothing lately but a plot: I will tell you the circumstances. Last week the Scotch hero⁸ sent his brother⁹ two papers, which he said had been left at his house by an unknown hand; that he believed it was by Colonel Cecil, agent for the Pretender—though how could that be, for he had had no conversation with Colonel Cecil for these two years? He desired Lord Islay to lay them before the ministry. One of the papers seemed a letter, though with no address or subscription, written in true genuine Stuart characters. It was to thank *Mr. Burnus* (D. of A.) for his services, and that he hoped he would answer *the assurances* given of him. The other was to

⁶ Still the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury. It had been tenanted by the Hanoverian Minister, Baron Bothmar, on whose death George II offered to give it to

Sir Robert Walpole.

⁷ Sir Robert Godschall. *Walpole*.

⁸ The Duke of Argyll. *Walpole*.

⁹ Earl of Islay. *Walpole*.

command the Jacobites, and to exhort the Patriots to continue what they had mutually so well begun, and to say how pleased he was with their having removed *Mr. Trench*. Lord Islay showed these letters to Lord Orford, and then to the King, and told him he had showed them to my father. 'You did well.'—Lord I., 'Lord Orford says one is of the Pretender's hand.'—K., 'He knows it: whenever anything of this sort comes to your hand, carry it to Walpole¹⁰.' This private conversation you must not repeat. A few days afterwards, the Duke wrote to his brother, 'That upon recollection he thought it right to say, that he had received those letters from Lord Barrimore¹¹'—who is as well known for General to the Chevalier, as Montemar¹² is to the Queen of Spain—or as the Duke of A. would be to either of them. Lord Islay asked Sir R. if he was against publishing this story, which he thought was a justification both of his brother and Sir R. The latter replied, *he* could certainly have no objection to its being public—but pray, will his grace's sending these letters to the Secretaries of State justify him from *the assurances*¹³ that had been given of him? However, the Pretender's being of opinion that the dismissal of *Mr. Trench* was for his service, will scarce be an argument to the new ministry for making more noise about these papers.

I am sorry the boy is so uneasy at being on the foot of a servant. I will send for his mother, and ask her why she did not tell him the conditions to which we had agreed; at

¹⁰ Besides intercepted letters, Sir R. Walpole had more than once received letters from the Pretender, making him the greatest offers, which Sir R. Walpole always carried to the King, and got him to endorse, when he returned them to Sir R. *Walpole*.

¹¹ James Barry (1667–1747), fourth Earl of Barrymore; M.P. for Wigan; Lieutenant-General.

¹² Commander of the Spanish forces in Italy.

¹³ The Duke of Argyll, in the latter part of his life, was often melancholy and disordered in his understanding. After this transaction, and it is supposed he had gone still farther, he could with difficulty be brought even to write his name. The marriage of his eldest daughter with the Earl of Dalkeith was deferred for some time, because the Duke could not be prevailed upon to sign the writings. *Walpole*.

the same time, I will tell her that she may send any letters for him to me. Adieu ! my dear child : I am going to write to Mr. Chute, that is, to-morrow. I never was more diverted than with his letter. . . .¹⁴

86. TO HORACE MANN.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST, ESQ.¹

WHILE surfeited with life, each hoary knave
Grows, here, immortal, and eludes the grave,
Thy virtues immaturely met their fate,
Cramp'd in the limit of too short a date !

Thy mind, not exercis'd so oft in vain,
In health was gentle, and compos'd in pain :
Successive trials still refin'd thy soul,
And plastic patience perfected the whole.

A friendly aspect, not suborn'd by art ;
An eye, which look'd the meaning of thy heart ;
A tongue, with simple truth and freedom fraught,
The faithful index of thy honest thought.

Thy pen disdain'd to seek the servile ways
Of partial censure, and more partial praise :
Through every tongue it flow'd in nervous ease,
With sense to polish, and with wit to please.

No working venom from thy pencil fell ;
Thine was the kindest satire, living well :
The vain, the loose, the base, might blush to see
In what thou wert, what they themselves should be.

Let me not charge on Providence a crime,
Who snatch'd thee, blooming, to a better clime,
To raise those virtues to a higher sphere :
Virtues ! which only could have starv'd thee here.

¹⁴ Passage omitted. . .

LETTER 86.—¹ Richard West, only son of the Lord Chancellor West, of Ireland, by Elizabeth, daughter of Bishop Burnet, died of a consumption about the 26th year of his age,

and is buried at Hatfield. He had a great genius for poetry ; a fine *Ode* of his, on the death of Queen Caroline, is published in Dodsley's *Miscellanies*. Walpole.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A LORD.

OCCASIONED BY A LATE REPORT OF A PROMOTION².

Take a man, who by nature's a true son of earth,
 By rapine enrich'd, though a beggar by birth;
 In genius the lowest, ill-bred and obscene;
 In morals most wicked, most nasty in mien;
 By none ever trusted, yet ever employ'd;
 In blunders quite fertile, of merit quite void;
 A scold in the Senate, abroad a buffoon,
 The scorn and the jest of all courts but his own:
 A slave to that wealth that ne'er made him a friend,
 And proud of that cunning that ne'er gain'd an end;
 A dupe in each treaty, a Swiss in each vote;
 In manners and form a complete Hottentot.
 Such an one could you find, of all men you'd commend him,
 But be sure let the curse of each Briton attend him.
 Thus fully prepar'd, add the grace of the throne,
 The folly of monarchs, and screen of a crown—
 Take a prince for his purpose, without ears or eyes,
 And a long parchment roll stuff'd brim-full of lies:
 These mingl'd together, a fiat shall pass,
 And the thing be a Peer, that before was an ass.

The former copy I think you will like: it was written by one Mr. Ashton³ on Mr. West, two friends of mine, whom you have heard me often mention. The other copy was printed in the *Common Sense*, I don't know by whom composed: the end of it is very bad, and there are great falsities in it, but some strokes are terribly like!

I have not a moment to thank the Grifona, nor to answer yours of June 17, N.S., which I have this instant read.

Yours, in great haste.

² The report, mentioned in a preceding letter, that Horace Walpole, brother to Sir Robert, was created

a Peer. *Walpole*.

³ Thomas Ashton, afterwards Fellow of Eton College. *Walpole*.

87. TO HORACE MANN.

London, July 7, 1742.

WELL! you may bid the Secret Committee good night. The House adjourns to-day till Tuesday, and on Thursday is to be prorogued. Yesterday we had a bill of Pulteney's, about returning officers and regulating elections: the House was thin, and he carried it by 93 to 92. Mr. Pelham was not there, and Winnington did not vote, for the gentleman is testy still; when he saw how near he had been to losing it, he said loud enough to be heard, 'I will make the gentlemen of that side feel me!' and, rising up, he said, 'He was astonished, that a bill so calculated for the freedom of elections was so near being thrown out; that there was a report on the table, which showed how necessary such a bill was, and that though we had not time this year to consider what was proper to be done in consequence of it, he hoped we should next,'—with much to the same purpose; but all the effect this notable speech had, was to frighten my uncle, and make him give two or three shrugs extraordinary to his breeches. They now say, that Pulteney will not take out the patent for his earldom, but remain in the House of Commons *in terrorem*¹; however, all his friends are to have places immediately, or, as the fashion of expressing it is, 'they are to go to Court in the Bath coach'²!

Your relation Guise³ is arrived from Carthagena, madder

LETTER 87.—¹ Sir R. W., to defeat Pulteney's ambition, persuaded the King to insist on his going into the House of Lords: the day he carried his patent thither, he flung it upon the floor in a passion, and could scarce be prevailed on to have it passed. *Walpole*.

² His title was to be Earl of Bath. *Walpole*.

³ General Guise, a very brave officer, but apt to romance; and a great connoisseur in pictures. *Walpole*.—John Guise (d. 1765) served under Marlborough, and on the Vigo expedition of 1719. He was probably related to Mann through the mother of the latter, Eleanor, daughter of Christopher Guise, of Abbot's Court, Gloucestershire.

than ever. As he was marching up to one of the forts, all his men deserted him; his lieutenant advised him to retire; he replied, 'He never had turned his back yet, and would not now,' and stood all the fire. When the pelicans were flying over his head, he cried out, 'What would Chloe⁴ give for some of these to make a pelican pie!' When he is brave enough to perform such actions really as are almost incredible, what pity it is that he should for ever persist in saying things that are totally so!

Lord Annandale⁵ is at last mad in all the forms: he has long been an out-pensioner of Bedlam College. Lord and Lady Talbot⁶ are parted; he gives her three thousand pounds a year. Is it not amazing, that in England people will not find out that they can live separate without parting? The Duke of Beaufort⁷ says, 'He pities Lord Talbot to have met with two such tempers as their two wives⁸!'

Sir Robert Rich⁹ is going to Flanders, to try to make up an affair for his son¹⁰; who, having quarrelled with a Captain Vane, as the commanding officer was trying to make it up at the head of the regiment, Rich came behind Vane, 'And to show you,' said he, 'that I will not make it up, take that,' and gave him a box on the ear. They were immediately put in arrest; but the learned in the laws of honour say, they must fight, for no German officer will serve with Vane, till he has had satisfaction.

⁴ The Duke of Newcastle's French cook. *Walpole*.

⁵ George Johnstone (1720-1792), third Marquis of Annandale, to whom David Hume was companion from 1745 to 1746. He was declared a lunatic in 1748.

⁶ Mary de Cardonnel (d. 1787), daughter and heir of Adam de Cardonnel, Secretary at War; m. (1734) William Talbot, second Baron, afterwards Earl, Talbot.

⁷ Henry Somerset - Scudamore

(1708-1745), third Duke of Beaufort.

⁸ See note 16 on letter to Mann of June 10, 1742.

⁹ Field Marshal Sir Robert Rich (1685-1768), fourth Baronet, of Roos Hall, Suffolk; Colonel of the 4th Dragoons; Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

¹⁰ Robert Rich (1714-1785), afterwards fifth Baronet; Governor of Londonderry and Culmore Fort, 1756; Lieutenant-General, 1760.

Mr. Harris, who married Lady Walpole's mother¹¹, is to be one of the peace-offerings on the new altar¹². Bootle is to be Chief Justice; but the Lord Chancellor would not consent to it, unless Lord Glenorchy, whose daughter is married to Mr. Yorke, had a place in lieu of the Admiralty, which he has lost—he is to have Harris's. Lord Edgecumbe's, in Ireland¹³, they say, is destined to Harry Vane¹⁴, Pulteney's toad-eater.

Monticelli lives in a manner at our house. I tell my sister that she is in love with him, and that I am glad it was not Amorevoli. Monticelli dines frequently with Sir Robert, which diverts me extremely: you know how low his ideas are of music and the virtuosi; he calls them all *fiddlers*.

I have not time now to write more, for I am going to a masquerade at the Ranelagh amphitheatre: the King is fond of it, and has pressed people to go; but I don't find that it will be full. Good night! My love to the Pope for his good thing.

88. TO HORACE MANN.

Downing Street, July 14, 1742.

THE LESSON FOR THE DAY.

HERE begins the second Chapter of the first book of Preferments.

1. Now these are the Generations of Them that sought preferment.

¹¹ Margaret, daughter of Roger Tuckfield, of Thorverton, Devonshire; married 1. Samuel Rolle, 2. John Harris; d. 1754.

¹² This article did not prove true: Mr. Harris was not removed, nor Bootle made Chief Justice. *Walpole*.—John Harris of Hayne, Devonshire; d. 1767.

¹³ Paymaster-General.

¹⁴ Hon. Henry Vane (circ. 1705–1758), succeeded his father as third Baron Barnard, 1753; cr. Earl of Darlington, April 3, 1754; M.P. for Ripon; Paymaster-General in Ireland, 1742–44; Lord of the Treasury, 1749–55; Joint Paymaster of the Forces, 1755.

2. Twenty years they sought preferment and found it not: yea, twenty years they wandered in the wilderness.

3. Twenty years they sought them places, but they found no resting-place for the sole of their foot.

4. And lo! it came to pass in the days of George the King, that these Men said, Go to, let us make ourselves places.

5. And they took a man named William¹, and they made him King over them, and he made them places.

6. And these be the names of the men that have gotten them places in this their day.

7. In those days Lord Hervey held the King's signet, and to him succeeded Lord Gower.

8. And the King had a guard of men, called Gentlemen-Pensioners, and over them he set Lord Bathurst.

9. And Lord Limerick got the reversion after Lord Palmerston, for himself and for his son after him, and he is to be the King's Remembrancer from generation to generation.

10. Lord Edgcumbe was and is not. He was the King's Treasurer in the land of Ireland, but he found not favour in their eyes; and to him succeeded Henry Vane.

11. Henry Legge² was Secretary to the Treasury, but the name of Legge was found unseemly—so he is called Henry Furnese unto this day.

12. But lo! now the man Legge is as the man Whitworth was; the Surveyorship of the Forests is given him in lieu thereof³—but not to tire you with Scripture,

LETTER 88.—¹ William Pulteney.

² Henry Bilson Legge (1708-1764), fourth son of first Earl of Dartmouth; M.P. for Orford. He was Secretary to Sir R. Walpole; Chief Secretary for Ireland; Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests north and south of Trent, 1742-44; Lord of the Admiralty, 1745-47; Treasurer of the

Navy, 1749-54; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1754-55, 1756-57, 1757-61.

³ This piece with a very few additions, was the original of a numberless quantity of the same kind, which were published upon all subjects for a year or two. *Walpole*.

Sir Robert Brown⁴ is displaced from being Paymaster of something, I forget what, for Sir Charles Gilmour, a friend of Lord Tweeddale⁵. Ned Finch⁶ is made Groom of the Bedchamber, which was vacant; and Will Finch⁷ Vice-Chamberlain, which was not vacant; but they have emptied it of Lord Sidney Beauclerc. Boone⁸ is made Commissary-General, in Huxley's⁹ room, and Jefferies¹⁰ in Will Stuart's¹¹. All these have been kissing hands to-day, headed by the Earl of Bath. He went in to the King the other day with this long list, but was told shortly, that unless he would take up his patent and quit the House of Commons, nothing should be done—he has consented. I made some of them very angry; for when they told me who had kissed hands, I asked, if the Pretender had kissed hands too, for being King? I forgot to tell you, that Murray is to be Solicitor-General, in Sir John Strange's place, who is made Chief Justice, or some such thing¹².

I don't know who it was that said it, but it was a very good

⁴ Sir Robert Brown (d. 1760), first Baronet, formerly a merchant at Venice and British Resident there. He was Paymaster of the Works.

⁵ John Hay (circ. 1695–1762), fourth Marquis of Tweeddale; Principal Secretary and Keeper of the Signet (of Scotland), 1742–46; Lord-Justice General, and Governor of the Bank of Scotland, 1761–62.

⁶ Hon. Edward Finch, fifth son of sixth Earl of Winchelsea, M.P. for Cambridge University, 1727–71; Envoy to Sweden, 1723; to Holland, 1724; to Poland, 1724–25; Minister at St. Petersburg, 1739–40; Groom of the Bedchamber, 1742; Master of the Robes, 1757; Surveyor of the King's Private Roads, 1760; assumed the additional surname of Hatton, 1764; d. 1771.

⁷ The Hon. William Finch, second son of the sixth Earl of Winchelsea, had been Envoy in Sweden and in Holland. He continued to hold the office of Vice-Chamberlain of the

Household till his death, in 1766. These two brothers, and their elder brother Daniel, seventh Earl of Winchelsea, are the persons whom Sir Charles Hanbury Williams calls, on account of the blackness of their complexions, 'The dark, funereal Finches.' *Walpole*.

⁸ Daniel Boone, M.P. for Gram-pound.

⁹ George Huxley, sometime M.P. for Newport (Isle of Wight).

¹⁰ John Jeffries (M.P. for Breconshire) was not promoted until December of this year, when he succeeded Henry Furnese as Joint Secretary to the Treasury.

¹¹ William Stuart appears to have been Paymaster of the Pensions, in which office he was succeeded by Edward Hooper.

¹² Sir John Strange was made Master of the Rolls, but not till some years afterwards: he died in 1754. *Walpole*.

answer to one who asked why Lord Gower had not kissed hands sooner—‘the Dispensation was not come from Rome’¹³.

I am writing to you up to the ears in packing: Lord Wilmington has lent this house to Sandys, and he has given us instant warning; we are moving as fast as possible to Siberia,—Sir Robert has a house there, within a few miles of the Duke of Courland¹⁴; in short, child, we are all going to Norfolk, till we can get a house ready in town: all the furniture is taken down, and lying about in confusion. I look like St. John, in the Isle of Patmos, writing revelations, and prophesying ‘Woe! woe! woe! the kingdom of desolation is at hand!’ indeed, I have prettier animals about me, than he ever dreamt of: here is the dear Patapan, and a little Vandyke cat, with black whiskers and boots; you would swear it was of a very ancient family, in the west of England, famous for their loyalty.

I told you I was going to the masquerade at Ranelagh Gardens, last week: it was miserable; there were but an hundred men, six women, and two shepherdesses. The King liked it,—and that he might not be known, they had dressed him a box with red damask! Lady Pomfret and her daughters were there, all dressed alike, that they might not be known. My Lady said to Lady Bel Finch¹⁵, who was dressed like a nun, and for coolness had cut off the nose of her mask, ‘Madam, you are the first nun that ever I saw without a nose!’ . . .¹⁶

¹³ From the Pretender. Lord Gower had been, until he was made Privy Seal, one of the leading Jacobites; and was even supposed to lean to that party, after he had accepted the appointment. *Walpole*.

¹⁴ Johann Ernst von Biren (1687–1772), Duke of Courland, favourite minister of Anne, Empress of Russia (d. 1740); appointed by her Regent of the Empire during the minority of her successor, Ivan VI. He was

seized by Count Munich (ostensibly by order of the mother of Ivan), and exiled to Siberia, whence he was recalled in the same year by the Empress Elizabeth.

¹⁵ Lady Isabella Finch, fourth daughter of sixth Earl of Winchelsea; first Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Amelia; d. unmarried, 1771.

¹⁶ Passage omitted.

As I came home last night, they told me there was a fire in Downing Street; when I came to Whitehall, I could not get to the end of the street in my chariot, for the crowd: when I got out, the first thing I heard was a man enjoying himself: 'Well! if it lasts two hours longer, Sir Robert Walpole's house will be burned to the ground!' it was a very comfortable hearing! but I found the fire was on the opposite side of the way, and at a good distance. I stood in the crowd an hour to hear their discourse: one man was relating at how many fires he had happened to be present, and did not think himself at all unlucky in passing by, just at this. What diverted me most, was a servant-maid, who was working, and carrying pails of water, with the strength of half a dozen troopers, and swearing the mob out of her way—the soft creature's name was Phillis! When I arrived at our door, I found the house full of goods, beds, women, and children, and three Scotch members of Parliament, who lodge in the row, and who had sent in a saddle, a fitch of bacon, and a bottle of ink. There was no wind, and the house was saved, with the loss of only its garret, and the furniture.

I forgot to mention the Dominichin last post, as I suppose I had before, for I always was for your buying it; it is one of the most engaging pictures I ever saw. I have no qualms about its originality; and even if Sir Robert should not like it when it comes, which is impossible, I think I would live upon a fitch of bacon and a bottle of ink, rather than not spare the money to buy it myself: so, my dear Sir, buy it.

Your brother has this moment brought me a letter: I find by it, that you are very old style with relation to the Prussian peace. Why, we have sent Robinson¹⁷ a red and

¹⁷ Sir Thomas Robinson, Minister at Vienna; he was made Secretary of State in 1754: *Walpole*.—Fourth son of Sir William Robinson, of New-

by, Yorkshire; cr. Baron Grantam, 1761; Secretary to the Embassy at Paris, 1723-30; Envoy to Vienna, 1730-48; K.B., 1742; Joint Pleni-



*Sir Robert Walpole, K.G.
from painting by Van Loo.*



Lord Hyndford¹⁸ a green ribbon for it, above a fortnight ago. Miley (as Lord Lovel calls him), Duke of Bedford¹⁹, is, they say, to have a blue one, for making his own peace: you know we always mind home-peaces more than foreign ones.

I am quite sorry for all the trouble you have had about the Maltese cats; but you know they were for Lord Islay, not for myself. Adieu! I have no more time.

89. TO HORACE MANN.

You scolded me so much about my little paper, that I dare not venture upon it even now, when I have very little to say to you. The long session is over, and the Secret Committee already forgotten. Nobody remembers it but poor Paxton, who has lost his place¹ by it. I saw him the day after he came out of Newgate; he came to Chelsea: Lord Fitzwilliam was there, and in the height of zeal, took him about the neck and kissed him. Lord Orford had been at Court that morning, and with his usual spirits, said to the new ministers, 'So! the Parliament is up, and Paxton, Bell, and I have got our liberty!' The King spoke in the kindest manner to him at his levee, but did not call him into the closet, as the new ministry feared he would, and as, perhaps, the old ministry expected he would. The day before, when the King went to put an end to the session, Lord Quarendon asked Winnington 'whether Bell would be

potentiary for concluding the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748; Lord of Trade, 1748-49; Master of the Wardrobe, 1749-54, 1755-60; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1754-55; Joint Postmaster-General, 1765-66; d. 1770.

¹⁸ John Carmichael (1701-1767), third Earl of Hyndford; Envoy to Berlin, 1741; K.T., 1742; Envoy to Russia, 1744-49; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1750; Ambassador to

Vienna, 1752, 1764. In recognition of his services in connexion with the Treaty of Breslau, he received from the King of Prussia an augmentation to his coat of arms, viz. the Eagle of Silesia, and the motto *Ex bene merito*.

¹⁹ The Duke of Bedford had not the Garter till some years after this. *Walpole*.

LETTER 89.—¹ Solicitor to the Treasury. *Walpole*.

let out time enough to hire a mob to huzza him as he went to the House of Lords.'

The few people that are left in town have been much diverted with an adventure that has befallen the new ministers. Last Sunday the Duke of Newcastle gave them a dinner at Claremont, where their servants got so drunk, that when they came to the inn over against the gate of New Park², the coachman, who was the only remaining fragment of their suite, tumbled off the box, and there they were planted. There were Lord Bath, Lord Carteret, Lord Limerick, and Harry Furnese in the coach: they asked the inn-keeper if he could contrive no way to convey them to town. 'No,' he said, 'not he, unless it was to get Lord Orford's coachman to drive them.' They demurred; but Lord Carteret said, 'Oh, I dare say, Lord Orford will willingly let us have him.' So they sent, and he drove them home.

Ceretsi had a mind to see this wonderful Lord Orford, of whom he has heard so much; I carried him to dine at Chelsea. You know the Earl don't speak a word of any language but English and Latin³, and Ceretsi not a word of either; yet he assured me that he was very happy to have made *così bella conoscenza!* He whips out his pocket-book every moment, and writes descriptions in *issimo* of everything he sees: the grotto alone took up three pages. What volumes he will publish at his return, *in usum Sere-nissimi Pannoni*⁴!

There has lately been the most shocking scene of murder imaginable; a parcel of *drunken* constables took it into their heads to put the laws in execution against *disorderly* persons,

² Lord Walpole was Ranger of New Park. *Walpole.*

³ It was very remarkable, that Lord Orford could get and keep such an ascendant with King George I,

when they had no way of conversing but very imperfectly in Latin. *Walpole.*

⁴ The Coffee-House at Florence, where the nobility meet. *Walpole.*

and so took up every woman they met, till they had collected five or six-and-twenty, all whom they thrust into St. Martin's Round-House, where they kept them all night, with doors and windows closed. The poor creatures, who could not stir or breathe, screamed as long as they had any breath left, begging at least for water: one poor wretch said she was worth eighteen-pence, and would gladly give it for a draught of water, but in vain! So well did they keep them there, that in the morning four were found stifled to death, two died soon after, and a dozen more are in a shocking way. In short, it is horrid to think what the poor creatures suffered: several of them were beggars, who, from having no lodging, were necessarily found in the street, and others honest labouring women. One of the dead was a poor washerwoman, big with child, who was returning home late from washing. One of the constables is taken, and others absconded; but I question⁵ if any of them will suffer death, though the greatest criminals in this town are the officers of justice; there is no tyranny they do not exercise, no villany of which they do not partake. These same men, the same night, broke into a bagnio in Covent Garden, and took up Jack Spencer⁶, Mr. Stewart, and Lord George Graham⁷, and would have thrust them into the Round-House with the poor women, if they had not been worth more than eighteen-pence!

I have just now received yours of the 15th of July, with

⁵ The Keeper of the Round-House was tried, but acquitted of wilful murder. *Walpole*.—His name was William Bird. He was condemned to death, but reprieved for transportation. (See *Gent. Mag.*, 1742, pp. 545, 601).

⁶ Hon. John Spencer (1708–1746), fourth son of third Earl of Sunderland, by his second wife, Anne Churchill, second daughter and co-heir of John Churchill, Duke of

Marlborough. He was the favourite of his grandmother, Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, who left him a vast fortune (in preference to his elder brother, the Duke of Marlborough), on condition that neither he nor his heirs should accept any place or pension from government.

⁷ Fourth son of first Duke of Montrose; Captain in the Navy; d. 1747.

a married letter from both Prince and Princess⁸: but sure nothing ever equalled the setting out of it! She says, 'The generosity of your friendship for me, Sir, leaves me nothing to desire of all that is precious in England, China, and the Indies!' Do you know, after such a testimony under the hand of a princess, that I am determined, after the laudable example of the house of Medici, to take the title of *Horace the Magnificent*! I am only afraid it should be a dangerous example for my posterity, who may ruin themselves in emulating the magnificence of their ancestor. It happens comically, for t'other day, in removing from Downing Street, Sir Robert found an old account-book of his father⁹, wherein he set down all his expenses. In three months and ten days that he was in London one winter as member of Parliament, he spent—what do you think?—sixty-four pounds seven shillings and fivepence! There are many articles for Nottingham ale, eighteen-pences for dinners, five shillings to Bob (now Earl of Orford), and one memorandum of six shillings given in exchange to Mr. Wilkins for his wig—and yet this old man, my grandfather, had two thousand pounds a year, Norfolk sterling! He little thought that what maintained him for a whole session would scarce serve one of his younger grandsons to buy japan and fans for princesses at Florence!

Lord Orford has been at Court again to-day: Lord Carteret came up to thank him for his coachman; the Duke of Newcastle standing by. My father said, 'My Lord, whenever the Duke is near overturning you, you have nothing to do but to send to me, and I will save you.' The Duke said to Lord Carteret, 'Do you know, my Lord, that the venison you eat that day came out of New Park?' Lord Orford laughed, and said, 'Soh, you see I am made to kill the

⁸ Prince and Princess Craon. *Walpole*.

⁹ Robert Walpole (d. 1700), M.P. for Castle Rising, 1689–1700.

fatted calf for the return of the prodigals!’ The King passed by all the new Ministry to speak to him, and afterwards only spoke to my Lord Carteret.

Should I answer the letters from the court of Petraia again? there will be no end of our magnificent correspondence!—but would it not be too haughty to let a princess write last?

Oh, the cats! I can never keep them, and yet it is barbarous to send them all to Lord Islay: he will shut them up and starve them, and then bury them under the stairs with his wife¹⁰. I laughed for an hour at Marquis Albizzi’s *fistula qui vient partout—cela est fâcheux! Monsieur le Chevalier!* thank heaven! yours did not! Adieu!

90. TO HORACE MANN.

Chelsea, July 29, 1742.

I AM quite out of humour; the whole town is melted away; you never saw such a desert. You know what Florence is in the vintage-season, at least I remember what it was: London is just as empty, nothing but half a dozen private gentlewomen left, who live upon the scandal that they laid up in the winter. I am going too! this day sennight we set out for Houghton, for three months; but I scarce think that I shall allow thirty days a-piece to them. Next post I shall not be able to write to you; and when I am there, shall scarce find materials to furnish a letter above every other post. I beg, however, that you will write constantly to me; it will be my only entertainment, for I neither hunt, brew, drink, nor reap. When I return in the winter, I will make amends for this barren season of our correspondence.

I carried Sir Robert the other night to Ranelagh for the

¹⁰ Daughter of Mr. Whitfield, Paymaster of Marines; d. 1723.

first time: my uncle's prudence, or fear, would never let him go before. It was pretty full, and all its fullness flocked round us: we walked with a train at our heels, like two chairmen going to fight; but they were extremely civil, and did not crowd him, or say the least impertinence—I think he grows popular already! The other day he got it asked, whether he should be received if he went to Carleton House?—no, truly!—but yesterday morning Lord Baltimore¹ came to soften it a little; that his Royal Highness did not refuse to see him, but that now the Court was out of town, and he had no Drawing-room, he did not see anybody.

They have given Mrs. Pulteney an admirable name, and one that is likely to stick by her—instead of Lady Bath, they call her the wife of Bath². Don't you figure her squabbling at the gate with St. Peter for a halfpenny?

Cibber has published a little pamphlet³ against Pope, which has a great deal of spirit, and, from some circumstances, will notably vex him. I will send it to you by the first opportunity, with a new pamphlet, said to be Dodington's, called *A Comparison of the Old and New Ministry*: it is much liked. I have not forgot your magazines, but will send them and these pamphlets together. Adieu! I am at the end of my tell.

P.S. Lord Edgcumbe is just made Lord-Lieutenant of Cornwall, at which the Lord of Bath looks sour. He said, yesterday, that the King would give orders for several other considerable alterations; but he gave no orders, except for this, which was not asked by that Earl.

LETTER 90.—¹ Lord of the Bed-chamber to the Prince. *Walpole*.

² In allusion to the old ballad. *Walpole*.—Anna Maria, daughter of John Gumley, of Isleworth; m. (1714) William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath; d. 1758.

³ *A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope*. In consequence of this letter Pope substituted Cibber for Theobald as hero of the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, published in October, 1742.

91. TO HORACE MANN.

(From Houghton.)

LABOUR IN VAIN.

I.

YE patriots, who twenty long years
Have struggl'd our rights to maintain;
View the end of your labours and fears,
And see them all ended in *vain*.

II.

Behold! in the front stands your Hero,
Behind him his patriot train;
Hear him rail at a tyrant and Nero;
Yet his railing all ended in *vain*.

III.

Then see him attack a Convention,
And calling for vengeance on Spain;
What pity such noble contention
And spirit should end all in *vain*!

IV.

That the Place-bill he got for the nation,
Was only a shadow, is plain;
For now 'tis a clear demonstration
That substance is ended in *vain*.

V.

His bloody and horrible vow,
Which once gave the Courtiers such pain,
No longer alarums them now,
For his threats are all ended in *vain*.

VI.

What though the Committee have found,
That Orford's a traitor in grain;
Yet wiser than they may compound,
And justice be ended in *vain*.

VII.

How certain would be our undoing,
Should the people their wishes obtain !
Then to save us from danger of ruin,
He has ended our wishes in *vain*.

VIII.

Then let us give thanks and be glad,
That he knew how our passion to rein,
And wisely prevented the bad,
By ending the good all in *vain*.

IX.

About Brutus let Rome disagree,
We won't from our praises refrain ;
Our Brutus has more cause than he
To declare even virtue in *vain*.

X.

Three thousand five hundred a year,
He valu'd it not of a grain ;
His scorn of such filth is most clear,
Since that too he ended in *vain*.

XI.

Corruption he hates like a toad,
And calls it the National Bane,
Yet damn'd Tories, his virtue to load,
Say, that all is not ended in *vain*.

XII.

He rejects all employments and places,
And thinks every pension a stain ;
Yet Tories, with their damn'd sly faces,
Say, that all is not ended in *vain*.

XIII.

In spite of his caution and care
To avoid the appearance of gain,
Say those Tories, his wife has a share,
And all is not ended in *vain*.

THE OLD COACHMAN;

A BALLAD.

I.

Wise Caleb¹ and Cart'ret, two birds of a feather,
 Went down to a feast at Newcastle's together;
 No matter what wines, or what choice of good cheer,
 'Tis enough that the coachman had his dose of beer.
Derry down, &c.

II.

Coming home, as the liquor work'd up in his pate,
 This coachman drove on at a damnable rate;
 Poor Cart'ret in terror, and scar'd all the while,
 Cry'd, 'Stop, let me out—is the dog an Argyll²?'

III.

But he soon was convince'd of his error, for, lo,
 John stopt short in the dirt and no farther would go;
 When Cart'ret saw this, he observ'd with a laugh,
 'This coachman, I find, is your own, my Lord Bath.'

IV.

Now the Peers quit the coach in a pitiful plight,
 Deep in mire and in rain, and without any light;
 Not a path to pursue, or to guide them a friend,
 What course shall they take then, and how will this end?

V.

Lo! Chance, the great mistress of human affairs,
 Who governs in councils, and conquers in wars;
 Straight, with grief at their case, for the Goddess well knew,
 That these were her creatures and votaries too,

VI.

This Chance brought a Passenger quick to their aid,
 'Honest Friend, can you drive?'—'What should ail me?'
he said;

LETTER 91.—¹ Pulteney: the *Craftsman* was published under the name of Caleb Danvers. *Walpole*.

² In a famous print called *The*

Motion, Lord Carteret was represented in a fright, wanting to get out of a coach, which the Duke of Argyll was driving furiously. *Walpole*.

'For many a bad season, through many a bad way,
Old Orford I've driven without stop or stay.

VII.

He was overturn'd, I confess, but not hurt ;'
Quoth the Peers—'It was we help'd him out of the dirt ;
This boon to thy master then prithee requite,
Take us up or else here we must wander all night.'

VIII.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin,
Drove away to St. James's, and brought them safe in ;
Learn hence, honest Britons, in spite of your pains,
That Orford old coachman still governs the reins.

THE COUNTRY GIRL ;

AN ODE.

I.

The country girl that's well inclin'd,
To love, when the young squire grows kind,
Doubts between joy and ruin ;
Now will, and now will not comply,
To raptures now her pulse beats high,
And now she fears undoing.

II.

But when the lover with his pray'rs,
His oaths, his sighs, his vows and tears,
Holds out the proffer'd treasure ;
She quite forgets her fear and shame,
And quits her virtue and her fame,
For profit mixt with pleasure.

III.

So virtuous Pult'ney, who had long
By speech, by pamphlet, and by song,
Held patriotism's steerage ;
Yields to ambition mixt with gain,
A treasury gets for Harry Vane,
And for himself a peerage.

IV.

Tho' with joint lives and debts before,
Harry's estate was cover'd o'er,
His Irish place repairs it ;
Unless that story should be true,
That he receives but half his due,
And the new Countess³ shares it.

V.

'Tis said, besides, that t'other Harry⁴
Pays half the fees of Secretary
To Bath's ennobled doxy ;
If so, good use of pow'r she makes,
The treasury of each kingdom takes,
And holds them both by proxy.

VI.

Whilst her dear Lord obeys his summons,
And leaves the noisy House of Commons,
Amongst the Lords to nod ;
Where if he's better than of old,
His hand perhaps a stick may hold,
But never more a rod.

VII.

Unheard of, let him slumber there,
As innocent as any peer,
As fit for any job ;
For now he's popular no more,
Has lost the power he had before,
And his best friends the mob.

VIII.

Their fav'rites shouldn't soar so high,
They fail him when too near the sky,
Like Icarus's wings ;
And popularity is such,
As still is ruin'd by the touch
Of gracious giving kings.

³ Lady Bath. *Walpole*.⁴ H. Furnese. *Walpole*.

IX.

Here then, O Bath! thy empire ends,
 Argyll shall, with his Tory friends,
 Soon better days restore;
 For Enoch's fate and thine are one,
 Like him translated, thou art gone
 Ne'er to be heard of more.

Here are three new ballads, and you must take them as a plump part of a long letter. Consider, I am in the barren land of Norfolk, where news grow as slow as anything green; and besides, I am in the house of a fallen minister! The first song I fancy is Lord E'gcombe's; at least he had reason to write it. The second I do not think so good as the real story that occasioned it. The last is reckoned vastly the best, and is much admired: I cannot say I see all those beauties in it, nor am charmed with the poetry, which is cried up. I don't find that anybody knows whose it is⁵. Pulteney is very angry, especially, as he pretends, about his wife, and says, 'it is too much to abuse *ladies*!' You see, their twenty years' satires come home thick! He is gone to the Bath in great dudgeon: the day before he went, he went in to the King to ask him to turn out Mr. Hill⁶ of the Customs, for having opposed him at Heydon. 'Sir,' said the King, 'was it not when you was opposing me? I won't turn him out: I will part with no more of my friends.' Lord Wilmington was waiting to receive orders accordingly, but the King gave him none.

We came hither last Saturday; as we passed through Grosvenor Square, we met Sir Roger Newdigate⁷ with a vast body of Tories, proceeding to his election at Brentford: we

⁵ It was written by Hanbury Williams. *Walpole*.

⁶ John Hill, Commissioner of Customs, d. 1753.

⁷ Fifth Baronet, of Harefield, Middlesex, and Arbury, Warwickshire; M.P. for Middlesex. He was

a high Tory (Horace Walpole calls him 'a half-converted Jacobite'). He was Burgess for the University of Oxford 1750-80, and was the founder of the 'Newdigate' prize for English verse.

might have expected some insult, but only one single fellow hissed, and was not followed. Lord Edgecumbe, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Hervey, in their way to Coke's⁸, and Lord Chief Justice Willes⁹ (on the circuit) are the only company here yet. My Lord invited nobody, but left it to their charity. The other night, as soon as he had gone through showing Mr. Ellis the house, 'Well,' said he, 'here I am to enjoy it, and my Lord of Bath may kiss——.' I forgot to tell you, in confirmation of what you see in the song of the wife of Bath having shares of places, Sir Robert told me, that when formerly he got a place for her own father¹⁰, she took the salary and left him only the perquisites!

It is much thought that the King will go abroad, if he can avoid leaving the Prince in his place——imagine all this!

I received to-day yours of July 29, and two from Mr. Chute and Madame Pucci¹¹, which I will answer very soon: where is she now?

I delight in Mr. Villiers's¹² modesty—in one place you had written it Villettes¹³; I fancy on purpose, for it would do for him.

Good night, my dear child! I have written myself threadbare. I know you will hate my campaign, but what can one do!

⁸ Holkham, the seat of his father, Lord Lovel.

⁹ Sir John Wills, Knight (1685–1761); acted as Commissioner of the Great Seal, 1756–57.

¹⁰ Colonel Gumley.

¹¹ She was daughter of the Conte di Valvasone, of Friuli, sister of Madame Suares, and of the Bed-chamber to the Duchess of Modena. *Walpole*.

¹² Hon. Thomas Villiers (1709–1786), second son of second Earl of Jersey; cr. Baron Hyde of Hindon, Wiltshire, June 3, 1756; Earl of Clarendon, 1776. He was Envoy to Warsaw,

1737; Minister at Dresden, 1740–47; at Vienna, 1742–43; at Berlin, 1745–48; Lord of the Admiralty, 1748; Joint Postmaster-General, 1763–65; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1771–82, 1783. Villiers took to himself the credit of the King of Poland's adhesion to the Treaty of Breslau, which, in fact, the King had been compelled to give, owing to the pressure put upon him by the King of Prussia.

¹³ Arthur Villettes, Envoy to Turin, afterwards Minister to the Swiss Confederation; d. 1776.

92. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, Aug. 20, 1742.

By the tediousness of the post, and distance of place, I am still receiving letters from you about the Secret Committee, which seems strange, for it is as much forgotten now, as if it had happened in the last reign. Thus much I must answer you about it, that it is possible to resume the inquiry upon the Report next session; but you may judge whether they will, after all the late promotions.

We are willing to believe that there are no news in town, for we hear none at all: Lord Lovel sent us word to-day that he heard, by a messenger from the Post Office, that Montemar¹ is put under arrest. I don't tell *you* this for news, for you must know it long ago; but I expect the confirmation of it from you next post. Since we came hither I have heard no more of the King's journey to Flanders: our troops are as peaceable there as on Hounslow Heath, except some bickerings and blows about beef with butchers², and about sacraments with friars. You know the English can eat no meat, nor be civil to any God, but their own.

LETTER 92.—¹ Montemar had retired, for want of supplies, before the Austrians and Piedmontese. He was, in consequence, recalled to Madrid to explain his conduct.

² 'Extract of a Private Letter from Ghent. On the 3rd Instant, at Night, some English Soldiers being in the Market Place, one of them, as the Butchers say, stole a Piece of Meat, but the Soldiers say, that he only took it up to smell if it was sweet; upon which the Butcher cut him across the Face with a Knife, and one of the Soldiers run the Butcher through the Body. Immediately the Fray became general; the Butchers with Knives and

Cleavers, and the Burghers with old rusty Swords and Spits, killed some of the Soldiers; but twelve Dragoons coming to the Relief of the Foot, cut down all before them, and put the Mob to Flight. The rest of the Soldiers were, by Direction of the Officers, lock'd up in the Barracks. The Tumult continued above two Hours, and several were killed on both Sides. On this Occasion the Magistrates assembled, and ordered an Edict to be issued, that whoever should offer the least Affront to the Subjects of the King of Great Britain, should be whipt, burnt in the Back, and turned out of the Town.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1742, p. 390.)

As much as I am obliged to you for the description of your *cocchiata*³, I don't like to hear of it. It is very unpleasant, instead of being at it, to be prisoner in a melancholy, barren province, which would put one in mind of the deluge, only that we have no water. Do remember exactly how your last was; for I intend that you shall give me just such another *cocchiata* next summer, if it pleases the kings and queens of this world to let us be at peace! *For it rests that without fig-leaves*, as my Lord Bacon says in one of his letters, *I do ingenuously confess and acknowledge that I like nothing so well as Italy.*

I agree with you extremely about Tuscany for Prince Charles, but I can only agree with you on paper; for as to knowing anything of it, I am sure Sir Robert himself knows nothing of it: the Duke of Newcastle and my Lord Carteret keep him in as great ignorance as possible, especially the latter; and even in other times, you know how little he ever thought on those things. Believe me, he will every day know less.

Your last, which I have been answering, was of the 5th of August; I this minute receive another of the 12th. How I am charmed with your spirit and usage of Richcourt! *Mais ce n'est pas d'aujourd'hui que je commence à les mépriser*⁴! I am so glad that you have quitted your calm, to treat them as they deserve. You don't tell me if his opposition in the Council hindered your intercession for taking place for the *valet de chambre*⁵. I hope not! I could not bear his thwarting you!

I am now going to write to your brother, to get you the overtures: and to desire he will send them with some

³ Originally a serenade listened to from carriages. Mann was about to give a concert in his garden. (See *Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 91.)

⁴ A phrase used by Mann in speak-

ing of the enemies of Sir Robert Walpole.

⁵ Mr. Whithed's servant, who had robbed him, and was in prison.

pamphlets and the magazines, which I left him in commission for you, at my leaving London. I am going to send him, too, *des pleins pouvoirs*, for nominating a person to represent me at his new babe's christening.

I am sorry Mrs. Goldsworthy is coming to England, though I think it can be of no effect. Sir Charles⁶ has no sort of interest with the new powers, and I don't think the Richmonds have enough to remove foreign ministers. However, I will consult with Sir Robert about it, and see if he thinks there is any danger for you, which I do not in the least; and whatever can be done by me, I think you know, will. Adieu!

P.S. I inclose an answer to Madame Pucci's letter. Where is she in all this Modenese desolation?⁷

93. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, August 28, 1742.

I DID receive your letter of the 12th, as I think I mentioned in my last; and to-day another of the 19th. Had I been you, instead of saying that I would have taken my Lady's¹ woman for my spy, I should have said, that I would hire Richcourt himself: I dare to say that one might buy the Count's own secrets of himself.

I am sorry to hear that the *impresarii* have sent for the Chiaretta. I am not one of the managers; I should have remonstrated against her, for she will not do on the same stage with the Barbarina. I don't know who will be glad of her coming, but Mr. Blighe and Amorevoli.

'Tis amazing, but we hear not a syllable of Prague—taken, it must be²! Indeed, Carthage, too, was certain of being

⁶ Sir Charles Wager. *Walpole*.

⁷ The Duke of Modena had withdrawn from his dominions before the advancing Austrian and Sardinian

forces.

LETTER 93.—¹ Lady Walpole.

² Prague was now closely besieged by the Austrians, but remained in

taken; but it seems, Maillebois³ is to stop at Bavaria. I hope Belleisle⁴ will be made prisoner. I am indifferent about the fate of the great Broglie⁵—but Belleisle is able, and is our most determined enemy:—we need not have more, for to-day it is confirmed that Cardinal Tencin⁶ and M. d'Argenson⁷ are declared of the prime ministry. The first moment they can, Tencin will be for transporting the Pretenders into England. Your advice about Naples was quite judicious: the appearance of a bomb will have great weight in the councils of the little King⁸.

We don't talk now of any of the Royals passing into Flanders; though *The Champion*⁹ this morning had an admirable quotation, on the supposition that the King would go himself: it was this line from *The Rehearsal*:—

'Give us our fiddle; we ourselves will play.'

possession of the French until December, 1742.

³ Jean François Desmarests (1682-1762), Marquis de Maillebois, Maréchal de France. He failed to relieve Prague, and retired into Bavaria.

⁴ Charles Louis Auguste Fouquet (1684-1761), Comte (afterwards Duc) de Belleisle, Maréchal de France, now shut up in Prague.

⁵ François Marie (1671-1745), Duc de Broglie, Maréchal de France, in command of the French army in Prague.

⁶ Pierre Guérin de Tencin (1680-1758). His political advancement was mainly due to the influence of his sister (the notorious Marquise de Tencin) with the minister Dubois, whose right-hand man he became, and for whom he obtained a cardinal's hat. In this year (1742) Tencin became Minister of State, and Archbishop of Lyons. He was subsequently disgraced, and retired to his diocese.

⁷ Marc Pierre de Voyer (1696-1764), Comte d'Argenson, appointed Minister for War. In this capacity

he reorganized the French army, and thus contributed to the victories of Fontenoy and Laffeldt. He incurred the resentment of Madame de Pompadour, through whose influence he was disgraced and exiled (1757).

⁸ Charles, King of Naples. On August 19, 1742 (apparently in pursuance of Mann's advice), an English squadron, under Commodore Martin, appeared before Naples, to insist upon the recall of the Neapolitan troops which had been sent to the assistance of the Spaniards, and upon the observance of strict neutrality by the King of Naples. Commodore Martin threatened instant hostilities if these conditions were refused. After some hesitation on the King's part, Martin demanded (and received) compliance within an hour.

⁹ *The Champion* was an Opposition Journal, written by Fielding. *Walpole*.—James Ralph 'acted as a kind of co-editor, and continued to edit it after Fielding's connexion with it ceased.' (*D. N. B.*)

The *Lesson for the Day*¹⁰ that I sent you, I gave to Mr. Coke, who came in as I was writing it, and by his dispersing it, it has got into print, with an additional one, which I cannot say I am proud should go under my name. Since that, nothing but *lessons* are the fashion: first and second *lessons*, morning and evening *lessons*, epistles, &c. One of the Tory papers published so abusive an one last week on the new ministry, that three gentlemen called on the printer, to know how he dared to publish it. Don't you like these men, who for twenty years together led the way, and published everything that was scandalous, that they should wonder at anybody's daring to publish them! Oh! it will come home to them! Indeed, everybody's name now is published at length: last week *The Champion* mentioned the Earl of Orford and his *natural daughter*, Lady Mary, at length (for which he had a great mind to prosecute the printer). To-day, the *London Evening Post* says, Mr. Fane¹¹, nephew of Mr. Scrope, is made First Clerk of the Treasury, as a reward for his uncle's taciturnity before the Secret Committee. He is in the room of old Tilson¹², who was so tormented by that Committee, that it turned his brain, and he is dead.

Now I talk of lessons and chapters, I must transcribe a very good one, supposed to be Fielding's, on Cibber's letter to Pope.

A NEW LESSON FOR POPE:

A PARODY ON THE FOURTH CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

1. And it came to pass that Pope the hatter went in unto his Wife, and knew her, and she conceived and bare a Son, and she called his name Alexander, and said, I have gotten, *as it were*, a man-child from the Lord.

¹⁰ See letter to Mann, July 14, 1742.

¹¹ Henry Fane was appointed one of

the four Chief Clerks of the Treasury.
¹² Christopher Tilson, d. Aug. 25, 1742.

2. And behold! the child was exceedingly fair and comely to see to, and waxed tall, and in favour with God and Man. And he became a rhymers of rhymes in those days. But Cibber his brother was a meek man, and skilled in all the actions as well as learning of the heathens.

3. And in process of time it came to pass, that Pope brought the fruits of his leisure, a farce for the stage, as an offering to the Town; and lo! it was called *Three Hours after Marriage*.

4. And Cibber he also brought of the firstlings of his study, even a play for the stage; and he called it *The Careless Husband*; and the Town had respect unto Cibber and his play.

5. But unto Pope and his play the Town had no respect; and Pope was very wroth, and his countenance fell.

6. And the Town said unto Pope, Why art thou wroth? and wherefore is thy countenance fallen?

7. If thou art a good publisher, shalt thou not be accepted? but if thou publishest ill, a cheat lieth at thy door.

8. And Pope talked with Cibber his brother; and it came to pass while they were in the field, that Pope rose up privately against Cibber, and cast stones and filth at him, and evil intreated him.

9. And after some time, the thing displeased the Town; and Cibber continued at home, and his friends ministered unto him and comforted him, for they saw that his affliction was great.

10. And the Town said unto Pope, Where is Cibber thy brother? and he rent his clothes, and cursed and swore, saying, I know not; am I my brother's keeper?

11. And the Town said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's wrong crieth against thee.

12. And now art thou cursed from the Town, which has open'd her ear, to hear the wrong of Cibber thy brother.

13. When thou beggest of the Town, she shall not henceforth yield her subscriptions any more: a fugitive and vagabond shalt thou be in the country.

14. And Pope said unto the Town, My punishment is greater than I can bear.

15. Behold, I am driven out this day from the face of the Town, and shall be hungry and naked in the country; and it shall come to pass, that every one who findeth me, shall beat me.

16. And the Town said therefore, Whoever beateth Pope, shame shall be upon him sevenfold: and thereupon, a mark was set upon Pope, lest any finding him should beat him.

17. And Pope went out from the presence of the Town, and dwelt in the land of Middlesex, on the south of Twickenham.

18. And Pope knew his Nurse, and she conceived and bare a child, and called his name Crambo; and he builded a house and called it after his son's name, and it is called Castle-Crambo to this day.

19. And all the acts and deeds of Pope, and likewise the sayings of his Nurse, are they not written in the chronicles of these times?

20. And it came to pass that the Nurse died, being full of years, and was buried in the Cave of Twickenham, called Kneller's cave, and a stone was set upon the cave's mouth, and Pope and all the ancient men and ancient women of Twickenham mourned forty days for the Nurse: and then the mourning of Pope the son of the latter was ended.

I am excessively shocked at Mr. Fane's¹³ behaviour to you; but Mr. Fane is an honourable man! he lets poor you pay him his salary for eighteen months, without thinking of returning it! But if he had lost that sum to Jansen¹⁴, or

¹³ Charles Fane, afterwards Lord Fane, had been Minister at Florence

before Mr. Mann. *Walpole*.

¹⁴ Henry Janssen (d. 1766), second

to any of the *honourable men* at White's, he would think his honour engaged to pay it. There is nothing, sure, so whimsical as modern honour! You may debauch a woman upon a promise of marriage, and not marry her; you may ruin your tailor's or baker's family by not paying them; you may make Mr. Mann maintain you for eighteen months, as a public minister, out of his own pocket, and still be a man of honour! But not to pay a common sharper, or not to murder a man that has trod upon your toe, is such a blot in your scutcheon, that you could never recover your honour, though you had in your veins *all the blood of all the Howards!*

My love to Mr. Chute: tell him, as he looks on the east front of Houghton, to tap under the two windows in the left-hand wing, up stairs, close to the colonnade—there are Patapan and I, at this instant, writing to you; there we are almost every morning, or in the library; the evenings, we walk till dark; then Lady Mary, Miss Leneve, and I play at comet; the Earl, Mrs. Leneve¹⁵, and whoever is here, discourse; *car telle est notre vie!* Adieu!

94. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, Sept. 11, 1742.

I COULD not write to you last week, for I was at Woolterton¹, and in a course of visits, that took up my every moment. I received one from you there, of August 26th, but have had none at all this week.

You know I am not prejudiced in favour of the country, nor like a place because it bears turnips well, or because you

son of Sir Theodore Janssen, first Baronet; succeeded his brother (1765) as second Baronet. He was a notorious gambler, and as such is mentioned by Pope (*Dunciad*, iv. 326; *Satires*, vii. 88).

¹⁵ Mrs. Leneve afterwards resided with Horace Walpole until her death.

LETTER 94.—¹ The seat of Horatio Walpole, brother of Sir R. Walpole, near Norwich. *Walpole*.

may gallop over it without meeting a tree: but I really was charmed with Woolterton; it is all wood and water! My uncle and aunt may, without any expense, do what they have all their lives avoided, wash themselves and make fires². Their house is more than a good one; if they had not saved eighteen-pence in every room, it would have been a fine one. I saw several of my acquaintance³, Volterra⁴ vases, Grisoni landscapes, the four little bronzes, the raffle-picture, &c.

We have printed about the expedition to Naples⁵: the affair at Elba, too, is in the papers, but we affect not to believe it⁶. We are in great apprehensions of not taking Prague—the only thing that has been taken on our side lately, I think, is my Lord Stair's journey hither and back again—we don't know for what, he is such an Orlando! The papers are full of *the most defending* King's journey to Flanders; our private letters say not a word of it—I say *our*, for at present I think the Earl's intelligences and mine are pretty equal as to authority.

I am going to transcribe a ballad for you, which has been printed and printed, and is the only thing in fashion, except cricket matches: but as I believe it has not been in any of the papers that you see, I must send it.

² This thought was afterwards put into verse, thus:

What woods, what streams around the seat!
Was ever mansion so complete?
Here happy Pug* and Horace may,
(And yet not have a groat to pay,)
Two things they most have shunn'd, perform:—
I mean, they may be clean and warm.

³ Presents from Mr. Mann to Mr. Walpole. *Walpole*.

Aug. 28, 1742.

⁴ Between Pisa and Siena, famous for its alabaster.

⁶ An English captain, provoked by the inhabitants of Merciana (a small place in Elba), landed and destroyed the fort and village.

⁵ See note on letter to Mann,

* Mr. Walpole's name of fondness for his wife. *Walpole*.

A NEW ODE.

TO A GREAT NUMBER OF GREAT MEN, NEWLY MADE.

*Jam nova progenies, etc.*By the author of *The Country Maid*.

I.

See, a new progeny descends
From heav'n, of Britain's truest friends.
O Muse, attend my call!
To one of these direct my flight,
Or, to be sure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

II.

O Clio! these are golden times;
I shall get money for my rhymes;
And thou no more go tatter'd;
Make haste then, lead the way, begin,
For here are people just come in
Who never yet were flatter'd.

III.

But first to Cart'ret fain you'd sing;
Indeed he's nearest to the King,
Yet careless how you use him:
Give him, I beg, no labour'd lays;
He will but promise if you praise,
And laugh if you abuse him.

IV.

Then (but there's a vast space betwixt)
The new-made Earl of Bath comes next,
Stiff in his popular pride:
His step, his gait, describe the man;
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from side to side.

V.

Each hour a different face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;

Now he'll command, and now obey,
 Bellows for liberty to-day,
 And roars for pow'r to-morrow.

VI.

At noon the Tories had him tight,
 With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at night,
 Each party tried to have won him ;
 But he himself did so divide,
 Shuff'd and cut from side to side,
 That now both parties shun him.

VII.

See yon old, dull, important lord⁷,
 What at the long'd for money-board
 Sits first, but does not lead :
 His younger brethren all things make ;
 So that the Treasury's like a snake,
 And the tail moves the head⁸.

VIII.

Why did you cross God's good intent ?
 He made you for a President ;
 Back to that station go :
 Nor longer act this farce of power,
 We know you miss'd the thing before⁹,
 And have not got it now.

IX.

See valiant Cobham, valorous Stair,
 Britain's two thunderbolts of war,
 Now strike my ravish'd eye :
 But, oh ! their strength and spirits flown,
 They, like their conquering swords, are grown
 Rusty with lying by.

⁷ Lord Wilmington. *Walpole*.

⁸ Sandys, Rushout, and Gymbon, used to outvote Lord Wilmington and Compton for the disposal of places. *Walpole*.

⁹ At the beginning of King George's reign Lord Wilmington was designed for first minister, but was supplanted by Sir R. W. almost as soon as designed. *Walpole*.

X.

Dear Bat¹⁰, I'm glad you've got a place,
And since things thus have chang'd their face,
You'll give opposing o'er:
'Tis comfortable to be in,
And think what a damn'd while you've been,
Like Peter, at the door.

XI.

See who comes next—I kiss thy hands,
But not in flatt'ry, Samuel Sands;
For since you are in power,
That gives you knowledge, judgement, parts,
The courtier's wiles, the statesmen's arts,
Of which you'd none before.

XII.

When great impending dangers shook
Its state, old Rome dictators took
Judiciously from plough:
So they (but at a pinch thou knowest),
To make the highest of the lowest,
The Exchequer gave to you.

XIII.

When in your hands the seals you found,
Did it not make your brain go round?
Did it not turn your head?
I fancy (but you hate a joke)
You felt as Nell did when she woke
In Lady Loverule's bed¹¹.

XIV.

See Harry Vane in pomp appear,
And since he's made Vice-Treasurer,
Grown taller by some inches:
See Tweeddale follow Cart'ret's call;
See Hanoverian Gower, and all
The black funereal Finches.

¹⁰ Lord Bathurst. *Walpole*.

¹¹ In the farce of *The Devil to Pay*. *Walpole*.

XV.

And see with that important face
 Berenger's clerk¹² to take his place,
 Into the Treasury come;
 With pride and meanness act thy part,
 Thou look'st the very thing thou art,
 Thou Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

XVI.

Oh, my poor country! is this all
 You've gain'd by the long-labour'd fall
 Of Walpole and his tools?
 He was a knave indeed—what then?
 He had parts—but this new set of men
 A'n't only knaves, but fools.

XVII.

More changes, better times this isle
 Demand; oh! Chesterfield, Argyle,
 To bleeding Britain bring 'em:
 Unite all hearts, appease each storm,
 'Tis yours such actions to perform,
 My pride shall be to sing 'em.

Sure there is a great deal of this ballad very good! it is not at all known who the author is, tho' by the conclusion¹³ he is certainly to be found in the latitude of Jacobitism.

Here is another little thing, which I think has humour in it.

A CATALOGUE OF NEW FRENCH BOOKS.

1. Jean-sans-terre, ou l'Empereur¹⁴ en pet-en-l'air; imprimé à Frankfort.
2. La France mourante d'une suppression d'hommes et d'argent: dédié au public.

¹² Henry Furnese; his employer was Moses Berenger, a rich merchant, and father of the better-known Richard Berenger, the writer on horsemanship.

¹³ It was by Hanbury Williams;

the conclusion was designed to disguise the author. *Walpole*.

¹⁴ Charles of Bavaria, claimant to the Empire, whose electorate had recently been overrun by the Austrians.

3. L'art de faire les Neutralités, inventé en Allemagne, et écrit en cette langue, par un des Electeurs, et nouvellement traduit en Napolitain; par le Chef d'Escadre Martin¹⁵.

4. Voyage d'Allemagne, par Monsieur de Maupertuis¹⁶: avec un télescope, inventé pendant son voyage; à l'usage des Héros, pour regarder leurs victoires de loin.

5. Méthode courte et facile pour faire entrer les troupes françoises en Allemagne:—mais comment faire, pour les en faire sortir?

6. Traité très salulaire et très utile sur la reconnoissance envers les bienfaiteurs, par le Roy de Pologne¹⁷. Folio, imprimé à Dresde.

7. L'obligation sacrée des Traités, Promesses, et Renonciations, par le Grand Turc; avec des remarques rétractoires, par un Jésuite.

8. Problème: combien il faut d'argent françois pour payer le sang suédois; calculé par le Comte de Gyllembourg.

9. Nouvelle méthode de friser les cheveux à la Françoise; par le Colonel Mentz¹⁸ et sa Confrairie.

10. Recueil de Dissertations sur la meilleure manière de faire la partition des successions, par le Cardinal de Fleury; avec des notes historiques et politiques, par la Reyne d'Espagne¹⁹.

11. Nouveau Voyage de Madrid à Antibes, par l'Infant Dom Philippe²⁰.

¹⁵ See note on letter to Mann, Aug. 28, 1742.

¹⁶ Pierre Louis Moreau de Maupertuis (1698-1759). He accompanied Frederick the Great in the campaign of 1741, and was made prisoner. He returned to Berlin (1746), where he became President of the Academy, in which capacity he was violently attacked by Voltaire.

¹⁷ Frederick Augustus II.

¹⁸ Colonel (afterwards General) Mentzel, a cavalry leader, d. 1744. (See Carlyle, *Frederick the Great*, Bk. XV, ch. i.)

¹⁹ Elizabeth Farnese.

²⁰ Don Philip, with the Spanish forces, was unable to leave Antibes, on account of the blockade maintained by the English fleet under Matthews and Lestock.

12. L'art de chercher les ennemis sans les trouver ; par le Maréchal de Maillebois.

13. La fidélité couronnée, par le Général Munich¹⁹ et le Comte d'Osterman²⁰.

14. Le bal de Lintz et les amusements de Donawert ; pièce pastorale et galante, en un acte, par le Grand Duc²¹.

15. L'art de maîtriser les Femmes, par sa Majesté Catholique.

16. Aventures Bohémiennes, tragi-comiques, très curieuses, très intéressantes, et chargées d'incidents. Tom. i. ii. iii. N.B. Le dernier tome, qui fera le dénouement, est sous presse.

Adieu ! my dear child ; if it was not for this secret of transcribing, what should one do in the country to make out a letter ?

95. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, Sept. 25th, 1742.

At last, my dear child, I have got two letters from you ! I have been in strange pain, between fear of your being ill, and apprehensions of your letters being stopped ; but I have received that by Crew, and another since. But you have been ill ! I am angry with Mr. Chute for not writing to let me know it. I fancied you worse than you say, or at least than you own. But I don't wonder you have fevers ! such

¹⁹ Field Marshal Burekhardt Christopher von Munnich (1693-1767) (who carried out various public works during the reign of Peter the Great, and fought successfully against the Turks) incurred the displeasure of the Empress Elizabeth. Early in 1742 he was condemned to death by a military tribunal. The sentence was commuted into one of perpetual banish-

ment to Siberia, whence, however, he was recalled on the accession of Peter III (1762).

²⁰ Andrew, Count von Ostermann, former Chancellor of Peter the Great, sentenced to death, but reprieved, and condemned to perpetual exile in Siberia, where he died (1747).

²¹ Francis, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

a busy politician as Villettes¹, and such a blustering negotiator as *il Furibondo*², are enough to put all your little economy of health and spirits in confusion. I agree with you, that *they don't pique themselves upon understanding sense, any more than neutralities!* The grand journey to Flanders³ is a little at a stand: the expense has been computed at two thousand pounds a day! Many dozen of embroidered portmanteaus full of laurels and bays have been prepared this fortnight. The Regency has been settled and unsettled twenty times: it is now said, that the weight of it is *not* to be laid on the Prince. The King is to return by his birthday⁴; but whether he is to bring back part of French Flanders with him, or will only have time to fetch Dunkirk, is uncertain. In the mean time, Lord Carteret is gone to the Hague; by which jaunt it seems that Lord Stair's last journey was not conclusive. The converting of the siege of Prague into a blockade, makes no great figure in the journals on this side the water and question—but it is the fashion *not* to take towns that one was sure of taking! I cannot pardon the Princess for having thought of putting off her *épuisements* and lassitudes, to take a trip to Leghorn, *pendant qu'on ne donnoit à manger à Monsieur le Prince son fils que de la chair de chevaux!* Poor Prince Beauvau⁵! I shall be glad to hear he is safe from this siege. Some of the French princes of the blood have been stealing away a volunteering, but took care to be missed in time. Our Duke goes with

LETTER 95.—¹ Minister at Turin.

² Admiral Matthews; his ships having committed some outrages on the coast of Italy, the Italians called him *il Furibondo*. *Walpole*.—Thomas Matthews (1676–1751), Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, Minister Plenipotentiary to the States of Italy and to the King of Sardinia. His diplomatic appointment was highly offensive to Mann. Matthews was dismissed from the

service (1747) on charges preferred against him by Lestock, relative to the action off Toulon of Feb. 11, 1744.

³ Of George II.

⁴ November 10.

⁵ Charles Juste (1720–1793), Prince (afterwards Duc) de Beauvau, Maréchal de France; Governor of Languedoc and of Provence. He was also a member of the French Academy.

his lord and father—they say, to marry a princess of Prussia, *whereof* great preparations have been making in his equipage and in his breeches.

Poor Prince Craon! where did De Sade get fifty sequins? When I was at Florence, you know all his clothes were in pawn to his landlord; but he redeemed them, by pawning his Modenese *bill* of credit to his landlady! I delight in the style of the neutrality-maker⁶—his neutralities and his English are perfectly of a piece.

You have diverted me excessively with the history of the Princess Eleonora's⁷ posthumous issue—but how could the woman have spirit enough to have five children by her footman, and yet not have enough to own them? Really, a woman so much in the great world should have known better! Why, no yeoman's dowager could have acted more prudishly! It always amazes me, when I reflect on the women, who are the first to propagate scandal of one another. If they would but agree not to censure what they all agree to do, there would be no more loss of characters among them than amongst men. A woman cannot have an affair, but instantly all her sex travel about to publish it and leave her off: now, if a man cheats another of his estate at play, forges a will, or marries his ward to his own son, nobody thinks of leaving him off for such trifles!

The English parson at Stosch's, the Archbishop on the chapter of music, the *fanciulla's* persisting in *Chiaverei*, and old Count Galli's distress, are all admirable stories. But what is the meaning of Montemar's writing to the Antinora?—I thought he had left the Galla for my *illustrissima*⁸, her sister. Lord! I am horridly tired of that romantic love and correspondence! Must I answer her last letter? there were

⁶ Admiral Matthews. *Walpole*.

Venice. *Walpole*.

⁷ Eleonora of Guastalla, widow of the last Cardinal of Medici, died at

⁸ Madame Grifoni. *Walpole*.

but six lines—what can I say? I perceive, by what you mention of the cause of his disorder, that Rucellai does not turn out that simple, honest man you thought him—come, own it?

I just recollect a story, which perhaps will serve your Archbishop on his *Don Pilogio*⁹—the *Tartuffe* was meant for the then Archbishop of Paris, who, after the first night, forbad its being acted. Molière came forth and told the audience, ‘Messieurs, on devoit vous donner le *Tartuffe*, mais Monseigneur l’Archevêque ne veut pas qu’on le joue.’

My Lord is very impatient for his *Dominichin*; so you will send it by the first safe conveyance. He is making a gallery, for the ceiling of which I have given the design of that in the little library of St. Mark at Venice: Mr. Chute will remember how charming it was; and for the frieze, I have prevailed to have that of the temple at Tivoli. Naylor¹⁰ came here the other day with two coaches full of relations: as his mother-in-law¹¹, who was one of the company, is widow of Dr. Hare¹², Sir Robert’s old tutor at Cambridge, he made them stay to dine: when they were gone, he said, ‘Ha, child! what is that Mr. Naylor, Horace? he is the absurdest man I ever saw!’ I subscribed to his opinion; won’t you? I must tell you a story of him. When his father married this second wife, Naylor said, ‘Father, they say you are to be married to-day, are you?’ ‘Well,’ replied the Bishop, ‘and what is that to you?’ ‘Nay,

⁹ The Archbishop of Florence had forbid the acting of a burletta called *Don Pilogio*, a sort of imitation of *Tartuffe*. When the *impresario* of the theatre remonstrated upon the expense he had been put to in preparing the music for it, the Archbishop told him he might use it for some other opera. *Dover*.

¹⁰ He was son of Dr. Hare, Bishop of Chichester, and changed his name

for an estate. *Walpole*.—Francis Hare-Naylor inherited Hurstmonceaux Castle from his mother, Bethaia Naylor.

¹¹ Mary Margaret, daughter of Joseph Alston, of Edwardstone, Suffolk, from whom she inherited estates in Suffolk, Norfolk, and Buckinghamshire.

¹² Francis Hare (d. 1740), Bishop of Chichester.

nothing; only if you had told me I would have powdered my hair.'

96. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, Oct. 8th, 1742.

I HAVE not heard from you this fortnight; if I don't receive a letter to-morrow, I shall be quite out of humour. It is true, of late I have written to you but every other post; but then I have been in the country, in Norfolk, in Siberia! You were still at Florence, in the midst of Kings of Sardinia, Montemars, and Neapolitan neutralities; your letters are my only diversion. As to German news, it is all so simple that I am peevish: the raising of the siege of Prague¹, and Prince Charles and Maréchal Maillebois playing at hunt the squirrel, have disgusted me from inquiring about the war. The Earl laughs in his great chair, and sings a bit of an old ballad,

'They both did fight, they both did beat, they both did run away,
They both [did] strive again to meet the quite contrary way.'

Apropos! I see in the papers that a Marquis de Beauvau escaped out of Prague with the Prince de Deuxpons² and the Duc de Brissac³; was it our Prince Beauvau?

At last the mighty monarch does not go to Flanders, after making the greatest preparations that ever were made but by Harry the Eighth, and the authors of the Grand Cyrus and the illustrious Bassa⁴: you may judge by the quantity of napkins, which were to the amount of nine hundred dozen—indeed, I don't recollect that ancient heroes were ever so

LETTER 96.—¹ On September 14.

² Christian IV, Prince de Deux Ponts (Zweibrücken), 1735-1775.

³ Jean Paul Timoléon de Cossé (1698-1784), Duc de Brissac, Maréchal de France.

⁴ *Artamène, ou le grand Cyrus; Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa*, both by Madeleine de Scudéry, although the latter bears the name of her brother, Georges de Scudéry.

provident of necessaries, or thought how they were to wash their hands and face after a victory. Six hundred horses, under the care of the Duke of Richmond, were even shipped; and the clothes and furniture of his court magnificent enough for a bull-fight at the conquest of Granada. Felton Hervey's⁵ war-horse, besides having richer caparisons than any of the expedition, had a gold net to keep off the flies—in winter! Judge of the clamours this expense to no purpose will produce! My Lord Carteret is set out from the Hague, but was not landed when the last letters came from London: there are no great expectations from this trip; no more than followed from my Lord Stair's.

I send you two more Odes on Pulteney, I believe by the same hand as the former, though none are equal to the *Nova Progenies*, which has been more liked than almost ever anything was. It is not at all known whose they are; I believe Hanbury Williams's. The note to the first was printed with it: the advice to him to be Privy Seal has its foundation; for when the consultation was held who were to have places, and my Lord Gower was named to succeed Lord Hervey, Pulteney said with some warmth, 'I designed to be Privy Seal myself!'

We expect some company next week from Newmarket: here is at present only Mr. Keene and Pigwiggin⁶,—you never saw *so agreeable a creature!*—oh yes! you have seen his parents! I must tell you a new story of them: Sir Robert had given them a little horse for Pigwiggin, and somebody had given them another: both which, to save the charge of keeping, they sent to grass in New Park. After

⁵ Tenth son of first Earl of Bristol; Equerry to Queen Caroline and Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of Cumberland; d. 1775.

⁶ Eldest son of old Horace Walpole. *Walpole*. — Horatio Walpole (1723–1809) succeeded his father as

second Baron Walpole of Wolterton, 1757; cr. Earl of Orford, 1806; M.P. for King's Lynn, 1747–57. The name 'Pigwiggin' occurs as that of a fairy knight in Drayton's *Nymphidia*.

three years that they had not used them, my Lord Walpole let his own son ride them, while he was at the Park, in the holidays. Do you know, that the woman Horace sent to Sir Robert, and made him give her five guineas for the two horses, because George had ridden them? I give you my word this is fact. . . .⁷

There has been a great fracas at Kensington: one of the Mesdames⁸ pulled the chair from under Countess Delorain⁹ at cards, who, being provoked that her Monarch was diverted with her disgrace, with the malice of a hobby-horse, gave him just such another fall. But alas! the Monarch, like Louis XIV., is mortal in the part that touched the ground, and was so hurt and so angry, that the Countess is disgraced, and her German rival¹⁰ remains in the sole and quiet possession of her royal master's other side.

Oct. 9th.

Well! I have waited till this morning, but have no letter from you; what can be the meaning of it? Sure, if you was ill, Mr. Chute would write to me! Your brother protests he never lets your letters lie at the office.

Sa Majesté Patapanique¹¹ has had a dreadful misfortune!—not lost his first minister, nor his purse—nor had part of his camp equipage burned in the river, nor waited for his secretary of state, who is perhaps blown to Flanders¹²—nay,

⁷ Passage omitted.

⁸ The daughters of George II.

⁹ Mary (d. 1744), daughter of Charles Howard; m. (1726) Henry Scott, first Earl of Deloraine; she was Governess to the Princesses Mary and Louisa.

¹⁰ Lady Yarmonth. *Walpole*.—Amelia Sophia von Walmoden (d. 1765), cr. Countess of Yarmonth, 1740. (See Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences*, ch. vii.)

¹¹ Patapan, Mr. W.'s dog. *Walpole*.

¹² 'Friday, Oct. 8. Lord Carteret, in his Return from the Hague, having set sail in a Man of War on Saturday night from the Gore, met with contrary Winds, and by the Storm was drove as far as Hull, and with great Difficulty reached the Coast of Norfolk, and landed at Yarmouth on Wednesday Evening. His Lordship made a present of 100 guineas to the Captain, and fifty to the Lieutenant besides a Sum to be divided amongst the Sailors. This Morning he waited

nor had his chair pulled from under him—worse! worse! quarrelling with a great pointer last night about their Countesses, he received a terrible shake by the back and a bruise on the left eye—poor dear Pat! You never saw such universal consternation! it was at supper. Sir Robert, who makes as much rout with him as I do, says, he never saw ten people show so much *real* concern! Adieu! Yours, ever and ever—but write to me.

THE CAPUCHIN.

A NEW BALLAD.

Ecce iterum Crispinus, et est mihi sæpe vocandus, &c.

I.

Who at Paris has been,
Has a Mendicant seen,
Who for charity follows to dun you;
Offer him what you will,
He refuses it still,
For he has sworn that he'll never take money.

II.

But near him there stands,
With two open hands,
A creature that follows for hire,
Any gifts that you make
He will readily take,
And at night he accounts with the Friar.

III.

So the great Earl of Bath
Has sworn in his wrath,
That he'll never accept of a place;
Neither Chancellor he,
Nor Treas'rer will be,
And refuses the Seals and the Mace.

upon his Majesty; and next day the
Baggage, Horses, &c., of the King
and Duke, which were shipped for

Flanders, were brought back' (*Gent.
Mag.*, 1742, p. 545.)

IV.

But near him a crowd¹³
 Stand bellowing loud
 For all that two courts can afford;
 And 'tis very well known
 That for them what is done
 Is the same as if done for my Lord.

V.

But I'm told, noble peer,
 Lest these things should take air,
 And with dirt all mankind should upbraid you,
 That you try a new way,
 ('Tis as safe I dare say)
 And make them account with my Lady.

VI.

But indeed this won't do,
 And the world will see thro',
 And your virtue, I fear, will bespatter;
 Then mind what I send,
 For I'm so far your friend,
 That I'm sure you can't say that I flatter.

VII.

There's my good Lord of Gow'r
 Isn't a quarter come o'er,
 And I fancy you'll find he wants zeal;
 If he don't come plum in,
 And vote thro' thick and thin,
 Turn him out, and be made Privy Seal.

VIII.

Don't slight this advice,
 Nor affect to be nice,
 Laugh at oaths that obstruct your great ends,

¹³ Here every intelligent reader will immediately have in his thoughts 8 or 10 of the ablest and greatest genius's in this kingdom, such as H. Vane, H. Furnese, Lord Limerick,

Mr. Hooper, Mr. Samuel Sandys, Mr. Bootle, Mr. Gybbon, Sir John Rushout, etc. (Note printed with the Ode; see p. 289.)

For an oath's but a joke
 To one that has broke
 Thro' all honour and ties with his friends.

IX.

Go to Cart'ret and Pelham,
 You'll still go on, tell 'em,
 All honest men's hopes to defeat;
 To crown your disgrace
 They'd give you this place,
 And your character will be complete.

AN ODE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF BATH.

*. . . Neque enim lex justior ulla,
 Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.
 Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras,
 Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi,
 Nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
 janua limen.*

I.

Great Earl of Bath, your reign is o'er,
 The Tories trust your word no more,
 The Whigs no longer fear you;
 Your gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
 No crowds of coaches fill your yard,
 And scarce a soul comes near you.

II.

Few now aspire at your good graces;
 Scarce any sue to you for places,
 Or come with their petition,
 To tell how well they have deserv'd,
 How long, how steadily they starv'd
 For you in Opposition.

III.

Expect to see that tribe no more,
 Since all mankind perceive that pow'r
 Is lodg'd in other hands;

Sooner to Cart'ret now they'll go,
Or ev'n (tho' that's excessive low)
To Wilmington and Sands.

IV.

With your obedient wife retire,
And sitting silent by the fire,
A sullen tête-à-tête,
Think over all you've done and said,
And curse the hour that you was made
Unprofitably great.

V.

With vapours there and spleen o'ercast,
Reflect on all your actions past
With sorrow and contrition;
And there enjoy the thoughts that rise
From disappointed avarice,
From frustrated ambition.

VI.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
Of your deserting friends complain,
That visit you no more;
But in this country 'tis a truth
As known, as that Love follows youth,
That Friendship follows pow'r.

VII.

Such is the calm of your retreat!
You thro' the dregs of life must sweat
Beneath this heavy load;
And I'll attend you as I've done,
Only to help reflection on,
With now and then an ode.

97. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, Oct. 16, 1742.

I HAVE received two letters from you since last post;
I suppose the wind stopped the packet-boat.

Well! was not I in the right to persist in buying the

Dominichin? don't you laugh at those wise connoisseurs, who pronounced it a copy? If it is one, where is the original? or who was that so great master that could equal Dominichin? Your brother has received the money for it, and Lord Orford is in great impatience for it; yet he begs, if you can find any opportunity, that it may be sent in a man-of-war. I must desire that the statue may be sent to Leghorn, to be shipped with it, and that you will get Compagni and Libri to transact the payment as they did for the picture, and I will pay your brother.

Villettes' important dispatches to you are as ridiculous as good Mr. Matthews's devotion. I fancy Mr. Matthews's own god¹ would make as foolish a figure about a monkey's neck, as a Roman Catholic one. You know, Sir Francis Dashwood used to say that Lord Shrewsbury's God was an old angry man in a blue cloak: another person that I knew, believed God was like a mouse, because He is invisible. I dare to say Matthews believes, that God lives upon beef and pudding, loves prize-fighting and bull-baiting, and drinks fog to the health of Old England.

I go to London in a week, and then will send you *des cart-loads* of news: I know none now, but that we hear to-day of the arrival of Duc d'Aremberg²—I suppose to return my Lord Carteret's visit. The latter was near being lost; he told the King, that being in a storm, he had thought it safest to *put into Yarmouth Road*, at which *we* laughed, hoh! hoh! hoh!

For want of news, I live upon ballads to you; here is one that has made a vast noise, and by Lord Hervey's taking great pains to disperse it, has been thought his own,—if it is³, he has taken true care to disguise the niceness of his style.

LETTER 97.—¹ Admiral Matthews's crew having disturbed some Roman Catholic ceremonies in a little island on the coast of Italy, hung a crucifix about a monkey's neck, *Walpole*.

² Léopold Charles Philippe de Ligne (1690–1754), Duc d'Aremberg.

³ It was certainly written by Lord Hervey. *Walpole*.

I.

O England, attend, while thy fate I deplore,
Rehearsing the schemes and the conduct of power ;
And since only of those who have power I sing,
I am sure none can think that I hint at the King.

II.

From the time his son made him old Robin depose,
All the power of a King he was well known to lose ;
But of all but the name and the badges bereft,
Like old women, his paraphernalia are left.

III.

To tell how he shook in St. James's for fear,
When first these new ministers bullied him there,
Makes my blood boil with rage, to think what a thing
They have made of a man we obey as a King.

IV.

Whom they pleas'd they put in, whom they pleas'd they
put out,
And just like a top they all lash'd him about,
Whilst he like a top with a murmuring noise,
Seem'd to grumble, but turn'd to these rude lashing boys.

V.

At last Carteret arriving, spoke thus to his grief,
'If you'll make me your Doctor, I'll bring you relief ;
You see to your closet familiar I come,
And seem like my wife in the circle—at home.'

VI.

Quoth the King, 'My good Lord, perhaps you've been told,
That I used to abuse you a little of old ;
But now bring whom you will, and eke turn away,
Let but me and my money, and Walmoden⁴ stay.'

VII.

'For you and Walmoden, I freely consent,
But as for your money, I must have it spent ;
I have promis'd your son (nay, no frowns,) shall have some,
Nor think 'tis for nothing we Patriots are come.

⁴ Lady Yarmouth. Walpole.

VIII.

'But, howe'er—little King, since I find you so good,
Thus stooping below your high courage and blood,
Put yourself in my hands, and I'll do what I can
To make you look yet like a King and a man.

IX.

'At your Admiralty and your Treasury-board,
To save one single man you shan't say a word,
For, by God! all your rubbish from both you shall shoot,
Walpole's ciphers and Gasherry's⁵ vassals to boot.

X.

'And to guard Prince's ears, as all Statesmen take care
So, long as yours are—not one man shall come near;
For of all your Court-crew we'll leave only those
Who we know never dare to say boh! to a goose.

XI.

'So your friend booby Grafton I'll e'en let you keep,
Awake he can't hurt, and is still half asleep;
Nor ever was dangerous, but to womankind,
And his body's as impotent now as his mind.

XII.

'There's another Court-booby, at once hot and dull,
Your pious pimp, Schutz⁶, a mean, Hanover tool;
For your card-play at night he too shall remain,
With *virtuous* and *sober* and *wise* Deloraine⁷.

XIII.

'And for all your Court-nobles who can't write or read,
As of such titl'd ciphers all courts stand in need,
Who, like parliament-Swiss, vote and fight for their pay,
They're as good as a new set to cry yea and nay.

⁵ Sir Charles Wager's nephew, and Secretary to the Admiralty. *Walpole*.—According to Lysons (*Environ of London*, ed. 1811, vol. i. p. 353) Gasherry was not Sir Charles Wager's nephew, but had married the widow of his nephew Charles

Bolton; nor does he appear to have been Secretary to the Admiralty.

⁶ Augustus Schutz, Master of the Robes and Privy Purse to George II.

⁷ Countess Dowager of Deloraine, Governess to the young Princesses. *Walpole*.

XIV.

'Though Newcastle's as false, as he's silly, I know,
By betraying old Robin to me long ago,
As well as all those who employ'd him before,
Yet I leave him in place, but I leave him no power.

XV.

'For granting his heart is as black as his hat,
With no more truth in this, than there's sense beneath
that;
Yet as he's a coward, he'll shake when I frown:
You call'd him a rascal, I'll use him like one.

XVI.

'And since his estate at elections he'll spend,
And beggar himself, without making a friend;
So whilst the extravagant fool has a sous,
As his brains I can't fear, so his fortune I'll use.

XVII.

'And as miser Hardwicke with all courts will draw,
He too may remain, but shall stick to his law;
For of foreign affairs, when he talks like a fool,
I'll laugh in his face, and will cry, "Go to school!"

XVIII.

'The Countess of Wilmington, excellent nurse,
I'll trust with the Treasury, not with its purse;
For nothing by her I've resolv'd shall be done,
She shall sit at that board, as you sit on the throne.

XIX.

'Perhaps now, you expect that I should begin
To tell you the men I design to bring in;
But we're not yet determin'd on all their demands;
—And you'll know soon enough, when they come to kiss
hands.

XX.

'All that weathercock Pulteney shall ask, we must grant,
For to make him a great noble nothing I want;
And to cheat such a man, demands all my arts,
For though he's a fool, he's a fool with great parts.

XXI.

'And as popular Clodius, the Pulteney of Rome,
From a noble, for power did plebeian become,
So this Clodius to be a Patrician shall choose,
Till what one got by changing, the other shall lose.

XXII.

'Thus flatter'd, and courted, and gaz'd at by all,
Like Phaeton, rais'd for a day, he shall fall,
Put the world in a flame, and show he did strive
To get reins in his hand, though 'tis plain he can't drive.

XXIII.

'For your foreign affairs, howe'er they turn out,
At least I'll take care you shall make a great rout:
Then cock your great hat, strut, bounce, and look bluff,
For though kick'd and cuff'd here, you shall there kick
and cuff.

XXIV.

'That Walpole did nothing they all us'd to say,
So I'll do enough, but I'll make the dogs pay;
Great fleets I'll provide, and great armies engage,
Whate'er debts we make, or whate'er wars we wage.'

XXV.

With cordials like these the Monarch's new guest
Reviv'd his sunk spirits and gladden'd his breast;
Till in raptures he cried, 'My dear Lord, you shall do
Whatever you will, give me troops to review.

XXVI.

'But oh! my dear England, since this is thy state,
Who is there that loves thee but weeps at thy fate?
Since in changing thy masters, thou art just like old Rome,
Whilst Faction, Oppression, and Slavery's thy doom!

XXVII.

'For though you have made that rogue Walpole retire,
You are out of the frying-pan into the fire!
But since to the Protestant line I'm a friend,
I tremble to think where these changes may end!'

This has not been printed. You see the burthen of all the songs is the *rogue Walpole*, which he has observed himself, but I believe is content, as long as they pay off his arrears to those that began the tune. Adieu !

98. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, October 23, 1742.

At last I see an end of my pilgrimage: the day after to-morrow I do go to London. I am affirming it to you as earnestly as if you had been doubting of it like myself; but both my brothers are here, and Sir Robert will let me go. He must follow himself soon: the Parliament meets the 16th of November, that the King may go abroad the first of March; but if all threats prove true prophecies, he will scarce enter upon heroism so soon, for we are promised a winter just like the last: new Secret Committees to be tried for, and impeachments actually put into execution. It is horrid to have a prospect of a session like the last !

In the mean time, my Lord of Bath and Lord Hervey, who seem deserted by everybody else, are grown the greatest friends in the world at Bath; and to make a complete triumvirate, my Lord Gower is always of their party: how they must love one another, the late, the present, and the would-be Privy Seal !

My Lord Essex is shut up mad; one would not have expected, if he was so, that it would be in the melancholy style.

Lord Hyndford has had great honours in Prussia: that King bespoke for him a service of plate to the value of three thousand pounds. He asked leave for his Majesty's arms to be put upon it: the King replied, 'they should, with the arms of Silesia added to his paternal coat for ever.' I will tell you Sir Robert's remark on this: 'He is rewarded thus for having obtained Silesia for the King of Prussia, which

he was sent to preserve to the Queen of Hungary!' Her affairs begin to take a little better turn again; Broglio is prevented from joining Maillebois, who, they affirm, can never bring his army off, as the King of Poland is guarding all the avenues of Saxony, to prevent his passing through that country.

I wrote to you in my last to desire that the Dominichin and my statue might come by a man-of-war. Now, Sir Robert, who is impatient for his picture, would have it sent in a Dutch ship, as he says he can easily get it from Holland. If you think this conveyance quite safe, I beg my statue may bear it company.

Tell me if you are tired of ballads on my Lord Bath; if you are not, here is another admirable one, I believe by the same hand as the others; but by the conclusion certainly ought not to be Williams's. I only send you the good odes, for the newspapers are every day full of bad ones on this famous Earl.

*Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acri
Tibia sumes celebrare, Clio?*

I.

What statesman, what hero, what king,
Whose name through the island is spread,
Will you choose, O my Clio, to sing,
Of all the great living or dead?

II.

Go, my Muse, from this place to Japan
In search of a topic for rhyme;
The great Earl of Bath is the man,
Who deserves to employ your whole time.

III.

But howe'er, as the subject is nice,
And perhaps you're unfurnish'd with matter;
May it please you to take my advice,
That you mayn't be suspected to flatter.

IV.

When you touch on his Lordship's high birth,
 Speak Latin as if you were tipsy :
 Say, we all are the sons of the earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

V.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew ;
 Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties :
 You may say, he is married ; that's true,
 Yet speak not a word of his Countess.

VI.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
 To enrol the fair deeds of his youth !
 When you mention the acts of his age,
 Leave a blank for his honour and truth¹ !

VII.

Say, he made a great monarch change hands :
 He spake—and the minister fell.
 Say, he made a great statesman of Sands ;
 (Oh ! that he had taught him to spell !)

VIII.

Then enlarge on his cunning and wit :
 Say, how he harangu'd at the Fountain ;
 Say, how the old Patriots were bit,
 And a mouse was produc'd of a mountain.

IX.

Then say how he mark'd the new year,
 By increasing our taxes, and stocks :
 Then say how he chang'd to a peer,
 Fit companion for Edgumbe and Fox².

My compliments to the Princess ; I dreamed last night
 that she was come to Houghton, and not at all *épuisée* with
 her journey. Adieu !

LETTER 98.—¹ What a charming
 stanza ! *Walpole.*

² Stephen Fox, Lord Ilchester,
 mentioned in the last line, was brother

of Henry Fox, Sir Charles Williams's
 particular friend, for which reason I
 suppose, if this ode was his, I suppose
 he never owned it. *Walpole.*

P.S. I must add a postscript, to mention a thing I have often designed to ask you to do for me. Since I came to England, I have been buying drawings, (the time is well chosen, when I had neglected it in Italy!) I saw at Florence two books that I should now be very glad to have, if you could get them tolerably reasonable; one was at an English painter's; I think his name was Huckford², over against your house in the Via Bardi; they were of Holbein: the other was of Guercino, and brought to me to see by the Abbé Bonducci; my dear child, you will oblige me much if you can get them.

99. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 1, 1742.

I HAVE not felt so pleasantly these three months as I do at present, though I have a great cold with coming into an unaired house, and have been forced to carry that cold to the King's levee and the Drawing-room. There were so many new faces that I scarce knew where I was; I should have taken it for Carlton House¹, or my Lady Mayoress's visiting-day, only the people did not seem enough at home, but rather as admitted to see the King dine in public. 'Tis quite ridiculous to see the numbers of old ladies, who, from having been wives of Patriots, have not been dressed these twenty years; out they come in all the accoutrements that were in use in Queen Anne's days. Then the joy and awkward jollity of them is inexpressible! They titter, and wherever you meet them, are always going to court, and looking at their watches an hour before the time. I met several on the Birthday, (for I did not arrive time enough to

² Ignazio Enrico Hugford (1703-1778), an art critic and expert, and a teacher in the Academy of St. Luke at Florence. His portrait (painted

by himself) is in the Uffizi Gallery.

LETTER 99.—¹ The residence of the Prince of Wales.

make clothes,) and they were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow : they seem to have said to themselves twenty years ago, ' Well, if ever I do go to court again, I will have a pink and silver, or a blue and silver,' and they keep their resolutions. But here's a letter from you, sent to me back from Houghton ; I must stop to read it.—Well, I have read it, and am diverted with Madame Grifoni's being with child ; I hope she was too. I don't wonder that she hates the country ; I dare to say her child does not owe its existence to the *villeggiatura*. When you wrote, it seems you had not heard what a speedy determination was put to Don Philip's reign in Savoy². I suppose he will retain the title : you know great princes are fond of titles, which prove that they are not half so great as they once were.

I find a very different face of things from what we had conceived in the country. There are, indeed, thoughts of renewing attacks on Lord Orford, and of stopping the supplies ; but the new ministry³ laugh at these threats, having secured a vast majority in the House : the Opposition themselves own that the Court will have upwards of a hundred majority : I don't, indeed, conceive how ; but they are confident of carrying everything. They talk of Lord Gower's not keeping the Privy Seal ; that he will either resign it, or have it taken away : Lord Bath, who is entering into all the court measures, is most likely to succeed him. The late Lord Privy Seal⁴ has had a most ridiculous accident at Bath : he used to play in a little inner room ; but one night some ladies had got it, and he was reduced to the

² He was obliged to fall back before the Sardinian forces.

³ The members of the new administration were Earl of Wilmington, First Lord of the Treasury ; Lord Hardwicke, Lord Chancellor ; Samuel Sandys, Chancellor of the Exchequer ; Earl of Harrington, President of the

Council ; Lord Gower, Privy Seal ; Lord Carteret and the Duke of Newcastle, Secretaries of State ; Earl of Winchelsea, First Lord of the Admiralty ; Duke of Argyll, Master of the Ordnance ; Henry Pelham, Paymaster-General of the Forces,

⁴ Lord Hervey. *Walpole*.

public room ; but being extremely absent and deep in politics, he walked through the little room to a convenience behind the curtain, from whence (still absent) he produced himself in a situation extremely diverting to the women : imagine his delicacy, and the passion he was in at their laughing !

I laughed at myself prodigiously the other day for a piece of absence ; I was writing on the King's birthday, and being disturbed with the mob in the street, I rang for the porter, and, with an air of grandeur, as if I was still at Downing Street, cried, 'Pray send away those marrow-bones and cleavers !' The poor fellow, with the most mortified air in the world, replied, 'Sir, they are not at *our* door, but over the way at my Lord Carteret's.' 'Oh,' said I, 'then let them alone ; may be, he does not dislike the noise !' I pity the poor porter, who sees all his old customers going over the way too.

Our operas begin to-morrow with a *pasticcio*, full of most of my favourite songs : the Fumagalli has disappointed us ; she had received an hundred ducats, and then wrote word that she had spent them, and was afraid of coming through the Spanish quarters ; but if they would send her an hundred more, she would come next year. Villettes has been written to in the strongest manner to have her forced hither, (for she is at Turin). I tell you this by way of key, in case you should receive a mysterious letter in cipher from him about this important business.

I have not seen Duc d'Aremberg ; but I hear that all the entertainments for him are suppers, for he will *dine* at his own hour, eleven in the morning. He proposed it to the Duchess of Richmond when she invited him, but she said she did not know where to find company to dine with him at that hour.

I must advise you to be cautious how you refuse humour-

ing our captains⁵ in any of their foolish schemes, for they are popular, and I should be very sorry to have them out of humour with you when they come home, lest it should give any handle to your enemies. Think of it, my dear child! The officers in Flanders, that are members of Parliament, have had intimations, that if they ask leave to come on their private affairs, and drop in, not all together, they will be very well received; this is decorum. Little Brook's little wife is a little with child. Adieu!

100. TO HORACE MANN.

London, Nov. 15, 1742.

I HAVE not written to you lately, expecting letters from you; at last I have received two. I still send mine through France, as I am afraid they would get to you with still more difficulty through Holland.

Our army is just now ordered to march to Mayence, at the repeated instances of the Queen of Hungary; Lord Stair goes with them, but almost all the officers that are in Parliament are come over, for the troops are only to be in garrison till March, when, it is said, the King will take the field with them. This step makes a great noise, for the old remains of the Opposition are determined to persist, and have termed this a *Hanoverian* measure. They begin to-morrow, with opposing the address on the King's Speech: Pitt is to be the leading man; there are none but he and Lyttelton of the Prince's Court, who do not join with the ministry: the Prince has told them, that he will follow the advice they long ago gave him, 'of turning out all his people who do not vote as he would have them.'

Lord Orford is come to town, and was at the King's levee to-day; the joy the latter showed to see him was very

⁵ The captains of ships in the English fleet at Leghorn. *Walpole*.

visible: all the new ministry came and spoke to him; and he had a long, laughing conversation with my Lord Chesterfield, who is still in opposition.

You have heard, I suppose, of the revolution in the French Court; Madame de Mailly¹ is disgraced, and her handsome sister De la Tournelle² succeeds: the latter insisted on three conditions; first, that the Mailly should quit the palace before she entered it; next, that she should be *declared* mistress, to which post, they pretend, there is a large salary annexed, (but that is not probable,) and lastly, that she may always have her own parties at supper: the last article would very well explain what she proposes to do with her *salary*.

There are admirable instructions come up from Worcester to Sandys and Winnington³; they tell the latter how little hopes they always had of him. 'But for you, Mr. Sandys, who have always, &c., *you* to snatch at the first place you could get, &c.' In short, they charge him, who is in the Treasury and Exchequer, not to vote for any supplies.

I write to you in a vast hurry, for I am going to the meeting at the Cockpit⁴, to hear the King's Speech read to the members: Mr. Pelham presides there. They talk of a majority of fourscore: we shall see to-morrow.

The Pomfrets stay in the country most part of the winter: Lord Lincoln and Mr. (George) Pitt have declared off in form. So much for the schemes of my Lady! The Duke of Grafton used to say that they put him in mind of a troop of Italian comedians; Lord Lincoln was Valere, Lady Sophia, Columbine, and my Lady the old mother behind the scenes.

LETTER 100.—¹ Louise Julie de Nesle (d. 1751), m. (1726) Louis Alexandre, Comte de Mailly, Commander of Gendarmerie.

² Marie Anne de Nesle (d. 1744),

widow of Marquis de la Tournelle; cr. Duchesse de Châteauroux, 1744.

³ Members for Worcester City.

⁴ At Whitehall. It had been converted into the Privy Council Office.

Our operas go on *au plus misérable* : all our hopes lie in a new dancer, Sodi, who has performed but once, but seems to please as much as the Fausan. Did I tell you how well they had chosen the plot of the first opera? 'There was a prince who rebels against his father, who had before rebelled against his.' The Duke of Montagu says, there is to be an opera of dancing, with singing between the acts.

My Lord Tyrawley⁵ is come from Portugal, and has brought three wives and fourteen children; one of the former is a Portuguese, with long black hair plaited down to the bottom of her back. He was asked the other night at supper what he thought of England; whether he found much alteration from fifteen years ago? 'No,' he said, 'not at all: why, there is my Lord Bath, I don't see the least alteration in him; he is *just what he was*: and then I found my Lord Grantham⁶ walking on tiptoe, as if he was still afraid of waking the Queen.'

Hanbury Williams is very ill at Bath, and his wife⁷ in the same way in private lodgings in the city. . . .⁸ Mr. Dodington has at last owned his match with his old mistress⁹. I suppose he wants a new one.

I commend your prudence about Leghorn; but, my dear child, what pain I am in about you! Is it possible to be easy while the Spaniards are at your gates? write me word

⁵ Lord Tyrawley was many years Ambassador at Lisbon. Pope has mentioned his and another Ambassador's seraglios in one of his Imitations of Horace,

'Kinnoul's lewd cargo, or Tyrawley's crew.'

Walpole.—James O'Hara (1690–1773), Baron Kilmaine and second Baron Tyrawley; served in the army; Field Marshal, 1763; Envoy to Portugal, 1728–42, 1752; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1743–45; Governor of Portsmouth; Governor of Minorca; Governor of Gibraltar, 1756; commanded the English forces in Por-

tugal, 1762–63.

⁶ Henry d'Auverquerque (cir. 1675–1754), first Earl of Grantham; Keeper of the Privy Purse, 1700–2. He had been Chamberlain to Queen Caroline.

⁷ Frances, daughter of first Earl of Coningshy.

⁸ Passage omitted.

⁹ Mrs. Beghan. Walpole.—Dodington had given a bond of ten thousand pounds to a Mrs. Strawbridge, to be paid if he married any one else. For this reason he refrained from acknowledging his marriage to Mrs. Beghan during the lifetime of Mrs. Strawbridge.

every minute as your apprehensions vanish or increase. I ask every moment what people think ; but how can they tell here ? You say nothing of Mr. Chute : sure he is with you still ! When I am in such uneasiness about you, I want you every post to mention your friends being with you : I am sure you have none so good or sensible as he is. I am vastly obliged to you for the thought of the book of shells, and shall like it much ; and thank you too about my scagliola table ; but I am distressed about your expenses. Is there any way one could get your allowance increased ? You know how low my interest is now ; but you know too what a push I would make to be of any service to you—tell me, and adieu !

101. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec 2, 1742.

You will wonder that it is above a fortnight since I wrote to you ; but I have had an inflammation in one of my eyes, and durst not meddle with a pen. I have had two letters from you of November 6th and 13th, but I am in the utmost impatience for another, to hear you are quite recovered of your *Trinculos* and *Furibondos*. You tell me you was in a fever ; I cannot be easy till I hear from you again. I hope this will come much too late for a medicine, but it will always serve for *sal volatile* to give you spirits. Yesterday was appointed for considering the Army ; but Mr. Lyttelton stood up and moved for another Secret Committee, in the very words of last year ; but the whole debate ran, not upon Robert Earl of Orford, but Robert Earl of Sandys¹ : he is the constant butt of the party ; indeed he bears it notably. After five hours' haranguing, we came to a division, and

LETTER 101.—¹ Samuel Sandys, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the room of Sir R. Walpole. *Walpole*.

threw out the motion by a majority of sixty-seven, 253 against 186. The Prince had declared so openly for union and agreement in all measures, that, except the Nepotism², all his servants but one were with us. I don't know whether they will attempt anything else, but with these majorities we must have an easy winter. The union of the Whigs has saved this Parliament. It is expected that Pitt and Lyttelton will be dismissed by the Prince³. That faction and Waller are the only Whigs of any note that do not join with the Court. I do not count Dodington, who must now be always with the minority, for no majority will accept him. It is believed that Lord Gower will retire, or be desired to do so. I suppose you have heard from Rome, that Murray is made Solicitor-General⁴, in the room of Sir John Strange, who has resigned for his health. This is the sum of politics; we can't expect any winter (I hope no winter will be) like the last. By the crowds that come hither, one should not know that Sir Robert is out of place, only that now he is scarce abused.

De reste, the town is wondrous dull; operas unfrequented, plays not in fashion, amours as old as marriages—in short, nothing but whisk⁵! I have not yet learned to play, but I find that I wait in vain for its being left off. . . .⁶

I agree with you about not sending home the Dominichin in an English vessel; but what I mentioned to you of its coming in a Dutch vessel, if you find an opportunity, I think will be very safe, if you approve it; but manage that as you like. I shall hope for my statue at the same

² The 'Cobham Cousins.'

³ Pitt remained Groom of the Bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales until 1745, when he resigned. Lyttelton (Secretary to the Prince) was dismissed by the latter (1744) on his appointment as a Lord of the Treasury in the 'Broad Bottom' Administration.

⁴ Murray's brother, the titular Earl of Dunbar, was a prominent person at the Chevalier's court.

⁵ Whist was just becoming popular in 'society.' Hoyle's *Short Treatise on Whist* was first published in this year (1742).

⁶ Passage omitted.

time; but till the conveyance is absolutely safe, I know you will not venture them. Now I mention my statue, I must beg you will send me a full bill of all my debts to you, which I am sure by this time must be infinite; I beg to know the particulars, that I may pay your brother. Adieu, my dear Sir; take care of yourself, and submit to popery and slavery rather than get colds with sea-heroes⁷.

102. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1742.

I SHALL have quite a partiality for the post of Holland; it brought me two letters last week, and two more yesterday, of November 20th and 27th; but I find you have your perpetual headaches—how can you say that you shall tire me with talking of them? you may make me suffer by your pains, but I will hear and insist upon your always telling me of your health. Do you think I only correspond with you to know the posture of the Spaniards or the *épuise-ments* of the Princess! I am anxious, too, to know how poor Mr. Whithed does, and Mr. Chute's gout. I shall look upon our sea-captains with as much horror as the King of Naples can, if they bring gouts, fits, and headaches.

You will have had a letter from me by this time, to give up sending the Dominichin by a man-of-war, and to propose its coming in a Dutch ship. I believe that will be safe.

We have had another great day in the House on the army in Flanders, which the Opposition were for disbanding; but we carried it by an hundred and twenty. Murray spoke for the first time¹, with the greatest applause; Pitt answered him with all his force and art of language, but on

⁷ The English fleet was now at Leghorn, and Mann had complained of the fatigues incurred in doing the honours of Florence to the officers.

LETTER 102.—¹ He entered Parliament as member for Boroughbridge, Nov. 27, 1742.

an ill-founded argument. In all appearance, they will be great rivals. Shippen was in great rage at Murray's apostasy²; if anything can really change his principles, possibly this competition may. To-morrow we shall have a tougher battle on the sixteen thousand Hanoverians³. *Hanover* is the word given out for this winter: there is a most bold pamphlet come out, said to be Lord Marchmont's, which affirms that in every treaty made since the accession of this family, England has been sacrificed to the interests of Hanover, and consequently insinuates the incompatibility of the two. Lord Chesterfield says, 'that if we have a mind effectually to prevent the Pretender from ever obtaining this crown, we should make him Elector of Hanover, for the people of England will never fetch another king from thence.'

Adieu! my dear child. I am sensible that I write you short letters, but I write you all I know. I don't know how it is, but *the wonderful* seems worn out. In this our day, we have no rabbit-women⁴—no elopements—no epic poems⁵, finer than Milton's—no contest about Harlequins and Polly Peachems. Jansen⁶ has won no more estates, and the Duchess of Queensberry⁷ is grown as tame as her

² Murray belonged to a Jacobite family.

³ On December 10, 1742, Sir William Yonge (Secretary at War), proposed a grant of £687,000 to defray the cost of 16,000 Hanoverian troops for the defence of Hanover from 1742–43.

⁴ An allusion to Mary Tofts (d. 1763), an impostor, who pretended to give birth to rabbits.

⁵ This alludes to the extravagant encomiums bestowed on Glover's *Leonidas*, by the young Patriots. *Walpole*.

⁶ H. Jansen, a celebrated gamester, who cheated the late Duke of Bedford of an immense sum: Pope hints at that affair, in this line,

'Or when a Duke to Jansen punts at White's.' *Walpole*.

⁷ Lady Catherine Hyde (d. 1777), second daughter of fourth Earl of Clarendon; m. (1720) Charles Douglas, third Duke of Queensberry. She was noted for her beauty (which she retained till her death), and for her eccentricities, which bordered upon insanity. Her wit and kind-heartedness gained for her the friendship of several of the most eminent men of letters of her day—amongst others Congreve, Thomson, Pope, Gay, Whitehead, and Prior. The last celebrated her in his poem *The Female Phaeton*, to which Horace Walpole added a stanza, in praise of her beauty in her old age.

neighbours. Whisk has spread an universal opium over the whole nation ; it makes courtiers and Patriots sit down to the same pack of cards. The only thing extraordinary, and which yet did not seem to surprise anybody, was the Barberina's⁸ being attacked by four men masked, the other night, as she came out of the Opera House, who would have forced her away ; but she screamed, and the guard came. Nobody knows who set *them on, and I believe nobody inquired.

The Austrians in Flanders have separated from our troops a little out of humour, because it was impracticable for them to march without any preparatory provision for their reception. They will probably march in two months, if no peace prevents it. Adieu !

103. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 23, 1742.

I HAVE had no letter from you this fortnight, and I have heard nothing this month : judge how fit I am to write. I hope it is not another mark of growing old ; but, I do assure you, my writing begins to leave me. Don't be frightened ! I don't mean this as an introduction towards having done with you—I will write to you to the very stump of my pen, and, as Pope says,

'Squeeze out the last dull droppings of my sense.'

But I declare, it is hard to sit spinning out one's brains by the fireside without having heard the least thing to set one's hand a-going. I am so put to it for something to say, that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a viscountess dowager ; as the

⁸ A famous dancer. *Walpole*.

old Duchess of Rutland¹ does when she is told of some strange casualty, 'Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down'—'Lord, Madam!' says Lady Lucy², 'it can't be true!' 'Oh, no matter, child; it will do for news into the country next post.' But do conceive that the kingdom of the Dull is come upon earth—not with the forerunners and prognostics of other to-come kingdoms. No, no; the sun and the moon go on just as they used to do, without giving us any hints: we see no knights come prancing upon pale horses, or red horses; no stars, called wormwood, fall into the Thames, and turn a third part into wormwood; no locusts, *like horses*, with their hair as the hair of women—in short, no thousand things, *each* of which destroys a *third* part of mankind: the only token of this new kingdom is a woman riding on a beast, which is the mother of abominations, and the name in the forehead is *whisk*: and the four-and-twenty elders, and the woman, and the lamb, and the whole town, do nothing but play with this beast. Scandal itself is dead, or confined to a pack of cards; for the only malicious whisper I have heard this fortnight, is of an intrigue between the Queen of Hearts and the Knave of Clubs.

Your friend Lady Sandwich³ has got a son⁴; if one may believe the belly she wore, it is a brave one. Lord Holderness has lately given a magnificent *repas* to fifteen persons; there were three courses of ten, fifteen, and fifteen, and a sumptuous dessert: a great salon illuminated, odours, and violins—and who do you think were the invited?—the

LETTER 103.—¹ Hon. Lucy Sherard, daughter of second Baron Sherard, m. (1713) John Manners, second Duke of Rutland; d. 1751.

² Lady Lucy Manners, married in Oct. 1742 to the Duke of Montrose.

³ Dorothy, sister of Lord Viscount Fane, wife of John Montagu, Earl of Sandwich. *Walpole*.—She died

insane in 1797.

⁴ John Montagu (1742–1814), Viscount Hinchinbrooke, succeeded his father as fifth Earl of Sandwich, 1792; Captain of 3rd Regiment of Foot Guards; Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, 1771–82; Master of the Buckhounds, 1783–1806; Joint Postmaster-General, 1807.

Visconti, Giuletta, the Galli, Amorevoli, Monticelli, Vanneschi and his wife, Weedemans the hautboy, the prompter, &c. The bouquet was given to the Giuletta, who is barely handsome. How can one love magnificence and low company at the same instant! We are making great parties for the Barberina and the Auretti, a charming French girl; and our schemes succeed so well that the Opera begins to fill surprisingly; for all those who don't love music, love noise and party, and will any night give half a guinea for the liberty of hissing—such is English harmony!

I have been in a round of dinners with Lord Stafford, and Bussy⁵ the French minister, who tells one stories of Capuchins, confessions, Henri Quatre, Louis XIV, Gascons, and the string which all Frenchmen go through, without any connection or relation to the discourse. These very stories, which I have already heard four times, are only interrupted by English puns, which old Churchill translates out of jest-books into the mouth of my Lord Chesterfield, and into most execrable French. . . .⁶

Adieu! I have scribbled, and blotted, and made nothing out, and, in short, have nothing to say, so good night!

104. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 6, 1743.

You will wonder that you have not heard from me, but I have been too ill to write. I have been confined these ten days with a most violent cough, and they suspected an inflammation on my lungs; but I am come off with the loss of my eyes and my voice, both which I am recovering, and would write to you to-day. I have received your long letter of December 11th, and return you a thousand thanks

⁵ Abbé de Bussy, an adroit diplomatist. He was private secretary to the Duc de Richelieu, and one of the chief clerks in the French Foreign

Office. (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 45 n.)

⁶ Passage omitted.

for giving me up so much of your time ; I wish I could make as long a letter for you, but we are in a neutrality of news. The Elector Palatine¹ is dead ; but I have not heard what alterations that will make. Lord Wilmington's death, which is reckoned hard upon, is likely to make more conversation here. He is going to the Bath, but that is only to pass away the time till he dies.

The great Vernon is landed, but we have not been alarmed with any bonfires or illuminations ; he has outlived all his popularity. There is nothing new but the separation of a Mr. and Mrs. French, whom it is impossible you should know. She has been fashionable these two winters ; her husband has commenced a suit in Doctors' Commons against her boar-cat, and will, they say, recover considerable damages : but the lawyers are of opinion that the kittens must inherit Mr. French's estate, as they were born in lawful wedlock.

The Parliament meets again on Monday, but I don't hear of any fatigue that we are likely to have ; in a little time, I suppose, we shall hear what campaigning we are to make.

I must tell you an admirable reply of your acquaintance the Duchess of Queensberry : old Lady Granville², Lord Carteret's mother, whom they call *the Queen-Mother*, from taking upon her to do the honours of her son's power, was pressing the Duchess to ask her for some place for herself or friends, and assured her that she would procure it, be it what it would. Could she have picked out a fitter person to be gracious to ? The Duchess made her a most grave curtsy, and said, 'Indeed, there was one thing she had set her heart on.'—'Dear child, how you oblige me by

LETTER 104.—¹ Charles Philip of Neuburg, Elector Palatine, died Dec. 31, 1742. He was succeeded by Charles Theodore of Sulzbach, who became Elector of Bavaria in 1777, and died in 1799.

² Lady Grace Granville (1667–

1744), second daughter of John Granville, first Earl of Bath, cr. Viscountess Carteret and Countess Granville, 1715 ; m. (1675) Sir George Carteret, cr. Baron Carteret of Hawnes (d. 1685).

asking anything! What is it? tell me.'—'Only that you would speak to my Lord Carteret to get me made Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen of Hungary.'

I come now to your letter, and am not at all pleased to find that the Princess absolutely intends to murder you with her cold rooms. I wish you could come on those nights and sit by my fireside; I have the prettiest warm little apartment, with all my baubles, and Patapans and cats! Patapan and I go to-morrow to New Park, to my Lord, for the air, and come back with him on Monday.

What an infamous story that affair of Nomis is! and how different the ideas of honour among officers in your world and ours! Your history of cicisbeism is more entertaining: I figure the distress of a parcel of lovers who have so many things to dread—the government in this world! purgatory in the next! inquisitions, *villeggiaturas*, convents, &c. We indeed want these provocatives; all our love is between husbands and wives; and if it were not now and then for a gallant boar-cat the word *intrigue* would be lost in the language.

Lord Essex is extremely bad, and has not strength enough to go through the remedies that are necessary to his recovery. He now fancies that he does not exist, and will not be persuaded to walk or talk, because, as he sometimes says, 'How should he do anything? he is not.'

You say, 'How came I not to see Duc d'Arenberg?' I did once at the Opera; but he went away soon after; and here it is not the way to visit foreigners, unless you are of the Court, or are particularly in a way of having them at your house: consequently Sir R. never saw him neither—we are *not* of the Court! Next, as to Arlington Street: Sir R. is in a middling kind of house, which has long been his, and was let; he has taken a small one next to it for me, and they are laid together.

I come now to speak to you of the affair of the Duke of Newcastle; but absolutely, on considering it much myself, and on talking of it with your brother, we both are against your attempting any such thing. In the first place, I never heard a suspicion of the Duke's taking presents, and should think he would rather be affronted: in the next place, my dear child, though you are fond of that coffee-pot, it would be thought nothing among such wardrobes as he has, of the finest-wrought plate: why, he has a set of gold plates that would make a figure on any sideboard in the Arabian Tales; and as to Benvenuto Cellini, if the Duke could take it for his, people in England understand all work too well to be deceived. Lastly, as there has been no talk of alterations in the foreign ministers, and as all changes seem at an end, why should you be apprehensive? As to Stone³, if anything was done, to be sure it should be to him; though I really can't advise even that. These are my sentiments sincerely: by no means think of the Duke. Adieu!

105. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 13, 1743.

YOUR brother brought me two letters together this morning, and at the same time showed me yours to your father. Jesus! How should I be ashamed, were I he, to receive such a letter! so dutiful, so humble, and yet so expressive of the straits to which he has let you be reduced! My dear child, it looks too much like the son of a minister, when I am no longer so; but I can't help repeating to you officers

³ Andrew Stone, Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole*.—Born 1703; Under-Secretary of State, 1734; M.P. for Hastings, 1741–61; Sub-Governor to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George III), 1751; Treasurer to Queen Charlotte, 1761; d. 1773. Stone had great influence

with the Pelhams, and was an expert political wire-puller. He was credited (by the Whigs) with Jacobite sentiments, and with the wish to imbue the Prince of Wales with exalted ideas of the power of the royal prerogative.

of any kind of service that you think I can do for you any way.

I am quite happy at your thinking Tuscany so secure from Spain, unless the wise head of Richcourt works against the season ; but how can I ever be easy while a provincial Frenchman, something half French, half German, instigated by a mad Englishwoman¹, is to govern an Italian dominion !

I laughed much at the magnificent presents made by one of the first families in Florence to their young *accouchée*. Do but think if a Duke and Duchess of Somerset were to give a Lady Hertford fifty pounds and twenty yards of velvet for bringing an heir to the blood of Seymour !

It grieves me that my letters drop in so slowly to you : I have never missed writing, but when I have been absolutely too much out of order, or once or twice when I had no earthly thing to tell you. This winter is so quiet, that one must inquire much to know anything. The Parliament is met again, but we do not hear of any intended opposition to anything. The Tories have dropped the affair of the Hanoverians in the House of Lords, in compliment to my Lord Gower. There is a second pamphlet published on that subject, which makes a great noise. The ministry are much distressed on the ways and means for raising the money for this year : there is to be a lottery, but that will not supply a quarter of what they want. They have talked of a new duty on tea, to be paid by every housekeeper for all the persons in their families ; but it will scarce be proposed. Tea is so universal, that it would make a greater clamour than a duty on wine. Nothing is determined ; the new folks do not shine at expedients. Sir Robert's health is now drunk at all the clubs in the city ; they are for having him made a duke, and placed again at the head of the Treasury ; but I believe nothing could prevail on

him to return thither. He says he will keep the 12th of February,—the day he resigned,—with his family as long as he lives. They talk of Sandys being raised to the peerage, by way of getting rid of him; he is so dull they can scarce drag him on.

The English troops in Flanders march to-day², whither we don't know, but probably to Liège: from whence they imagine the Hanoverians are going into Juliers and Bergue³. The ministry have been greatly alarmed with the King of Sardinia's retreat⁴, and suspected that it was a total one from the Queen's interest; but it seems he sent for Villettes and the Hungarian minister, and had their previous approbations of his deserting Chamberry, &c.

Vernon is not yet got to town; we are impatient for what will follow the arrival of this mad hero. Wentworth will certainly challenge him, but Vernon does not profess *personal* valour: he was once knocked down by a merchant, who then offered him satisfaction—but he was satisfied.

Lord Essex⁵ is dead: Lord Lincoln will have the Bed-chamber; Lord Berkeley of Stratton⁶ (a disciple of Carteret's) the Pensioners; and Lord Carteret himself probably the riband⁷.

As to my Lady Walpole's dormant title⁸, it was in her

² The troops advanced so slowly that they did not cross the Rhine until the middle of May.

³ In the territory of the Elector Palatine.

⁴ He had been out-manceuvred, and was obliged to withdraw into Piedmont, leaving Savoy at the mercy of the Spaniards.

⁵ William Capel, third Earl of Essex. *Walpole*.

⁶ John Berkeley, fifth Baron Berkeley of Stratton; Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, 1743-46; Treasurer of the Household, 1755-56; Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners, 1756-62; Constable of the

Tower of London, 1762-70; d. 1773.

⁷ Of the Garter, which Lord Carteret did not receive until 1749.

⁸ The Barony of Clinton in fee descended to the daughters of Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, who died without male issue. One of those ladies died without children, by which means the title lay between the families of Rolle and Fortescue. King George I gave it to Hugh Fortescue, afterwards created an Earl; on whose death it descended to his only sister, a maiden lady, after whom, without issue, it devolved on Lady Orford. *Walpole*.—(See Table I a.)

family; but being in the King's power to give to which sister in equal claim he pleased, it was bestowed on Lord Clinton, who descended from the younger sister of Lady W.'s grandmother or great-grand-something. My Lady Clifford⁹ (Coke's mother) got her barony so, in preference to Lady Salisbury¹⁰ and Lady Sondes¹¹, her elder sisters, who had already titles for their children. It is called a title in abeyance.

Sir Robert has just bid me tell you to send the Domini-chin by the first safe conveyance to Matthews, who has had orders from Lord Winchelsea to send it by the first man-of-war to England; or, if you meet with a ship going to Port Mahon, then you must send it thither to Anstruther¹², and write to him that Lord Orford desires he will take care of it, and send it by the first ship that comes directly home. He is so impatient for it that he will have it thus; but I own I should not like having my things jumbled out of one ship into another, and rather beg mine may stay till they can come at once. Adieu!

106. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1743.

I COULD not write to you last Thursday, I was so much out of order with a cold; your brother came and found me in bed. To-night, that I can write, I have nothing to tell you; except that yesterday the welcome news (to the ministry) came of the accession of the Dutch to the King's

⁹ Lady Margaret Tufton (1700-1775), Baroness Lovel, Countess of Leicester, and *suo jure* Baroness de Clifford; m. (1718) Thomas Coke of Holkham, afterwards Baron Lovel, Viscount Coke, and Earl of Leicester.

¹⁰ Lady Anne Tufton, second daughter of sixth Earl of Thanet; m. (1709) James Cecil, fifth Earl of

Salisbury; d. 1757.

¹¹ Lady Catherine Tufton, eldest daughter of sixth Earl of Thanet; m. (1708) Edward Watson, Viscount Sondes, eldest son of third Earl of Rockingham; d. 1734.

¹² Lieutenant-General Philip Anstruther (of Airdrie), member for Anstruther in five Parliaments.

measures. They are in great triumph ; but till it is clear what part his Prussian Uprightness¹ is acting, other people take the liberty to be still in suspense. So they are about all our domestic matters too. It is a general stare ! the alteration that must soon happen in the Treasury² will put some end to the uncertainties of winter. Mr. Pelham is universally named to the head of it ; but Messrs. Prince³, Carteret, Pulteney, and Companies must be a little considered how they will like it : the latter the least.

You will wonder, perhaps be peevish, when I protest I have not another paragraph by me in the world. I want even common conversation ; for I cannot persist, like the Royal Family, in asking people the same questions, ‘Do you love walking?’ ‘Do you love music?’ ‘Was you at the Opera?’ ‘When do you go into the country?’ I have nothing else to say : nothing happens ; scarce the common episodes of a newspaper, of a man falling off a ladder and breaking his leg ; or of a countryman cheated of his leather pouch, with fifty shillings in it. We are in such a state of sameness, that I shall begin to wonder at the change of seasons, and talk of the spring as a strange accident. Lord Trawley, who has been fifteen years in Portugal, is of my opinion ; he says he finds nothing but a fog, whisk, and the House of Commons.

In this lamentable state, when I know not what to write even to you, what can I do about my serene Princess Grifoni ? Alas ! I owe her two letters, and where to find a *beau sentiment*, I cannot tell ! I believe I may have some by me in an old chest of drawers, with some exploded red-heel shoes and full-bottom wigs ; but they would come out so yellow and moth-eaten ! Do vow to her, in every superlative degree in the language, that my eyes have been so

LETTER 106.—¹ The King.

² Lord Wilmington's death was ex-

pected daily, but he lived until July.

³ The Prince of Wales.

bad, that as I wrote you word, over and over, I have not been able to write a line. That will move her, when she hears what melancholy descriptions I write, of my not being able to write—nay, indeed it will not be so ridiculous as you think; for it is ten times worse for the eyes to write in a language one don't much practise! I remember a tutor at Cambridge, who had been examining some lads in Latin, but in a little while excused himself, and said he must speak English, for his mouth was very sore.

I had a letter from you yesterday of January 7th, N.S., which has wonderfully excited my compassion for the necessities of the princely family⁴, and the shifts of the old lady⁵ is put to for quadrille.

I triumph much on my penetration about the *honest* Rucellai—we little people, who have no honesty, virtue, nor shame, do so exult when a good neighbour, who was a pattern, turns out as bad as oneself! We are like the good woman in the Gospel, who chuckled so much on finding her lost bit; we have more joy on a saint's fall, than in ninety-nine devils, who were always *de nous autres*! I am a little pleased too, that Marquis Bagnesi, whom you know I always liked much, has behaved so well; and am more pleased to hear what a *beffana* the Electress⁶ is——Pho! here am I, sending you back your own paragraphs, cut and turned! it is so silly to think that you won't know them again! I will not spin myself any longer; it is better to make a short letter. I am going to the masquerade, and will fancy myself in *Via della Pergola*⁷. Adieu! 'Do you know me?'—'That man there with you, in the black domino, is Mr. Chute.' Good night!

⁴ Prince and Princess Craon. They were deeply in debt.

⁵ Madame Sarasin.

⁶ The Electress Palatine Dowager, the last of the House of Medici. *Walpole*.—Anna Maria Louisa (1667–

1743), daughter of Cosmo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany; m. John William, Elector Palatine (d. 1716).

⁷ A street at Florence, in which the Opera House stands. *Walpole*.

107. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1743.

LAST night at the Duchess of Richmond's, I saw Madame Goldsworthy: what a pert, little, unbred thing it is! The Duchess presented us to one another; but I cannot say that either of us stepped a foot beyond the first civilities. The good Duchess was for harbouring her and all her brood: how it happened to her I don't conceive, but the thing had decency enough to refuse it. She is going to live with her father¹ at Plymouth—*tant mieux!*

The day before yesterday the Lords had a great day: Earl Stanhope moved for an address to his *Britannic* Majesty, in consideration of the heavy wars, taxes, &c., far exceeding all that ever were known, to exonerate his people of foreign troops (Hanoverians), which are so expensive, and can in no light answer the ends for which they were hired. Lord Sandwich seconded; extremely well, I hear, for I was not there. Lord Carteret answered, but was under great concern. Lord Bath spoke too, and would fain have persuaded that this measure was not solely of one minister, but that himself and all the Council were equally concerned in it. The late Privy Seal² spoke for an hour and a half, with the greatest applause, *against* the Hanoverians; and my Lord Chancellor³ extremely well for them. The division was, 90 for the Court, 35 against it. The present Privy Seal⁴ voted with the Opposition: so there will soon be another. Lord Halifax, the Prince's new Lord⁵, was with the minority too; the other, Lord Darnley, with the Court. After the division, Lord Scarborough, his Royal Highness's Treasurer, moved an address

LETTER 107.—¹ Captain Vanbrugh.² Lord Hervey. *Walpole*.³ Lord Hardwicke.⁴ Lord Gower. *Walpole*.⁵ Of the Bedchamber.

of approbation of the measure, which was carried by 78 to the former 35. Lord Orford was ill, and could not be there, but sent his proxy: he has got a great cold and slow fever, but does not keep his room. If Lord Gower loses the Privy Seal, (as it is taken for granted he does not design to keep it,) and Lord Bath refuses it, Lord Cholmondeley⁶ stands the fairest for it.

I will conclude abruptly, for you will be tired of my telling you that I have nothing to tell you—but so it is literally—oh! yes, you will want to know what the Duke of Argyll did—he was not there; he is everything but superannuated. Adieu!

108. TO HORACE MANN.

Feb. 13, 1743.

CERETESI tells me that Madame Galli is dead: I have had two letters from you this week; but the last mentions only the death of old Strozzi. I am quite sorry for Madame Galli, because I proposed seeing her again, on my return to Florence, which I have firmly in my intention: I hope it will be a little before Ceretesi's, for he seems to be planted here. I don't conceive who waters him! Here are two noble Venetians that have carried him about lately to Oxford and Blenheim: I am literally waiting for him now, to introduce him to Lady Brown's¹ Sunday night; it is the great mart for all travelling and travelled calves—pho! here he is.

Monday morning.—Here is your brother: he tells me you

⁶ He succeeded Lord Gower as Privy Seal, Dec. 1743.

LETTER 108.—¹ Margaret (d. 1782), daughter of Hon. Robert Cecil, second son of third Earl of Salisbury. Her husband had been Resident at Venice, and she was a patroness of foreign

singers. She is stated by Burney (*Hist. of Music*, iv. 671) to have been 'one of the first persons of fashion who had the courage at the risk of her windows to have concerts on a Sunday evening.'

never hear from me; how can that be? I receive yours, and you generally mention having got one of mine, though long after the time you should. I never miss above one post, and that but very seldom. I am longer receiving yours, though you have never missed; but then I frequently receive two at once. I am delighted with Goldsworthy's mystery about King Theodore²! If you will promise me not to tell him, I will tell you a secret, which is, that if that person is not King Theodore, I assure you it is not Sir Robert Walpole. . . .³

I have nothing to tell you but that Lord Effingham Howard⁴ is dead, and Lord Litchfield⁵ at the point of death; he was struck with a palsy last Thursday. Adieu!

109. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 24, 1743.

I WRITE to you in the greatest hurry in the world, but write I will. Besides, I must wish you joy: you are warriors; nay, conquerors; two things quite novel in this war, for hitherto it has been armies without fighting, and deaths without killing. We talk of this battle as of a comet; 'Have you heard of *the* battle¹?' it is so strange

² Theodore, Baron de Neuhoﬀ, a German adventurer, who in return for assistance rendered to the rebellious Corsicans was (in 1736) proclaimed King by them. He held his ground against the Genoese for some time, and was finally expelled by the French. He fled to Amsterdam, where he was imprisoned for debt. He escaped thence, and took refuge in England, where he was again imprisoned. He obtained his release on registering his 'kingdom' for the benefit of his creditors, and died shortly afterwards in London (Dec. 11, 1756). His grave in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho, is indicated

by an epitaph written by Horace Walpole. The latter endeavoured to raise a subscription for him by means of an essay in the *World* (No. VIII, *Works*, vol. i. p. 151). The vicissitudes of his career inspired a paragraph in Horace Walpole's *Strange Occurrences* (*Works*, vol. iv. p. 365).

³ Passage omitted.

⁴ Francis Howard (1683-1743), eighth Baron Howard of Effingham and first Earl of Effingham; Deputy Earl Marshal, 1731; Brigadier-General, 1739. He died on Feb. 12.

⁵ He died on Feb. 15.

LETTER 109.—¹ On the night of

a tthing, that numbers imagine you may go and see it at Chaaring Cross. Indeed, our officers, who are going to Flaanders, don't quite like it; they are afraid it should groow the fashion to fight, and that a pair of colours should no longer be a sinecure. I am quite unhappy about poor Mr. Chute: besides, it is cruel to find that abstinence is not a cdrug. If mortification ever ceases to be a medicine, or virtue to be a passport to carnivals in the other world, who willl be a self-tormentor any longer—not, my child, that I am onee; but, tell me, is he quite recovered?

II thank you for King Theodore's declaration², and wish him success with all my soul. I hate the Genoese; they maake a commonwealth the most devilish of all tyrannies!

¶We have every now and then motions for disbanding Heessians and Hanoverians, *alias* mercenaries; but they come to nothing. To-day the party have declared that theey have done for this session; so you will hear little moore but of fine equipages for Flanders: our troops are actually marched, and the officers begin to follow them—I I hope they know whither! You know in the last war in Spain³, Lord Peterborough⁴ rode galloping about to inquire forr his army.

¶But to come to more *real* contests; Handel has set up an Orratorio against the operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces and the singers of *Roast Beef*⁵

February 8, 1743. The Austrians and Sardinians, under Counts Traun and d'Alpremont, defeated the Spaniards undder Count de Gages, on the Panaro, an affluent of the Po.

² See *Gent. Mag.*, 1743, p. 110.

³ The War of the Spanish Succession.

⁴ Charles Mordaunt (circ. 1658–1735), third Earl of Peterborough, prominent in his day as general, admiral, diplomatist, and author. His principal exploit as Commander-

in-Chief of the English forces in Spain was the capture of Barcelona (Sept. 1705). Horace Walpole, in the account of Peterborough in *Royal and Noble Authors*, remarks that he is said to have 'seen more kings and more postilions than any man in Europe.'

⁵ It was customary at this time for the galleries to call for a ballad called 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' between the acts, or before or after the play. *Walpole*.

from between the acts at both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever an one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune. I was much diverted the other night at the Opera; two gentlewomen sat before my sister, and not knowing her, discoursed at their ease. Says one, 'Lord! how fine Mr. W. is!' 'Yes,' replied the other (with a tone of saying sentences), 'some men love to be particularly so, your *petits-maitres*—but they are not always the brightest of their sex.'—Do thank me for this period! I am sure you will enjoy it as much as we did.

I shall be very glad of my things, and approve entirely of your precautions; Sir R. will be quite happy, for there is no telling you how impatient he is for his Dominichin. Adieu!

110. TO HORACE MANN.

March 3, 1743.

So, she is dead at last, the old Electress¹! well, I have nothing more to say about her and the Medici; they had outlived all their acquaintance: indeed, her death makes the battle very considerable—makes us call a victory what before we did not look upon as very decided laurels. . . .²

Lord Hervey has entertained the town with another piece of wisdom: on Sunday it was declared that he had married his eldest daughter³ the night before to a Mr. Phipps⁴,

LETTER 110.—¹ Anna Maria of Medici, daughter of Cosmo III, widow of John William, Elector Palatine. After her husband's death she returned to Florence, where she died, Feb. 7, 1743, aged seventy-five, being the last of that family. *Waldpole*.

² Passage omitted.

³ Hon. Lepell Hervey.

⁴ Constantine Phipps (1722-1775),

cr. Baron Mulgrave, of New Ross, Wexford, Sept. 3, 1767; son of William Phipps (son of Sir Constantine Phipps, Lord Chancellor of Ireland), by his wife Lady Catherine Annesley, daughter of third Earl of Anglesey by his wife Lady Catherine Darnley, natural daughter of James II (who married, secondly, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham).

grandson of the Duchess of Buckingham. They sent for the boy but the day before from Oxford, and bedded them at a day's notice. But after all this mystery, it does not turn out that there is anything great in this match, but the greatness of the secret. Poor Hervey⁵, the brother, is in fear and trembling, for he apprehends being ravished to bed to some fortune or other with as little ceremony. The Oratorios thrive abundantly—for my part, they give me an idea of heaven, where everybody is to sing whether they have voices or not.

The Board (the Jacobite Club) have chosen his Majesty's Lord Privy Seal⁶ for their President, in the room of Lord Litchfield. Don't you like the harmony of parties? We expect the Parliament will rise this month: I shall be sorry, for if I am not hurried out of town, at least everybody else will—and who can look forward from April to November? Adieu! though I write in defiance of having nothing to say, yet you see I can't go a great way in this obstinacy; but you will bear a short letter rather than none.

111. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 14, 1743.

I DON'T at all know how to advise you about mourning; I always think that the custom of the country, and what other foreign ministers do, should be your rule. But I had a private scruple rose with me: that was, whether *you* should show so much respect to the late woman¹ as other ministers do, since she left that legacy to *Quello a Roma*². I mentioned this to my Lord, but he thinks that the tender manner of her wording it, takes off that exception; how-

⁵ George William Hervey, afterwards second Earl of Bristol.

⁶ Lord Gower. *Walpole*.

LETTER 111.—¹ The Electress Pala-

tine Dowager. *Walpole*.

² She left a legacy to the Pretender, describing him only by these words, *To Him at Rome*. *Walpole*.

ever, he thinks it better that you should write for advice to your commanding officer. That will be very late, and you will probably have determined before. You see what a casuist I am in ceremony; I leave the question more perplexed than I found it.

Pray, Sir, congratulate me upon the new acquisition of glory to my family! We have long been eminent statesmen; now that we are out of employment we have betaken ourselves to war—and we have made great proficiencie in a short season. We don't run, like my Lord Stair, into Berg and Juliers, to seek battles where we are sure of not finding them—we make shorter marches; a step across the Court of Requests brings us to engagement. But not to detain you any longer with flourishes, which will probably be inserted in my uncle Horace's patent when he is made a field-marshal, you must know that he has fought a duel, and has scratched a scratch three inches long on the side of his enemy—*Io Pæan!* The circumstances of this memorable engagement were, in short, that on some witness being to be examined the other day in the House upon remittances to the army, my uncle said, 'He hoped they would *indemnify* him, if he told anything that affected himself.' Soon after he was standing behind the Speaker's chair, and Will Chetwynd, an intimate of Bolingbroke, came up to him, and said, 'What, Mr. Walpole, are you for rubbing up old sores?' He replied, 'I think I said very little, considering that you and your friends would last year have hanged up me and my brother at the lobby door without a trial.' Chetwynd answered, 'I would still have you both have your deserts.' The other said, 'If you and I had, probably I should be here and you would be somewhere else.' This drew more words, and Chetwynd took him by the arm and led him out. In the lobby, Horace said, 'We shall be observed, we had better put it off till to-morrow.' 'No, no,

now! now!’ When they came to the bottom of the stairs, Horace said, ‘I am out of breath, let us draw here.’ They drew; Chetwynd hit him on the breast, but was not near enough to pierce his coat. Horace made a pass, which the other put by with his hand, but it glanced along his side—a clerk, who had observed them go out together so arm-in-armly, could not believe it amicable, but followed them, and came up just time enough to beat down their swords, as Horace had driven him against a post, and would probably have run him through at the next thrust. Chetwynd went away to a surgeon’s, and kept his bed the next day; he has not reappeared yet, but is in no danger. My uncle returned to the House, and was so little moved as to speak immediately upon the *Cambric Bill*, which made Swinny say, ‘That it was a sign he was not *ruffled*.’ Don’t you delight in this duel? I expect to see it daubed up by some circuit-painter on the ceiling of the salon at Woolterton.

I have no news to tell you, but that we hear King Theodore has sent over proposals of his person and crown to Lady Lucy Stanhope³, with whom he fell in love the last time he was in England.

Princess Buckingham⁴ is dead or dying: she has sent for

³ Sister of Earl Stanhope. *Walpole*.—Eldest daughter of first Earl Stanhope.

⁴ Catherine, Duchess of Buckingham, natural daughter of King James II by the Countess of Dorchester. She was so proud of her birth, that she would never go to Versailles, because they would not give her the rank of Princess of the Blood. At Rome, whither she went two or three times to see her brother, and to carry on negotiations with him for his interest, she had a box at the Opera distinguished like those of crowned heads. She not only regulated the ceremony of her own burial, and dressed up the waxen figure of herself for Westminster

Abbey, but had shown the same insensible pride on the death of her only son, dressing his figure, and sending messages to her friends, that if they had a mind to see him lie in state, she would carry them in conveniently by a back-door. She sent to the old Duchess of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had carried the Duke’s body. Old Sarah, as mad and proud as herself, sent her word that it had carried my Lord Marlborough and should never be profaned by any other corpse. The Buckingham returned, that ‘she had spoken to the undertaker, and he had engaged to make a finer for twenty pounds.’ *Walpole*.

Mr. Anstis⁵, and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill that she feared dying before all the pomp was come home: she said, 'Why won't they send the canopy for me to see? let them send it, though all the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all! She made her *ladies* vow to her, that if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead. She has a great mind to be buried by her father at Paris. Mrs. Selwyn says, 'She need not be carried out of England, and yet be buried by her father.' You know that Lady Dorchester⁶ always told her, that old Graham⁷ was her father.

I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken about the statue; do draw upon me for it immediately, and for all my other debts to you: I am sure they must be numerous; pray don't fail.

⁵ John Anstis (1669-1745), Garter King at Arms; Deputy-General to the Auditors of the Imprest; one of the principal Commissioners of Prizes. He was sometime M.P. for St. Germain's, St. Mawes, and Launceston, and was a voluminous writer on heraldry and kindred subjects.

⁶ Catherine Sedley (circ. 1653-1717), only daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, fifth Baronet; cr. Countess of Dorchester, 1686 (by James II, whose mistress she was); m. (1696) Sir David Colyear, afterwards Earl of Portmore.

⁷ Colonel Graham. When the Duchess was young, and as insolent as afterwards, her mother used to say, 'You need not be so proud, for you are not the King's, but old Graham's daughter.' It is certain, that his legitimate daughter, the Countess of Berkshire and Suffolk, was extremely like the Duchess, and that he often said with a sneer, 'Well, well, kings are great men, they make free with whom they please! All I can say is, that I am

sure the same man begot those two women.' The Duchess often went to weep over her father's body at Paris: one of the monks, seeing her tenderness, thought it a proper opportunity to make her observe how ragged the pall is that lies over the body (which is kept unburied to be some time or other interred in England), but she would not buy a new one. *Walpole*.—Colonel James Graham (1649-1730), second son of Sir George Graham, Baronet, of Netherby; Keeper of the Privy Purse to Duke and Duchess of York, 1679; Keeper of the Privy Purse to James II, 1685; Master of the Buckhounds and Harthounds, 1685; Deputy Lieutenant of the Castle and Forest of Windsor, 1685. His adherence to James II led to his imprisonment in the Fleet Prison, but he was soon released. He took the oaths to the government in 1701. At his seat Levens, near Kendal, he laid out the gardens, which are still celebrated examples of topiary work.

A thousand loves to the Chutes: a thousand compliments to the Princess; and a thousand—whats? to the Grifona. Alas! what can one do? I have forgot all my Italian. Adieu!

112. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 25, 1743.

WELL! my dear Sir, the Genii, or whoever are to look after the seasons, seem to me to change turns, and to wait instead of one another, like lords of the bedchamber. We have had loads of sunshine all the winter; and within these ten days nothing but snows, north-east winds, and blue plagues. The last ships have brought over all your epidemic distempers: not a family in London has escaped under five or six ill: many people have been forced to hire new labourers. Guernier, the apothecary, took two new apothecaries, and yet could not drug all his patients. It is a cold and fever. I had one of the worst, and was blooded on Saturday and Sunday, but it is quite gone: my father was blooded last night: his is but slight. The physicians say that there has been nothing like it since the year thirty-three, and then not so bad: in short, our army abroad would shudder to see what streams of blood have been let out! Nobody has died of it, but old Mr. Eyres¹, of Chelsea, through obstinacy of not bleeding; and his ancient Grace of York². Wilcox of Rochester³ succeeds him, who is fit for nothing in the world, but to die of this cold too.

They now talk of the King's *not* going abroad: I like to talk on that side; because though it may not be true, one

LETTER 112.—¹ Kingsmill Eyre, Secretary to the Commissioners of Chelsea College.

² Lancelot Blackburne (1658–1743), Archbishop of York. He was remarkable for the freedom of his

manners.

³ He was not succeeded by Dr. Wilcox, but by Dr. Herring, since promoted to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. *Walpole*.

may at least be able to give some sort of reason why he should not. We go into mourning for your Electress on Sunday ; I suppose they will tack the Elector of Mentz⁴ to her, for he is just dead. I delight in Richecourt's calculation : I don't doubt but it is the method he often uses in accounting with the Great Duke.

I have had two letters from you of the 5th and 12th, with a note of things coming by sea ; but, my dear child, you are either run Roman Catholicly devout, or take me to be so ; for nothing but a religious fit of zeal could make you think of sending me so many presents. Why, there are Madonnas enough in one case to furnish a more than common cathedral—I absolutely will drive to Demetrius, the silversmith's, and bespeak myself a pompous shrine ! But, indeed, seriously, how can I, who have a conscience, and am no saint, take all these things ? You must either let me pay for them, or I will demand my unfortunate coffee-pot again, which has put you upon ruining yourself. By the way, do let me have it again, for I cannot trust it any longer in your hands at this rate ; and since I have found out its virtue, I will present it to somebody, whom I shall have no scruple of letting send me bales and cargoes, and ship-loads of Madonnas, perfumes, prints, frankincense, &c. You have not even drawn upon me for my statue, my Hermaphrodite, my gallery, and twenty other things, for which I am lawfully your debtor.

I must tell you one thing, that I will not say a word to my Lord of this *Argosie*, as Shakspeare calls his costly ships, till it is arrived, for he will tremble for his Dominichin, and think it will not come safe in all this company—by the way, will a captain of a man-of-war care to take all ? We were talking over Italy last night : my Lord protests, that if

⁴ Karl Philipp von Elz, Archbishop and Elector of Mainz, d. March 20, 1743.

he thought he had strength, he would see Florence, Bologna, and Rome, by way of Marseilles, to Leghorn. You may imagine how I gave in to such a jaunt. I don't set my heart upon it, because I think he cannot do it; but if he does, I promise you, you shall be his cicerone. I delight in the gallantry of my Princess's brother⁵. I will tell you what, if the Italians don't take care, they will grow as brave and as wrong-headed as their neighbours. Oh! how shall I do about writing to her? Well, if I can, I will be bold, and write to her to-night.

I have no idea what the two minerals are that you mention, but I will inquire, and if there are such, you shall have them; and gold and silver, if they grow in this land; for I am sure I am deep enough in your debt. Adieu!

P.S. It won't do! I have tried to write, but you would bless yourself to see what stuff I have been forging for half an hour, and have not waded through three lines of paper. I have totally forgot my Italian, and if she will but have prudence enough to support the loss of a correspondence, which was long since worn threadbare, we will come to as decent a silence as may be.

113. TO HORACE MANN.

Monday, April 4, 1743.

I HAD my pen in my hand all last Thursday morning, to write to you, but my pen had nothing to say. I would make it do something to-day, though what will come of it, I don't conceive.

They say, the King does not go abroad: we know nothing about our army. I suppose it is gone to blockade Egra, and to *not* take Prague, as it has been the fashion for everybody to send their army to do these three years. The officers in

⁵ Signor Capponi, brother of Madame Grifoni. *Walpole*.

Parliament are not gone yet. We have nothing to do, but I believe the ministry have something for us to do, for we are continually adjourned, but not prorogued. They talk of marrying Princess Caroline¹ and Louisa² to the future Kings of Sweden³ and Denmark⁴; but if the latter⁵ is King of both, I don't apprehend that he is to marry both the Princesses in his double capacity.

Herring⁶, of Bangor, the youngest bishop, is named to the see of York. It looks as if the bench thought the Church going out of fashion; for two or three of them have refused this mitre⁷.

Next Thursday we are to be entertained with a pompous parade for the burial of old Princess Buckingham. They have invited ten peeresses to walk; all somehow or other dashed with blood-royal, and rather than not have King James's daughter attended by princesses, they have fished out two or three countesses descended from his competitor Monmouth.

There, I am at the end of my tell! If I write on, it must be to ask questions. I would ask why Mr. Chute has left me off? but when he sees what a frippery correspondent I am, he will scarce be in haste to renew with me again. I really don't know why I am so dry; mine used to be the pen of a ready writer, but whisk seems to have stretched its leaden wand over me, too, who have nothing to do with it.

LETTER 113.—¹ Princess Elizabeth Caroline (1713–1757), third daughter of George II; noted for her piety and benevolence; she died unmarried. (See *Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 268, and Hervey, *Memoirs*, *passim*.)

² Princess Louisa (1724–1751), fifth daughter of George II; m. Frederick V, King of Denmark. (See *Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. pp. 197–8.)

³ Prince Adolphus Frederick of Holstein-Gottorp, succeeded as King of Sweden, 1751; d. 1771.

⁴ Frederick, Prince Royal of Denmark, succeeded his father, 1746; d. 1766.

⁵ There was a party at this time in Sweden, who tried to choose the Prince Royal of Denmark for succession to King Frederick of Sweden. *Walpole*.

⁶ Thomas Herring, translated to Canterbury, 1747.

⁷ Dr. Wilcox, Bishop of Rochester, and Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of Salisbury; the latter afterwards accepted the see of London. *Walpole*.

I am trying to set up the noble game of bilboquet⁸ against it, and composing a grammar in opposition to Mr. Hoyle's⁹. You will some day or other see an advertisement in the papers, to tell you where it may be bought, and that ladies may be waited upon by the author at their houses, to receive any further directions. I am really ashamed to send this scantling of paper by the post, over so many seas and mountains: it seems as impertinent as the commission which Prior gave to the winds,

Lybs must fly south, and Eurys east,
For jewels for her neck and breast¹⁰.

Indeed, one would take you for my Chloe, when one looks on this modicum of gilt paper, which resembles a *billet-doux* more than a letter to a minister. But you must take it as the widow's mite, and since the death of my spouse, poor Mr. News, I cannot afford such large doles as formerly. Adieu! my dear child, I am yours ever, from a quire of the largest foolscap to a vessel of the smallest gilt.

114. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 14, 1743.

THIS has been a noble week; I have received three letters at once from you. I am ashamed when I reflect on the poverty of my own! but what can one do? I don't *sell* you my news, and therefore should not be excusable to *invent*. I wish we don't grow to have more news! Our politics, which have not always been the most in earnest, now begin to take a very serious turn. Our army is wading over the Rhine, up to their middles in snow. I hope . . .¹ they will be thawed before their return: but they have gone through excessive hardships. The King sends six thousand more of

⁸ Cup and ball.

⁹ Edmond Hoyle (1672-1769), the writer on whist.

¹⁰ Prior, *Mercury and Cupid*.

LETTER 114.—¹ Passage omitted.

his Hanoverians at his own expense: this will be popular—and the six thousand Hessians march too. All this will compose an army considerable enough to be a great loss if they miscarry. The King certainly goes abroad in less than a fortnight. He takes the Duke² with him to Hanover, who from thence goes directly to the army. The Court will not be great: the King takes only Lord Carteret, the Duke of Richmond, Master of the Horse, and Lord Holderness and Lord Harcourt³, for the Bedchamber. The Duchesses of Richmond and Marlborough⁴, and plump Carteret⁵, go to the Hague.

His Royal Highness is not Regent: there are to be fourteen. The Earl of Bath and Mr. Pelham, neither of them in Regency-posts, are to be of the number.

I have read your letters about *Mystery* to Sir Robert. He denies absolutely having ever had transactions with King Theodore, and is amazed Lord Carteret can; which he can't help thinking but he must, by the intelligence about Lady Walpole. Now I can conceive all that affected friendship for Richcourt! She must have meant to return to England by Richcourt's interest with Touissant⁶—and then where was her friendship? You are quite in the right not to have engaged with King Theodore: your character is not *Furibondo*. Sir R. entirely disapproves all *Mysterious* dealings; he thinks *Furibondo* most bad and most improper, and always did. You mistook me about Lady Walpole's Lord—I meant Quarendon, who is now Earl of Litchfield,

² Of Cumberland.

³ Simon Harcourt (circa. 1712–1777), second Viscount Harcourt, cr. Earl Harcourt, 1749; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1735–51; Governor to the Prince of Wales, 1751–52; sent as Ambassador to escort Queen Charlotte to England, 1761; Master of the Horse to the Queen, 1761–63; Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, 1763; Ambassador to Paris, 1768–69;

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1772–77; General, 1772.

⁴ Hon. Elizabeth Trevor, daughter of second Baron Trevor; m. (1732) Charles Spencer, third Duke of Marlborough; d. 1761.

⁵ Frances, only daughter of Sir Robert Worsley, first wife of Lord Carteret. *Walpole*.

⁶ First minister of the Great Duke. *Walpole*.

by his father's death, which I mentioned. I think her lucky in Sturges's death, and him lucky in dying. He had outlived resentment; I think had almost lived to be pitied⁷.

I forgot to thank you about the model, which I should have been sorry to have missed. I long for all the things, and my Lord more. Am I not to have a bill of lading, or how?

I never say anything of the Pomfrets, because in the great city of London the Countess's follies do not make the same figure as they did in little Florence. Besides, there are such numbers here who have such equal pretensions to be absurd, that one is scarce aware of particular ridicules.

I really don't know whether Vanneschi be dead; he married some low Englishwoman, who is kept by Amorevoli; so the Abbate turned the Opera every way to his profit. As to Bonducci⁸, I don't think I could serve him; for I have no interest with the Lords Middlesex and Holderness, the two sole managers. Nor if I had, would I employ it, to bring over more ruin to the Operas. Gentlemen directors, with favourite abbés and favourite mistresses, have almost overturned the thing in England. You will plead my want of interest to Mr. Smith⁹ too: besides, we had *buffos* here once, and from not understanding the language, people thought it a dull kind of dumb-show. We are next Tuesday to have the *Miserere* of Rome. It must be curious! the finest piece of vocal music in the world, to be performed by three good voices, and forty bad ones, from Oxford, Canterbury, and the farces! There is a new subscription formed for an Opera next year, to be carried on by the *Dilettanti*,

⁷ Mr. Sturges had been a passion of Lady Walpole's.

⁸ Bonducci was a Florentine Abbé, who translated some of Pope's works into Italian. *Walpole*.

⁹ The English Consul at Venice. *Walpole*.—Joseph Smith, a well-

known collector of books, manuscripts, pictures, coins, and gems. The collection of books sold by him to George III was the nucleus of that King's library, which is now in the British Museum.

a club, for which the nominal qualification is having been in Italy, and the real one, being drunk: the two chiefs are Lord Middlesex and Sir Francis Dashwood, who were seldom sober the whole time they were in Italy.

The Parliament rises next week: everybody is going out of town. My Lord goes the first week in May; but I shall reprieve myself till towards August. Dull as London is in summer, there is always more company in it than in any one place in the country. I hate the country: I am past the shepherdly age of groves and streams, and am not arrived at that of hating everything but what I do myself, as building and planting. Adieu!

115. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 25, 1743.

NAY, but it is serious! the King is gone, and the Duke with him. The latter actually to the army. They must sow laurels, if they design to reap any; for there are no conquests forward enough for them to come just in time and finish. The French have relieved Egra and cut to pieces two of the best Austrian regiments, the cuirassiers. This is ugly! We are sure, you know, of beating the French always in France and Flanders; but I don't hear that the heralds have produced any precedents for our conquering them on the other side the Rhine. We at home may be excused for trembling at the arrival of every post: I am sure I shall. If I were a woman, I should support my fears with more dignity; for if one did lose a husband or a lover, there are those becoming comforts, weeds and cypresses, jointures and weeping cupids; but I have only a friend or two to lose, and there are no ornamental substitutes settled, to be one's proxy for that sort of grief. One has not the satisfaction of fixing a day for receiving visits of

consolation from a thousand people whom one don't love, because one has lost the only person one did love. This is a new situation, and I don't like it.

You will see the Regency in the newspapers. I think the Prince might have been of it when my Lord Gower is. I don't think the latter more Jacobite than his Royal Highness.

The Prince is to come to town every Sunday fortnight to hold Drawing-rooms; the Princesses stay all the summer at St. James's—would I did! but I go in three weeks to Norfolk; the only place that could make me wish to live at St. James's. My Lord has pressed me so much, that I could not with decency refuse: he is going to furnish and hang his picture-gallery, and wants me. I can't help wishing that I had never known a Guido from a Teniers: but who could ever suspect any connection between painting and the wilds of Norfolk?

Princess Louisa's contract with the Prince of Denmark was signed the morning before the King went; but I don't hear when she goes. Poor Caroline misses her man of Lübeck¹, by his missing the Crown of Sweden.

I must tell you an odd thing that happened yesterday at Leicester House. The Prince's children were in the circle: Lady Augusta² heard somebody call Sir Robert Rich by his name. She concluded there was but one Sir Robert in the world, and taking him for Lord Orford, the child went staring up to him, and said, 'Pray, where is your blue string³? and pray what has become of your fat belly?' Did one ever hear of a more royal education, than to have

LETTER 115.—¹ Adolphus Frederick of Holstein, Bishop of Lübeck, was elected successor, and did succeed to the Crown of Sweden. He married the Princess Louisa Ulrica, of Prussia. *Walpole*.

² Princess Augusta (1737-1813),

eldest daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales; m. (1764) Charles William Ferdinand, Hereditary Prince (afterwards Duke) of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel.

³ The ribbon of the Garter.

rung this mob cant in the child's ears till it had made this impression on her!

Lord Stafford is come over to marry Miss Cantillon⁴, a vast fortune, of his own religion. She is daughter of the Cantillon who was robbed and murdered, and had his house burned by his cook a few years ago⁵. She is as ugly as he; but when she comes to Paris, and wears a good deal of rouge, and a separate apartment, who knows but she may be a beauty! There is no telling what a woman is, while she is as she is.

There is a great fracas in Ireland in a noble family or two, . . .⁶ heightened by a pretty strong circumstance of Iricism. A Lord Belfield⁷ married a very handsome daughter⁸ of a Lord Molesworth⁹. A certain Arthur Rochfort, who happened to be acquainted in the family, by being Lord Belfield's own brother, looked on this woman, and saw she was fair. . . .¹⁰ These ingenious people, that their history might not be discovered, corresponded under feigned names—And what names do you think they chose?—Silvia and Philander! Only the very same that Lord Grey¹¹ and his sister-in-law¹² took upon a parallel occasion, and which are printed in their letters¹³!

⁴ Henrietta Cantillon (d. 1761), daughter of Richard Cantillon; m. 1. (1743) William Matthias Stafford-Howard, third Earl of Stafford; 2. (1759) Robert Maxwell, second Baron (afterwards Earl of) Farnham.

⁵ Richard Cantillon, a financier, and author of an *Essai sur la Nature du Commerce en général*, published after his death. He assisted Law in his schemes, and after acquiring a large fortune, settled in London, where he was murdered (1734) by his servants, who robbed him, and set fire to his house. The fire was extinguished, and the body found. The murderer was never captured.

⁶ Passage omitted.

⁷ Robert Rochfort, first Baron Belfield, cr. Earl of Belvedere, 1756.

⁸ Hon. Mary Molesworth, eldest daughter of third Viscount Molesworth.

⁹ Richard Molesworth (d. 1758), third Viscount Molesworth; entered the army and acted as A.D.C. to Marlborough, whose life he saved at Ramillies (1706). He served against the rebels in 1715.

¹⁰ Passage omitted.

¹¹ Ford Grey (1655–1701), third Baron Grey of Werke, cr. Earl of Tankerville, 1695; Commissioner of Trade, 1696; Lord of the Treasury, 1699; First Lord of the Treasury, 1699–1700.

¹² Lady Henrietta Berkeley, fifth daughter of first Earl of Berkeley; d. unmarried in 1710.

¹³ *Love Letters between a Noble-*

Patapan sits to Wootton¹⁴ to-morrow for his picture. He is to have a triumphal arch at a distance, to signify his Roman birth, and his having barked at thousands of Frenchmen in the very heart of Paris. If you can think of a good Italian motto applicable to any part of his history send it me. If not, he shall have this antique one—for I reckon him a senator of Rome, while Rome survived,—‘O, et prae-sidium et dulce decus meum!’ He is writing an Ode on the future campaign of this summer; it is dated from his villa, where he never was, and begins truly in the classic style, ‘While you, great Sir,’ &c. Adieu!

116. TO HORACE MANN.

May 4, 1743.

THE King was detained four or five days at Sheerness; but yesterday we heard that he was got to Helvoetsluys. They talk of an interview between him and his nephew of Prussia—I never knew any advantage result from such conferences. We expect to hear of the French attacking our army, though there are accounts of their retiring, which would necessarily produce a peace—I hope so! I don’t like to be at the eve, even of an Agincourt; that, you know, every Englishman is bound in faith to expect; besides, they say my Lord Stair has in his pocket, from the records of the Tower, the original patent, empowering us always to conquer. I am told that Marshal Noailles¹ is as mad as Marshal Stair. Jesus! twice fifty thousand men trusted to two mad captains, without one Dr. Monro² over them!

man and his Sister. London, 1684; generally attributed to Mrs. Behn.

¹⁴ John Wootton, animal painter; d. 1765.

LETTER 116.—¹ Adrien Maurice (1678–1766), Duc de Noailles, Maréchal de France. He served in Spain, Germany, and Italy, and was at this

time a minister of state, owing to his favour with Louis XV and his mistress, the Duchesse de Châteauroux. He was subsequently Ambassador at Madrid. His *Mémoires*, edited by the Abbé Millot, were published in 1777.

² Physician of Bedlam. Walpole.

I am sorry I could give you so little information about King Theodore; but my lord knew nothing of him, and as little of any connection between Lord Carteret and him. I am sorry you have him on your hands. He quite mistakes his province: an adventurer should come hither; this is the soil for mobs and patriots; it is the country of the world to make one's fortune: with parts never so scanty, one's dullness is not discovered, nor one's dishonesty, till one obtains the post one wanted—and then, if they do come to light—why, one slinks into one's green velvet bag³, and lies so snug! I don't approve of your hinting at the falsehoods of Stosch's intelligence⁴; nobody regards it but the King; it pleases him—*e basta*.

I was not in the House at Vernon's frantic speech; but I know he made it, and have heard him pronounce several such: but he has worn out even laughter, and did not make impression enough on me to remember till the next post that he had spoken.

I gave your brother the translated paper; he will take care of it. Ceretesi is gone to Flanders with Lord Holderness. Poor creature! he was reduced, before he went, to borrow five guineas of Sir Francis Dashwood. How will he ever scramble back to Florence?

We are likely at last to have no Opera next year: Handel has had a palsy, and can't compose; and the Duke of Dorset has set himself strenuously to oppose it, as Lord Middlesex is the *impresario*, and must ruin the house of Sackville by a course of these follies. Besides what he will lose this year, he has not paid his share to the losses of the last; and yet is singly undertaking another for next season, with the

³ The Secretaries of State and Lord Treasurer carry their papers in a green velvet bag. *Walpole*.

⁴ Stosch used to pretend to send over an exact journal of the life of the Pretender and his sons, though

he had been sent out of Rome at the Pretender's request, and must have had very bad or no intelligence of what passed in that family. *Walpole*.

almost certainty of losing between four or five thousand pounds, to which the deficiencies of the Opera generally amount now. The Duke of Dorset has desired the King not to subscribe; but Lord Middlesex is so obstinate, that this will probably only make him lose a thousand pounds more.

The Freemasons are in so low repute now in England, that one has scarce heard the proceedings at Vienna against them mentioned⁵. I believe nothing but a persecution could bring them into vogue again here. You know, as great as our follies are, we even grow tired of them, and are always changing.

117. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 12, 1743.

It is a fortnight since I have got any of your letters, but I will expect two at once. I don't tell you by way of news, because you will have had expresses, but I must talk of the great Austrian victory¹! We have not heard the exact particulars yet, nor whether it was Kevenhuller² or Lobkowitz who beat the Bavarians; but their general, Minucci, is prisoner. At first, they said Seckendorffe³ was too; I am glad he is not: poor man, he has suffered enough by the house of Austria! But my joy is beyond the common, for I flatter myself this victory will save us one: we talk of nothing but its producing a peace, and then one's friends will return.

⁵ A meeting of Freemasons was broken up by soldiers at Vienna, March 7, 1743. (*Gent. Mag.*, 1743, p. 166.)

LETTER 117.—¹ At Braunau (Upper Austria) on May 9 (N.S.), the Bavarians were defeated by the vanguard of Prince Charles's army, and their general, Minuzzi, taken prisoner.

² Count Khevenhüller, one of Maria Theresa's generals.

³ Field Marshal Count von Seckendorff (1673-1763), imprisoned in the fortress of Grätz (1737-40), on account of his conduct of the campaign of 1737 against the Turks; Commander-in-Chief of the Bavarian forces, 1742.

The Duchess of Kendal⁴ is dead—eighty-five years old ; she was a year older than her late King. Her riches were immense ; but I believe my Lord Chesterfield will get nothing by her death—but his wife⁵ : she lived in the house with the Duchess, where he had played away all his credit.

Hough⁶, the good old Bishop of Worcester, is dead too. I have been looking at the *Fathers in God* that have been flocking over the way this morning to Mr. Pelham, who is just come to his new house. This is absolutely the ministerial street : Carteret has a house here too ; and Lord Bath seems to have lost his chance by quitting this street. Old Marlborough has made a good story of the latter ; she says, that when he found he could not get the Privy Seal, he begged that at least they would offer it to him, and upon his honour he would not accept it, but would plead his vow of never taking a place ; in which she says they humoured him. The truth is, Lord Carteret did hint an offer to him, upon which he went with a *nolo episcopari* to the King—he bounced, and said, ‘Why, I never offered it to you’ : upon which he recommended my Lord Carlisle, with equal success.

Just before the King went, he asked my Lord Carteret, ‘Well, when am I to get rid of those fellows in the Treasury?’ They are on so low a foot, that somebody said Sandys had hired a stand of hackney-coaches, to look like a levee.

Lord Conway has begged me to send you a commission, which you will oblige me much by executing. It is to send him three Pistoia barrels for guns : two of them, of two

⁴ Ermengarde Melusine von Schu-
lemburg (1659–1743), Duchess of
Kendal and Princess of Eberstein,
former mistress of George I.

⁵ Melusina Schulembergh, Count-
ess of Walsingham, niece of the
Duchess of Kendal, and her heiress.

Walpole.—She was commonly sup-
posed to be the daughter of George I.

⁶ John Hough (1651–1743), Bishop
of Worcester, ejected by James II
from the Presidency of Magdalen
College, Oxford, in 1687 ; restored in
1688.

feet and a half in the barrel in length ; the smallest of the inclosed buttons to be the size of the bore, hole, or calibre, of the two guns. The third barrel to be three feet and an inch in length ; the largest of these buttons to be the bore of it : these feet are English measure. You will be so good to let me know the price of them.

There has happened a comical circumstance at Leicester House : one of the Prince's coachmen, who used to drive the Maids of Honour, was so sick of them, that he has left his son three hundred pounds, upon condition that he never *marries* a Maid of Honour !

Our journey to Houghton is fixed to Saturday se'nnight ; 'tis unpleasant, but I flatter myself that I shall get away in the beginning of August. Direct your letters as you have done all this winter ; your brother will take care to send them to me. Adieu !

118. TO HORACE MANN.

May 19, 1743.

I AM just come tired from a family dinner at the Master of the Rolls'¹ ; but I have received two letters from you since my last, and will write to you, though my head aches with maiden sisters' healths², forms, and Devonshire and Norfolk. With yours I received one from Mr. Chute, for which I thank him a thousand times, and will answer as soon as I get to Houghton. Monday is fixed peremptorily, though we have had no rain this month ; but we travel by the day of the week, not by the day of the sky.

LETTER 118.—¹ William Fortescue, Master of the Rolls, a relation of Margaret Lady Walpole. *Walpole*. —B. 1687 ; d. 1749 ; acted as private secretary to Sir Robert Walpole when Chancellor of the Exchequer (1715) ; K.C. and Attorney-General to Prince of Wales, 1730 ; Baron of

the Exchequer, 1736 ; Puisne Justice of the Common Pleas, 1738 ; Master of the Rolls, 1741. He was on friendly terms with Swift, Gay, and Pope. The last dedicated to him his First Satire.

² Fortescue's 'maiden sister' was Grace Fortescue, who died this year.

We are in more confusion than we care to own. There lately came up a Highland regiment from Scotland, to be sent abroad. One heard of nothing but their good discipline and quiet disposition. When the day came for their going to the water-side, an hundred and nine of them mutinied, and marched away in a body. They did not care to go where it would not be equivocal for what King they fought. Three companies of dragoons are sent after them³. If you happen to hear of any rising, don't be surprised—I shall not, I assure you. Sir Robert Monroe⁴, their lieutenant-colonel, before their leaving Scotland, asked some of the ministry, 'But suppose there should be any rebellion in Scotland, what should we do for these eight hundred men?' It was answered, 'Why, there would be eight hundred fewer rebels there.'

*'Utor permissio, caudaeque pilos ut equinae
Paulatim vello; demo unum, demum⁵ etiam unum,
Dum—'*

My dear child, I am surprised to find you enter so seriously into earnest ideas of my Lord's passing into Italy! Could you think (however he, you, or I might wish it) that there could be any probability of it? Can you think his age could endure it, or him so indifferent, so totally disinterested, as to leave all thoughts of what he has been, and ramble, like a boy, after pictures and statues? Don't expect it.

³ This regiment was the celebrated Black Watch, formed in 1739. 'A rumour reached the men that they were about to be sent to the plantations, and a large number, after the regiment arrived in London, endeavoured to make their way back to the Highlands. After they had been brought back and three of them shot as deserters, the regiment embarked for Flanders towards the end of May.' (See *D. N. B.*, under Monroe, Sir Robert.) The Black Watch be-

haved with the utmost gallantry at Fontenoy, and was one of the regiments chosen to cover the retreat of the English.

⁴ Sir Robert Monroe, sixth Baronet, of Foulis, who had organized the regiment. In recognition of his services at Fontenoy, he was promoted to command the 37th Regiment. He was killed at the battle of Falkirk (June 17, 1746).

⁵ So in MS. ; read *demo*.

We had heard of the Duke of Modena's command⁶ before I had your letter. I am glad, for the sake of the Duchess, as she is to return to France. I never saw anybody wish anything more! and indeed, how can one figure any particle of pleasure happening to a daughter of the Regent, and a favourite daughter too, full of wit and joy, buried in a dirty, dull Italian duchy, with an ugly, formal object for a husband, and two uncouth sister-princesses for eternal companions? I am so near the eve of going into Norfolk, that I imagine myself something in her situation, and married to some Hammond or Hoste⁷, who is Duke of Wootton or Darsingham. I remember in the fairy tales where a yellow dwarf steals a princess, and shows her his duchy, of which he is very proud: among the blessings of grandeur, of which he makes her mistress, there is a most beautiful ass for her palfrey, a blooming meadow of nettles and thistles to walk in, and a fine troubled ditch to slake her thirst, after either of the above-mentioned exercises.

Adieu! My next will be dated from some of the doleful castles in the principality of

Your forlorn friend,

THE DUCHESS OF RUFFHAM⁸.

119. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, June 4, 1743.

I WROTE this week to Mr. Chute, addressed to you; I could not afford two letters in one post from the country, and in the dead of summer. I have received one from you of May 21st, since I came down. I must tell you a smart

⁶ He was appointed to command the Spanish troops in succession to Gage.

⁷ The Hammonds and Hostes are

two Norfolk families, nearly allied to the Walpoles. *Walpole*.

⁸ Rougham, a seat of the Norths, about eight miles from Houghton.

dialogue between your father¹ and me the morning we left London : he came to wish my Lord a good journey : I found him in the parlour. 'Sir,' said he, 'I may ask you how my son does ; I think you hear from him frequently : I never do.' I replied, 'Sir, I write him kind answers ; pray do you do so ?' He coloured, and said with a half mutter, 'Perhaps I have lived too long for him !' I answered shortly, 'Perhaps you have.' My dear child, I beg your pardon, but I could not help this. When one loves anybody, one can't help being warm for them at a fair opportunity. Dr. Bland² and Mr. Legge were present—your father could have stabbed me. I told your brother Gal, who was glad.

We are as private here as if we were in devotion : there is nobody with us now but Lord Edgumbe and his son³. The Duke of Grafton and Mr. Pelham come next week, and I hope Lord Lincoln with them. Poor Lady Sophia is at the gasp of her hopes ; all is concluded for his match with Miss Pelham. It is not to be till the winter. He is to have all Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle can give or settle ; unless Lady Catherine should produce a son, or the Duchess should die, and the Duke marry again.

Earl Poulett⁴ is dead, and makes vacant another riband. I imagine Lord Carteret will have one : Lord Bath will ask

LETTER 119.—¹ Robert Mann, of Linton in Kent, formerly a merchant in London ; Deputy Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital ; d. 1751.

² Dr. Henry Bland, Head Master of Eton School, 1719 ; Canon of Windsor, 1723–32 ; Dean of Durham, 1727 ; Provost of Eton, 1732 ; d. 1746. He was a schoolfellow and friend of Sir Robert Walpole. His translation into Latin of Cato's Soliloquy (elsewhere mentioned by Horace Walpole) was published in the *Spectator*.

³ Hon. Richard Edgumbe (1716–1761), succeeded his father in 1758 ;

M.P. for Plympton ; served in the army ; Lord of Trade, 1754–55 ; Major-General, 1755 ; Lord of the Admiralty, 1755–56 ; Comptroller of the Household, 1756–61. He was an accomplished amateur artist, a wit, and a confirmed gambler. His portrait (with George Selwyn and 'Gilly' Williams) was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for Horace Walpole, with whom Edgumbe was on terms of close friendship, and whom he often visited at Strawberry Hill.

⁴ John Poulett (cir. 1663–1743), first Earl Poulett.

it. I think they should give Prince Charles one of the two, for all the trouble he saves us. The papers talk of nothing but a suspension of arms: it seems toward, for at least we hear of no battle, though there are so many armies looking at one another.

Old Sir Charles Wager is dead at last, and has left the fairest character. I can't help having a little private comfort, to think that Goldsworthy—but there is no danger.

Madox⁵ of St. Asaph has wriggled himself into the see of Worcester. He makes haste; I remember him only domestic chaplain to the late Bishop of Chichester⁶. Durham⁷ is not dead, as I believe I told you from a false report.

You tell me of dining with Madame de Modène⁸, but you don't tell me of being charmed with her. I liked her excessively—I don't mean her person, for she is as plump as the late Queen⁹, but sure her face is fine; her eyes vastly fine! and then she is as agreeable as one should expect the Regent's daughter to be.

The Princess and she must have been an admirable contrast: one has all the good breeding of a French Court, and the latter all the ease of it. I have almost a mind to go to Paris to see her. She was so excessively civil to me. You don't tell me if the Pucci goes into France with her.

I like the Genoese selling Corsica! I think we should follow their example and sell France; we have about as good a title, and very near as much possession. At how much may they value Corsica? at the rate of islands, it can't go for much. Charles the Second sold Great Britain and Ireland to Louis XIV for 300,000*l.* a year, and that was reckoned extravagantly dear. Lord Bolingbroke took

⁵ Isaac Maddox; d. 1759.

⁶ Dr. Waddington. *Walpole*.—D. 1731.

⁷ Edward Chandler, Bishop of Durham; d. 1750.

⁸ It was not the Duchess of Modena, but the Duke's second sister, who went to Florence. *Walpole*.

⁹ Queen Caroline.

a single hundred thousand for them, when they were in much better repair.

We hear to-day that the King goes to the army on the 15th, N.S., that is, to-day; but I don't tell it you for certain. There has been much said against his commanding it, as it is only an army of succour, and not acting as principal in the cause. In my opinion, his commanding will depend upon the more or less probability of its acting at all. Adieu!

120. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, June 10, 1743.

You must not expect me to write you a very composed, careless letter; my spirits are all in agitation! I am at the eve of a post that may bring me the most dreadful news! we expect to-morrow the news of a decisive battle. Oh, if you have any friend there, think what apprehensions I must have of such a post¹! By yesterday's letters our army was within eight miles of the French, who have had repeated orders to attack them. Lord Stair and Marshal Noailles both think themselves superior, and have pressed for leave to fight. The latter call themselves fourscore thousand; ours sixty. Mr. Pelham and Lord Lincoln come to Houghton to-day, so we are sure of hearing as soon as possible, if anything has happened. By this time the King must be with them. My fears for one or two friends have spoiled me for any English hopes—I cannot dwindle away the French army—every man in it appears to my imagination as big as the sons of Anak! I am conjuring up the ghosts of all who have perished by French ambition, and am dealing out commissions to these spectres,

‘——To sit heavy on their souls to-morrow!’

LETTER 120.—¹ Henry Conway, who was in the First Foot Guards

(1741), was with the army in Germany.

Alas! perhaps that glorious to-morrow was a dismal yesterday! at least, perhaps it was to me! The genius of England might be a mere mercenary man of this world, and employed all his attention to turn aside cannon-balls from my Lord Stair, to give new edge to his new Marlborough's sword; was plotting glory for my Lord Carteret, or was thinking of furnishing his own apartment in Westminster Hall with a new set of trophies—who would then take care of Mr. Conway? You, who are a minister, will see all this in still another light, will fear our defeat, and will foresee the train of consequences.—Why, they may be wondrous ugly; but till I know what I have to think about my own friends, I cannot be wise in my generation.

I shall now only answer your letter; for till I have read to-morrow's post, I have no thoughts but of a battle.

I am angry at your thinking that I can dislike to receive two or three of your letters at once. Do you take me for a child, and imagine, that though I like one plum-tart, two may make me sick? I now get them regularly; so I do but receive them, I am easy.

You are mistaken about the gallery; so far from unfurnishing any part of the house, there are several pictures undisposed, besides numbers at Lord Walpole's, at the Exchequer, at Chelsea, and at New Park. Lord Walpole has taken a dozen to Stanno², a small house, about four miles from hence, where he lives with my Lady Walpole's vicegerent³. You may imagine that her deputies are no fitter than she is to come where there is a modest, unmarried girl⁴.

I will write to London for the Life of Theodore, though

² Stanhoe, in the neighbourhood of King's Lynn.

³ Miss Norsa; she was a Jewess, and had been a singer. *Walpole*.—Lord Walpole took her off the stage

with the concurrence of her parents, to whom he gave a bond, by which he engaged to marry her on the demise of his wife. *Cunningham*.

⁴ Lady Maria Walpole. *Walpole*.

you may depend upon its being a Grub Street piece, without one true fact. Don't let it prevent your undertaking his Memoirs. Yet I should imagine Mrs. Heywood⁵ or Mrs. Behn⁶ were fitter to write his history.

How slightly you talk of Prince Charles's victory at Brunau⁷! We thought it of vast consequence; so it was. He took three posts afterwards, and has since beaten the Prince of Conti⁸, and killed two thousand men. Prince Charles civilly returned him his baggage⁹. The French in Bavaria are quite dispirited—poor wretches; how one hates to wish so ill as one does to fourscore thousand men!

There is yet no news of the *Pembroke*. The Dominichin has a post of honour reserved in the gallery. My Lord says, as to that Dalton's¹⁰ Raphael, he can say nothing without some particular description of the picture and the size, and some hint at the price, which you have promised to get. I leave the residue of my paper for to-morrow: I tremble, lest I be forced to finish it abruptly! I forgot to tell you that I left a particular commission with my brother Ned, who is at Chelsea, to get some tea-seed from the Physic Garden¹¹; and he promised me too to go to Lord Islay, to know what cobolt and zingho are, and where they are to be got.

Saturday morn.

The post is come: no battle! Just as they were marching against the French, they received orders from Hanover not to engage, for the Queen's generals thought they were

⁵ Eliza Haywood, novelist; d. 1756.

⁶ Aphra Behn, novelist and dramatist (1640–1689).

⁷ See note on letter to Mann, May 12, 1743.

⁸ Louis François de Bourbon (1717–1776), Prince de Conti. He subsequently commanded the French armies in Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands.

⁹ On May 27, 1743, Prince Charles drove Conti from his head quarters at Deggendorf, on the Danube.

¹⁰ Richard Dalton, artist and antiquary, afterwards Keeper of the Pictures to George III; d. 1791. (See *Gent. Mag.*, 1791, pp. 181, 195–8.)

¹¹ The garden of the Society of Apothecaries.

inferior, and were positive against fighting. Lord Stair, with only the English, proceeded, and drew out in order; but though the French were then so vastly superior, they did not attack him. The King is now at the army, and, they say, will endeavour to make the Austrians fight. It will make great confusion here if they do not. The French are evacuating Bavaria as fast as possible, and seem to intend to join all their force together. I shall still dread all the events of this campaign. Adieu!

121. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, June 20, 1743.

I HAVE painted the Raphael to my Lord almost as fine as Raphael himself could; but he will not think of it: he will not give a thousand guineas for what he never saw. I wish I could persuade him. For the other hands, he has already fine ones of every one of them. There are yet no news of the *Pembroke*: we grow impatient.

I have made a short tour to Euston this week with the Duke of Grafton, who came over from thence with Lord Lincoln and Mr. Pelham. Lord Lovel and Mr. Coke carried me and brought me back. It is one of the most admired seats in England—in my opinion, because Kent has a most absolute disposition of it. Kent is now so fashionable, that, like Addison's *Liberty*, he

Can make bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

I believe the Duke wishes he could make them green too. The house is large and bad; it was built by Lord Arlington¹, and stands, as all old houses do for convenience

LETTER 121.—¹ Henry Bennett (1618–1685), first Earl of Arlington, minister of Charles II. His only child, Lady Isabella Bennett, suc-

ceeded him as Countess of Arlington, and, marrying the first Duke of Grafton, carried Euston (and her title) into that family.

of water and shelter, in a hole ; so it neither sees, nor is seen : he has no money to build another. The park is fine, the old woods excessively so : they are much grander than Mr. Kent's passion, clumps—that is, sticking a dozen trees here and there, till a lawn looks like the ten of spades. Clumps have their beauty ; but in a great extent of country, how trifling to scatter arbours, where you should spread forests ! He is so unhappy in his heir apparent², that he checks his hand in almost everything he undertakes. Last week he heard a new exploit of his barbarity. A tenant of Lord Euston, in Northamptonshire, brought him his rent ; the Lord said it wanted three and sixpence : the tenant begged he would examine the account, that it would prove exact—however, to content him, he would willingly pay him the three and sixpence. Lord E. flew into a rage, and vowed he would write to the Duke to have him turned out of a little place he has in the post office of thirty pounds a year. The poor man, who has six children, and knew nothing of my Lord's being upon no terms of power with his father, went home and shot himself !

I know no syllable of news, but that my Lady Carteret is dead at Hanover, and Lord Wilmington dying. So there will be to let a first minister's ladyship and a First Lordship of the Treasury. We have nothing from the army, though the King has now been there some time. As new a thing as it is, we don't talk much of it.

Adieu ! the family are gone a-fishing : I thought I stayed at home to write to you, but I have so little to say that I don't believe you will think so.

² Earl of Euston.

122. TO HORACE MANN.

Friday noon, June 24, 1743.

I DON'T know what I write—I am all a hurry of thoughts—a battle¹—a victory! I dare not yet be glad—I know no particulars of my friends. This instant my Lord has had a messenger from the Duke of Newcastle, who has sent him a copy of Lord Carteret's letter from the field of battle. The King was in all the heat of the fire, and safe—the Duke is wounded in the calf of the leg, but slightly; Duc d'Arenberg in the breast; General Clayton and Colonel Piers² are the only officers of note said to be killed—here is all my trust! The French passed the Mayne that morning with twenty-five thousand men, and are driven back. We have lost two thousand, and they four—several of their general officers, and of the *Maison du Roy*³, are taken prisoners: the battle lasted from ten in the morning till four. The Hanoverians behaved admirably. The Imperialists⁴ were the aggressors; in short, in all public views, it is all that could be wished—the King in the action, and his son wounded—the Hanoverians behaving well—the French beaten: what obloquy will not all this wipe off? Triumph, and write it to Rome! I don't know what our numbers were; I believe about thirty thousand, for there were twelve thousand Hessians and Hanoverians who had not joined them. O! in my hurry, I had forgot the place—you must talk of the battle of Dettingen!

After dinner. My child, I am calling together all my thoughts, and rejoice in this victory as much as I dare; for in the raptures of conquest, how dare I think that my Lord

LETTER 122. —¹ The Battle of Dettingen, June 16 (O.S.), 1743.

² Of the Welsh Fusiliers.

³ The French Household Cavalry. One of their standards was captured.

⁴ The Bavarians. *Walpole*.

Carteret, or the rest of those who have written, thought just of whom I thought. The post comes in to-morrow morning, but it is not sure that we shall learn any particular certainties so soon as that. Well! how happy it is that the King has had such an opportunity of distinguishing himself! what a figure he will make! They talked of its being below his dignity to command an auxiliary army: my Lord says it will not be thought below his dignity to have sought danger⁵. These were the flower of the French troops: I flatter myself they will tempt no more battles. Another such, and we might march from one end of France to the other. So we are in a French war, at least well begun! My Lord has been drinking the healths of Lord Stair and Lord Carteret: he says, 'since it is well done, he does not care by whom it was done.' He thinks differently from the rest of the world: he thought from the first, that France never missed such an opportunity as when they undertook the German war, instead of joining with Spain against us. If I hear any more to-morrow before the post goes out, I will let you know. Tell me if this is the first you hear of the victory: I would fain be the first to give you so much pleasure.

⁵ 'Letter from Mr. Kendal of Lord Albermarle's Troop:—The French fired at his Majesty from a Battery of 12 Cannon, but levell'd too high. I saw the Balls go within half a Yard of his Head. The D. d'Aremberg desired him to go out of Danger; he answered, *Don't tell me of Danger*, I'll be even with them. He is certainly the boldest Man I ever saw; his Horse being frightened run away with him, but he soon stopped him.—The French got into the Corner of a Wood, to flank our Right.—The King then drew his Sword, and ordered the Hanoverian Foot and Horse, and some English thro' the Wood, and rode about like

a Lion; he drew them up in Line of Battle himself, and ordered 6 Cannon on the Right, and bid them fire on the Flank of the French: He stood by till they fired and did great Execution, killing 30 or forty at a Shot; then he went to the Foot, and ordered them not to fire till the French came close, which were about 100 Yards distant; then the French fired on us directly, and the Shot flew again as thick as Hail; then the King flourished his Sword and said, *Now Boys,—Now for the Honour of England, and behave brave, and the French will soon run.* . . . The King stood in the Field till Ten that Night.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1743, p. 387.)

Saturday morning.

Well, my dear child, all is safe! I have not so much as an acquaintance hurt. The more we hear, the greater it turns out. Lord Cholmondeley writes my Lord from London, that we gained the victory with only fifteen regiments, not eleven thousand men, and so not half in number to the French. I fancy their soldiery behaved ill, by the gallantry of their officers; for Ranby⁶, the King's private surgeon, writes, that he alone has 150 officers of distinction desperately wounded under his care. Marquis Fénelon's⁷ son is among the prisoners, and says Marshal Noailles is dangerously wounded: so is Duc d'Aremberg. Honeywood's⁸ regiment sustained the attack, and are almost all killed: his natural son⁹ has five wounds, and cannot live. The horse were pursuing when the letters came away, so there is no certain account of the slaughter. Lord Albemarle had his horse shot under him. In short, the victory is complete. There is no describing what one hears of the spirits and bravery of our men. One of them dressed himself up in the belts of three officers, and swore he would wear them as long as he

⁶ John Ranby (1703-1773), principal Sergeant-Surgeon to George II.

⁷ Gabriel Jacques de Salignac (1688-1746), Marquis de la Mothe-Fénelon, killed at the battle of Roucoux. His son was François Louis de Salignac (1722-1780), Chevalier, afterwards Marquis de la Mothe-Fénelon.

⁸ General Philip Honeywood, made K.B. August 12 of this year. At his death (June 17, 1752) he was the oldest General of Horse, Colonel of a Dragoon Regiment, and Governor of Portsmouth.

⁹ Major Philip Honeywood survived the battle of Dettingen forty-two years. He was subsequently a General, Colonel of the 4th Regiment of Horse, and Governor of Kingston-upon-Hull. Colonel Charles Russell,

of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, writes as follows to his wife under date of July 17, 1743, from the camp near Hanau:—'As for Major Honeywood, out of nine wounds five are healed, and there is but one of the four remaining that there is any danger from, and that is so near the brain that till there is a perfect cure there is no answering that his life is safe, but very great hopes. He remembers that he was not only stripped, but that an Austrian soldier came up to him and stabbed him twice with a bayonet, and was going to fire upon him, but that he had strength enough to call out he was an Anglois, which saved his life.' (See *Hist. MSS. Comm. Report on the Chequers Court MSS.*)

lives. Another ran up to Lord Carteret, who was in a coach near the action the whole time, and said, 'Here, my Lord, do hold this watch for me; I have just killed a French officer and taken it, and I will go take another.'

Adieu! my dear Sir: may the rest of the war be as glorious as the beginning!

TO MR. CHUTE.

My dear Sir, I wish you joy, and you wish me joy, and Mr. Whithed, and Mr. Mann, and Mrs. Bosville¹⁰, &c., &c., &c. Don't get drunk and get the gout. I expect to be drunk with hogsheads of the Mayne water, and with odes to his Majesty and the Duke, and Te Deums. Patapan begs you will get him a dispensation from Rome to go and hear the thanksgiving at St. Paul's. We are all mad—drums, trumpets, bumpers, bonfires! The mob are wild, and cry, 'Long live King George and the Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Stair and Lord Carteret, and General Clayton that's dead!' My Lord Lovel says,

Thanks to the Gods that *John* has done his duty¹¹!

Adieu! my dear Dukes of Marlborough! I am ever your

JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

123. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, July 4, 1743.

I HEAR no particular news here, and I don't pretend to send you the common news; for as I must have it first from London, you will have it from thence sooner in the papers than in my letters. There have been great rejoicings

¹⁰ Diana, eldest daughter of Sir William Wentworth, fourth Baronet, of Bretton, Yorkshire; m. Godfrey Bosville, of Gunthwaite, Yorkshire.

¹¹ A parody of the line in *Cato*,
'Thanks to the Gods!—my boy
has done his duty.'

for the victory; which I am convinced is very considerable by the pains the Jacobites take to persuade it is not. My Lord Carteret's Hanoverian articles have much offended; his express has been burlesqued a thousand ways. By all the letters that arrive, the loss of the French turns out more considerable than by the first accounts: they have dressed up the battle into a victory for themselves—I hope they will always have such! By their not having declared war with us, one should think they intended a peace. It is allowed that our fine horse did us no honour: the victory was gained by the foot. Two of their princes of the blood, the Prince de Dombes¹, and the Count d'Eu his brother, were wounded, and several of their first nobility. Our prisoners turn out but seventy-two officers, besides the private men; and by the printed catalogue, I don't think many of great family. Marshal Noailles' mortal wound is quite vanished, and Duc d'Aremberg's shrunk to a very slight one. The King's glory remains in its first bloom.

Lord Wilmington is dead. I believe the civil battle for his post will be tough. Now we shall see what service Lord Carteret's Hanoverians² will do him. You don't think the crisis unlucky for him, do you? If you wanted a Treasury, should you choose to have been in Arlington Street³, or driving by the battle of Dettingen? You may imagine our Court wishes for Mr. Pelham. I don't know any one who wishes for Lord Bath but himself—I believe that is a pretty substantial wish.

I have got the Life of King Theodore, but I don't know how to convey it—I will inquire for some way.

We are quite alone. You never saw anything so unlike

LETTER 123.—¹ Louis Auguste de Bourbon (1700–1755), Prince de Dombes, son of the Duc du Maine, and grandson of Louis XIV.

² He had advocated the payment

of Hanoverian troops with English money.

³ Where Mr. Pelham lived. *Walpole*.

as being here five months out of place, to the congresses⁴ of a fortnight in place; but you know the *Justum et tenacem propositi virum* can amuse himself without the *Civium ardor*! As I have not so much dignity of character to fill up my time, I could like a little more company. With all this leisure, you may imagine that I might as well be writing an ode or so upon the victory; but as I cannot build upon the Laureat's place till I know whether Lord Carteret or Mr. Pelham will carry the Treasury, I have bounded my compliments to a slender collection of quotations against I should have any occasion for them. Here are some fine lines from Lord Halifax's⁵ poem on the battle of the Boyne—

The King leads on, the King does all inflame,
The King;—and carries millions in the name.

Then follows a simile about a deluge, which you may imagine; but the next lines are very good:

So on the foe the firm battalions prest,
And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the rest.
Fierce, gallant, young, he shot through ev'ry place,
Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chase,
He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their face.

The next are a magnificent compliment, and, as far as verse goes, to be sure very applicable.

⁴ Sir Robert Walpole, when in office, 'had usually two annual meetings at Houghton. The one in the spring, to which were invited only the most select friends, and the leading members of the Cabinet, continued about three weeks. The second was in autumn, towards the commencement of the shooting season. It continued six weeks or two months, and was called the congress. At this time Houghton was filled with company from all parts. He

kept a public table, to which all gentlemen in the county found a ready admission. The expenses of these meetings have been computed at £3,000 a year.' (Coxe, *Life of Sir R. Walpole*, ed. 1816, vol. iv. p. 370.)

⁵ Charles Montagu (1661-1715), first Earl of Halifax of the second creation, the patron of Addison, Congreve, and Prior. He is referred to by Pope as 'full-blown Bufo.' (*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 231).

Stop, stop! brave Prince, allay that generous flame;
Enough is given to England and to Fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the centre stand;
Europe's divided interests you command,
All their designs uniting in your hand.
Down from your throne descends the golden chain
Which does the fabric of our world sustain,
That once dissolv'd by any fatal stroke,
The scheme of all our happiness is broke.

Adieu! my dear Sir: pray for peace!

124. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, July 11, 1743.

THE *Pembroke* is arrived! Your brother slipped a slice of paper into a letter which he sent me from you the other day, with those pleasant words, 'The *Pembroke* is arrived.' I am going to receive it. I shall be in town the end of this week, only stay there about ten days, and wait on the Dominichin hither. Now I tremble! If it should not stand the trial among the number of capital pictures here! But it must: it will.

O, sweet lady¹! What shall I do about her letter? I must answer it—and where to find a penful of Italian in the world, I know not. Well, she must take what she can get: gold and silver I have not, but what I have I give unto her. Do you say a vast deal of my concern for her illness, and that I could not find decompositions and superlatives enough to express myself. You never tell me a syllable from my sovereign lady the Princess: has she forgot me? What is become of Prince Beauvau²? is he warring against us? Shall I write to Mr. Conway to be very civil to him for my sake, if he is taken prisoner? We expect another

LETTER 124.—¹ Madame Grifoni. Walpole.

² Son of Prince Craon. Walpole.

battle every day. Broglio has joined Noailles, and Prince Charles is on the Neckar. Noailles says, *Qu'il a fait une folie, mais qu'il est prêt à la réparer*. There is great blame thrown on Baron Ilton, the Hanoverian General, for having hindered the Guards from engaging. If they had, and the horse, who behaved wretchedly, had done their duty, it is agreed that there would be no second engagement. The poor Duke is in a much worse way than was at first apprehended: his wound proves a bad one; he is gross, and has had a shivering fit, which is often the forerunner of a mortification. There has been much thought of making knights-bannerets, but I believe the scheme is laid aside; for, in the first place, they are never made but on the field of battle, and now it was not thought on till some days after; and, besides, the King intended to make some who were not actually in the battle. . . .³

Adieu! Possibly I may hear something in town worth telling you.

125. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 19.

HERE am I come a-Dominichining! and the first thing I hear is, that the *Pembroke* must perform quarantine fourteen days for coming from the Mediterranean, and a week airing. It is forty days, if they bring the plague from Sicily. I will bear this misfortune as heroically as I can; and considering I have London to bear it in, may possibly support it well enough.

The private letters from the army all talk of the King's going to Hanover, 2nd of August, N.S. If he should not, one shall be no longer in pain for him; for the French have repassed the Rhine, and think only of preparing against

³ Passage omitted.

Prince Charles, who is marching sixty-two thousand men, full of conquest and revenge, to regain his own country¹. I most cordially wish him success, and that his bravery may recover what his abject brother² gave up so tamely, and which he takes as little personal pains to regain. It is not at all determined whether we are to carry the war into France. It is ridiculous enough! we have the name of war with Spain, without the thing; and war with France without the name!

The maiden heroes of the Guards are in great wrath with General Ilton, who kept them out of harm's way. They call him 'the Confectioner,' because he says he *preserved* them.

The week before I left Houghton my father had a most dreadful accident: it had near been fatal; but he escaped miraculously. He dined abroad, and went up to sleep. As he was coming down again, not quite awakened, he was surprised at seeing the company through a glass-door which he had not observed: his foot slipped, and he, who is now entirely unyielding and helpless, fell at once down the stairs against the door, which had it not been there, he had dashed himself to pieces, into a stone hall. He cut his forehead two inches long to the pericranium, and another gash upon his temple; but, most luckily, did himself no other hurt, and was quite well again before I came away.

I find Lord Stafford married to Miss Cantillon; they are to live half the year in London, half in Paris. Lord Lincoln is soon to marry his cousin Miss Pelham: it will be great joy to the whole house of Newcastle.

There is no determination yet come about the Treasury. Most people wish for Mr. Pelham; few for Lord Carteret; none for Lord Bath. My Lady Townshend said an admirable

LETTER 125.—¹ Lorraine.

² Francis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, elder brother of Prince Charles. He

surrendered Lorraine to France (1735).

thing the other day to this last: he was complaining much of a pain in his side—‘Oh!’ said she, ‘that can’t be; you have no *side*.’

I have a new cabinet for my enamels and miniatures just come home, which I am sure you would like: it is of rose-wood; the doors inlaid with carvings in ivory. I wish you could see it! Are you to be for ever ministerial *sans relâche*? Are you never to have leave to come and ‘settle your private affairs,’ as the newspapers call it?

A thousand loves to the Chutes. Does my sovereign lady yet remember me, or has she lost with her eyes all thought of me? Adieu!

P.S. Princess Louisa goes soon to her young Denmark; and Princess Emily³, it is now said, will have the man of Lubeck. If he had missed the crown of Sweden, he was to have taken Princess Caroline; because, in his private capacity, he was not a competent match for the now-first daughter of England. He is extremely handsome; it is fifteen years since Princess Emily was so.

126. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 31, 1743.

IF I went by my last week’s reason for not writing to you, I should miss this post too, for I have no more to tell you than I had then; but at that rate, there would be great vacuums in our correspondence. I am still here, waiting for the Dominichin and the rest of the things. I have incredible trouble about them, for they arrived just as the quarantine was established. Then they found out that the *Pembroke* had left the fleet so long before the infection in

³ Princess Amelia Sophia Eleanora (1711–1786), second daughter of George II; d. unmarried. (See

Memoirs of George II, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 159, and Hervey’s *Memoirs*, *passim*.)

Sicily began, and had not touched at any port there, that the Admiralty absolved it. Then the things were brought up; then they were sent back to be aired; and still I am not to have them in a week. I tremble for the pictures; for they are to be aired at the rough discretion of a master of a hoy, for nobody I could send would be suffered to go aboard. The City is outrageous; for you know, to merchants there is no plague so dreadful as a stoppage of their trade. The Regency are so temporising and timid, especially in this inter-ministerium¹, that I am in great apprehensions of our having the plague: an island, so many ports, no power absolute or active enough to establish the necessary precautions, and all are necessary! it is terrible! And now it is on the continent too! While confined to Sicily, there were hopes: but I scarce conceive that it will stop in two or three villages in Calabria. My dear child, Heaven preserve you from it! I am in the utmost pain on its being so near you. What will you do! whither will you go, if it reaches Tuscany? Never think of staying in Florence: shall I get you permission to retire out of that State, in case of danger? but sure you would not hesitate on such a crisis!

We have no news from the army: the minister there² communicates nothing to those here. No answer comes about the Treasury. All is suspense: and clouds of breaches ready to burst. How strange is all this jumble! France with an unsettled ministry; England with an unsettled one; a victory just gained over them, yet no war ensuing, or declared from either side; our minister still at Paris, as if to settle an amicable intelligence of the losses on both sides! I think there was only wanting for Mr. Thompson³

LETTER 126.—¹ The office of First Lord of the Treasury remained vacant until the appointment of Henry Pelham (25 Aug. 1743). Coxe conjectures that the delay was due to the

King's wish to consult Sir R. Walpole.

² Lord Carteret.

³ Rev. Antony Thompson, *Chargé d'Affaires*; afterwards Dean of Raphoe.

to notify to them in form our victory over them, and for Bussy⁴ to have civil letters of congratulation—'tis so well-bred an age!

I must tell you a *bon-mot* of Winnington. I was at dinner with him and Lord Lincoln and Lord Stafford last week, and it happened to be a *maigre-day*, of which Stafford was talking, though, you may believe, without any scruples: 'Damn it,' said Winnington, 'what a religion is yours! they let you eat nothing, and yet make you swallow everything!'

My dear child, you will think, when I am going to give you a new commission, that I ought to remember those you give me. Indeed I have not forgot one, though I know not how to execute them. The Life of King Theodore is too big to send but by a messenger; by the first that goes you shall have it. For cobolt and zingho, your brother and I have made all inquiries, but almost in vain, except that one person has told him that there is some such thing in Lancashire: I have written thither to inquire. For the tea-trees, it is my brother's fault, whom I desired, as he is at Chelsea, to get some from the Physic Garden: he forgot it; but now I am in town myself, if possible, you shall have some seed. After this, I still know not how to give you a commission, for you *over-execute*; but upon conditions uninfringeable, I will give you one. I have begun to collect drawings: now, if you will at any time buy me any that you meet with at reasonable rates, for I will not give great prices, I shall be much obliged to you. I would not have above one, to be sure, of any of the Florentine school, nor above one of any master after the immediate scholars of Carlo Maratti. For the Bolognese school, I care not how many; though I fear they will be too dear. But Mr. Chute

⁴ Mr. Thompson and the Abbé de Bussy were the English and French Residents. *Walpole*.

understands them. One condition is, that if he collects drawings as well as prints, there is an end of the commission; for you shall not buy me any, when he perhaps would like to purchase them. The other condition is, that you regularly set down the prices you pay; otherwise, if you send me any without the price, I instantly return them unopened to your brother: this, upon my honour, I will most strictly perform.

Adieu! write me minutely the history of the plague. If it makes any progress towards you, I shall be a most unhappy man: I am far from easy on our own account here.

127. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 14, 1743.

I SHOULD write to Mr. Chute to-day, but I won't till next post: I will tell you why presently. Last week I did not write at all; because I was every day waiting for the Dominichin, &c., which I at last got last night—But oh! that &c.! It makes me write to you, but I must leave it &c., for I can't undertake to develop it. I can find no words to thank you from my own fund; but must apply an expression of the Princess Craon's to myself, which the number of charming things you have sent me absolutely melts down from the bombast of which it consisted when she sent it me. 'Monsieur, votre générosité,' (I am not sure it was not 'votre magnificence,') 'ne me laisse rien à désirer de tout ce qui se trouve de précieux en Angleterre, dans la Chine, et aux Indes.' But still this don't express &c. The charming Madame Sévigné, who was still handsomer than Madame de Craon, and had infinite wit, condescended to pun on sending her daughter an excessively fine pearl necklace: 'Voilà, ma fille, un présent passant tous les présents passés et présents!' Do you know that

these words reduced to serious meaning, are not sufficient for what you have sent me? If I were not afraid of giving you all the trouble of airing and quarantine which I have had with them, I would send them to you back again! Jesus! it is well our virtue is out of the ministry! What reproach it would undergo! Why, my dear child, here would be bribery in folio! How would mortals stare at such a present as this to the son of a fallen minister! I believe half of it would reinstate us again; though the vast box of essences would not half sweeten the Treasury after the dirty wretches that have fouled it since.

The Dominichin is safe; so is everything. I cannot think it of the same hand with the Sasso Ferrati¹ you sent me. This last is not so *maniéré* as the Dominichin; for the more I look at it, the more I am convinced it is of him. It goes down with me to-morrow to Houghton. The Andrea del Sarto is particularly fine! the Sasso Ferrati particularly graceful—oh! I should have kept that word for the Magdalen's head, which is beautiful beyond measure. Indeed, my dear Sir, I am glad, after my confusion is a little abated, that your part of the things is so delightful; for I am very little satisfied with my own purchases. Donato Creti's copy² is a wretched, raw daub; the beautiful Virgin of the original he has made horrible. Then for the statue, the face is not so broad as my nail, and has not the turn of the antique. Indeed, La Vallée has done the drapery well, but I can't pardon him the head. My table I like; though he has stuck in among the ornaments two vile china jars, that look like the modern japanning by ladies. The Hermaphrodite, on my seeing it again, is too sharp and hard—in short, your present has put me out of humour with everything of my

LETTER 127.—¹ Giovanni Battista Salvi (1605–1685), called Sassoferatto from having been born at that place.

² A copy of a celebrated picture by Guido at Bologna, of the Patron Saints of that city. *Walpole*.

own. You shall hear next week how my Lord is satisfied with his Dominichin. I have received the letter and drawings by Crewe. By the way, my drawings of the gallery are as bad as anything of my own ordering. They gave Crewe the letter for you at the office, I believe; for I knew nothing of his going, or had sent you the Life of King Theodore.

I was interrupted in my letter this morning by the Duke of Devonshire, who called to see the Dominichin. Nobody knows pictures better: he was charmed with it, and did not doubt its Dominichinality.

I find another letter from you to-night of August 6th, and thank you a thousand times for your goodness about Mr. Conway; but I believe I told you, that as he is in the Guards, he was not engaged. We hear nothing but that we are going to cross the Rhine. All we know is from private letters: the ministry hear nothing. When the hussars went to Kevenhuller for orders, he said, 'Messieurs, l'Alsace est à vous; je n'ai point d'autres ordres à vous donner.' They have accordingly taken up their residence in a fine château belonging to the Cardinal de Rohan³, as Bishop of Strasbourg. We expect nothing but war; and that war expects nothing but conquest.

Your account of our officers was very false; for, instead of the soldiers going on without commanders, some of them were ready to go without their soldiers. I am sorry you have such plague with your Neptune⁴ and the Sardinian⁵—we know not of them scarce.

I really forget anything of an Italian greyhound for the Tesi. I promised her, I remember, a black spaniel—but how to send it! I did promise one of the former to Marquis Mari at Genoa, which I absolutely have not been able to get

³ Cardinal Armand Gaston Maximilien de Rohan (1674–1749).

⁴ Admiral Matthews.

⁵ The King of Sardinia.

yet, though I have often tried; but since the last Lord Halifax⁶ died, there is no meeting with any of the breed. If I can, I will get her one. I am sorry you are engaged in the Opera. I have found it a most dear undertaking! I was not in the management: Lord Middlesex was chief. We were thirty subscribers, at two hundred pounds each, which was to last four years, and no other demands ever to be made. Instead of that, we have been made to pay fifty-six pounds over and above the subscription in one winter. I told the secretary in a passion, that it was the last money I would ever pay for the follies of directors.

I tremble at hearing that the plague is not over, as we thought, but still spreading. You will see in the papers that Lord Hervey is dead—luckily, I think, for himself; for he had outlived his last inch of character. Adieu!

128. TO JOHN CHUTE.

Houghton, August 20, 1743.

INDEED, my dear Sir, you certainly did not use to be stupid, and till you give me more substantial proof that you are so, I shall not believe it. As for your temperate diet and milk bringing about such a metamorphosis, I hold it impossible. I have such lamentable proofs every day before my eyes of the stupefying qualities of beef, ale, and wine, that I have contracted a most religious veneration for your spiritual nouriture. Only imagine that I here every day see men, who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form, like the giant-rock at Pratolino¹! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at

⁶ George Montagu (b. bef. 1685, d. 1739), second Baron and first Earl of Halifax of the third creation.

LETTER 128.—¹ In the Apennines near Fiesole.

all more than I do, if yonder Alderman at the lower end of the table was to stick his fork into his neighbour's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin; whenever the first laughs, or the latter is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy! Indeed, the sirloin does not ask quite so many questions. I have an Aunt here, a family piece of goods, an old remnant of inquisitive hospitality and economy, who, to all intents and purposes, is as beefy as her neighbours. She wore me so down yesterday with interrogatories, that I dreamt all night she was at my ear with 'who's' and 'why's,' and 'when's' and 'where's,' till at last in my very sleep I cried out, 'For God in heaven's sake, Madam, ask me no more questions!'

Oh! my dear Sir, don't you find that nine parts in ten of the world are of no use but to make you wish yourself with that tenth part? I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows, and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders! I indeed find this fatigue worse in the country than in town, because one can avoid it there and has more resources; but it is there too. I fear 'tis growing old; but I literally seem to have murdered a man whose name was *Ennui*, for his ghost is ever before me. They say there is no English word for *ennui*; I think you may translate it most literally by what is called 'entertaining people,' and 'doing the honours': that is, you sit an hour with somebody you don't know and don't care for, talk about the wind and the weather, and ask a thousand foolish

questions, which all begin with, 'I think you live a good deal in the country,' or, 'I think you don't love this thing or that.' Oh! 'tis dreadful!

I'll tell you what is delightful—the Dominichin! My dear Sir, if ever there was a Dominichin, if there was ever an original picture, this is one. I am quite happy; for my father is as much transported with it as I am. It is hung in the gallery, where are all his most capital pictures, and he himself thinks it beats all but the two Guidos. That of the Doctors² and the Octagon³—I don't know if you ever saw them? What a chain of thought this leads me into! but why should I not indulge it? I will flatter myself with your, some time or other, passing a few days here with me. Why must I never expect to see anything but Beefs in a gallery which would not yield even to the Colonna! If I do not most unlimitedly wish to see you and Mr. Whithed in it this very moment, it is only because I would not take you from our dear *Miny*. Adieu! you charming people all. Is not Madam Bosville a Beef?

Yours most sincerely.

129. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, August 29, 1743.

You frighten me about the Spaniards entering Tuscany: it is so probable, that I have no hopes against it but in their weakness. If all the accounts of their weakness and desertion are true, it must be easy to repel them. If their march to Florence is to keep pace with Prince Charles's entering Lorraine, it is not yet near: hitherto, he has not found the passage of the Rhine practicable. The French have assembled greater armies to oppose it than was expected. We are marching to assist him: the King goes on with the army.

² The Doctors of the Church.

³ The Adoration of the Shepherds.

I am extremely sorry for the Chevalier de Beauvau's¹ accident; as sorry, perhaps, as the Prince or Princess; for you know he was no favourite. The release of the French prisoners prevents the civilities which I would have taken care to have had shown him. You may tell the Princess, that though it will be so much honour to us to have any of her family in our power, yet I shall always be extremely concerned to have such an opportunity of showing my attention to them. There's a period in her own style—'Comment! Monsieur, des attentions! qu'il est poli! qu'il sçait tourner une civilité!'

'Ha! la brave Angloise! e viva!' Then, old Sarazin mumping 'Oh! Monsieur, que cela est horrible! devant le bon Dieu!' What would I have given to have overheard you breaking it to the gallant²! how did you word it? . . . oh! pour cela, passe. But of all, commend me to the good man Nykin! Why, *Mamie*³ himself could not have cuddled up an affair for his sovereign lady better.

I have a commission from my Lord to send you ten thousand thanks for his bronze⁴: he admires it beyond

LETTER 129.—¹ Third son of Prince Craon. *Walpole*.—On July 2 a detachment sent out from the camp of the allies at Hanau 'brought in prisoner the Prince of Craon's son, who lay wounded at a village.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1743, p. 386.)

² This relates to an intrigue which was observed in a church between an English gentleman and a lady who was at Florence with her husband. Mr. Mann was desired to speak to the lover to choose properer places. *Walpole*.

³ Prince Craon's name for the Princess. She was mistress of Leopold, the last Duke of Lorraine, who married her to Monsieur de Beauvau, and prevailed on the Emperor to make

him a Prince of the Empire, as the title was all that the Duke intended should be common between them. . . . * Leopold had twenty children by her, who all resembled him, and he got his death by a cold which he contracted in standing to see a new house, which he had built for her, furnished. The Duchess was extremely jealous, and once retired to Paris to complain to her brother the Regent; but he was not a man to quarrel with his brother-in-law for things of that nature, and sent his sister back. Madame de Craon gave in to devotion after the Duke's death. *Walpole*.

⁴ A man and woman, by John of Bologna.

* Passage omitted.

measure. It came down last Friday, on his birthday⁵, and was placed at the upper end of the gallery, which was illuminated on the occasion: indeed, it is incredible what a magnificent appearance it made. There were sixty-four candles, which showed all the pictures to great advantage. The Dominichin did itself and us honour. There is not the least question of its being original: one might as soon doubt the originality of King Patapan! His patapanic majesty is not one of the least curiosities of Houghton. The crowds that come to see the house stare at him, and ask what creature it is. As he does not speak one word of Norfolk, there are strange conjectures made about him. Some think that he is a foreign prince come to marry Lady Mary. The disaffected say he is a Hanoverian: but the common people, who observe my Lord's vast fondness for him, take him for his good genius, which they call his familiar.

You will have seen in the papers that Mr. Pelham is at last First Lord of the Treasury. Lord Bath had sent over Sir John Rushout's valet de chambre to Hanau to ask it⁶. It is a great question now what side he will take; or rather, if any side will take him. It is not yet known what the good folks in the Treasury will do—I believe, what they can. Nothing farther will be determined till the King's return.

130. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, Sept. 7, 1743.

My letters are now at their *ne plus ultra* of nothingness; so you may hope they will grow better again. I shall certainly go to town soon, for my patience is worn out. Yesterday, the weather grew cold; I put on a *new* waistcoat for it's being winter's birthday—the season I am forced to

⁵ August 26. *Walpole*.

⁶ For himself.

love; for summer has no charms for me when I pass it in the country.

We are expecting another battle, and a congress at the same time. Ministers seem to be flocking to Aix-la-Chapelle: and, what will much surprise you, unless you have lived long enough not to be surprised, is, that Lord Bolingbroke has hobbled the same way too—you will suppose, as a minister for France; I tell you, no. My uncle, who is here, was yesterday stumping along the gallery with a very political march: my Lord asked him whither he was going. Oh, said I, to Aix-la-Chapelle.

You ask me about the marrying Princesses. I know not a tittle. Princess Louisa seems to be going, her clothes are bought; but marrying our daughters makes no conversation. For either of the other two, all thoughts seem to be dropped of it. The senate of Sweden design themselves to choose a wife for their man of Lubeck.

The City, and our supreme governors, the mob, are very angry that there is a troop of French players at Cliefden¹. One of them was lately impertinent to a countryman, who thrashed him. His Royal Highness sent angrily to know the cause. The fellow replied, 'he thought to have pleased his Highness in beating one of them, who had tried to kill his father and had wounded his brother.' This was not easy to answer.

I delight in Prince Craon's exact intelligence! For his satisfaction, I can tell him that numbers, even here, would believe any story full as absurd as that of the King and my Lord Stair; or that very one, if anybody will write it over. Our faith in politics will match any Neapolitan's in religion. A political missionary will make more converts in a county progress than a Jesuit in the whole empire of China, and will produce more preposterous miracles. Sir Watkin

LETTER 130.—¹ The residence of the Prince of Wales.

Williams, at the last Welsh races, convinced the whole principality (by reading a letter that affirmed it), that the King was not within two miles of the battle of Dettingen. We are not good at hitting off anti-miracles, the only way of defending one's own religion. I have read an admirable story of the Duke of Buckingham², who, when James II sent a priest to him to persuade him to turn Papist, and was plied by him with miracles, told the doctor, that if miracles were proofs of a religion, the Protestant cause was as well supplied as theirs. We have lately had a very extraordinary one near my estate in the country. A very holy man, as you might be, Doctor, was travelling on foot, and was benighted. He came to the cottage of a poor dowager, who had nothing in the house for herself and daughter but a couple of eggs and a slice of bacon. However, as she was a pious widow, she made the good man welcome. In the morning, at taking leave, the saint made her over to God for payment, and prayed that whatever she should do as soon as he was gone she might continue to do all day. This was a very unlimited request, and, unless the saint was a prophet too, might not have been very pleasant retribution. . . .³ The good woman, who minded her affairs, and was not to be put out of her way, went about her business. She had a piece of coarse cloth to make a couple of shifts for herself and child. She no sooner began to measure it but the yard fell a-measuring, and there was no stopping it. It was sunset before the good woman had time to take breath. She was almost stifled, for she was up to her ears in ten thousand yards of cloth. She could have afforded to have sold Lady Mary Wortley a clean shift, of the usual coarseness she wears, for a groat halfpenny. . . .⁴

I wish you would tell the Princess this story. Madame

² George Villiers (1628-1687), second Duke of Buckingham.

³ Passage omitted.

⁴ Passage omitted.

Riccardi, or the little Countess d'Elbenino, will doat on it. I don't think it will be out of Pandolfini's way, if you tell it to the little Albizzi. You see I have not forgot the tone of my Florentine acquaintance. I know I should have translated it to them: you remember what admirable work I used to make of such stories in broken Italian. I have heard old Churchill tell Bussy English puns out of jest-books: particularly a reply about eating hare, which he translated, 'j'ai mon ventre plein de poil.' Adieu!

131. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, Sept. 17, 1743.

As much as we laughed at Prince Craon's history of the King and Lord Stair¹, you see it was not absolutely without foundation². I don't just believe that he threatened his master with the Parliament. They say he gives for reason of his quitting, their not having accepted one plan of operation that he has offered. There is a long memorial that he presented to the King, with which I don't doubt but his Lordship will oblige the public. He has ordered all his equipages to be sold by public auction in the camp. This is all I can tell you of this event, and this is more than has been written to the ministry here. They talk of great uneasiness among the English officers, all of which I don't believe. The army is put into commission. Prince Charles has not passed the Rhine, nor we anything but our time. The papers to-day tell us of a definitive treaty signed by us and the Queen of Hungary with the King of Sardinia, which I will flatter myself will tend to your defence³. I am not in much less trepidation about Tuscany than Richcourt is, though I scarce think my fears reasonable; but while you are concerned, I fear everything.

LETTER 131.—¹ See the previous command.
letter.

³ The Treaty of Worms, signed Sept. 13, 1743.

² Lord Stair had resigned his

My Lord does not admire the account of the Lanfranc⁴; thanks you, and will let it alone.

I did not think I should ever be able to tell you such an instance of Norfolk spirit; but lately a Mrs. Jermy, who had been, as my Lady W. says, sold by her guardian to a fool, ran away from him. He sent to desire her to return; she sent him word, 'She would not be made a mould to cast fools in.' I think I never heard a more expressive expression. What would my Lady have given to hit on it! How it would have been translated about Florence!

I am going to town in ten days, not a little tired of the country, and in the utmost impatience for the winter; which I am sure, from all political prospects, must be entertaining to one who only intends to see them at the length of a telescope.

I was lately diverted with an article in the *Abecedario Pittorico*⁵, in the article of William Dobson⁶: it says, 'Nacque nel quartiere d'Holbrons in Inghilterra.' Did the author take Holborn for a city, or Inghilterra for the capital of the island of London? Adieu!

132. TO HORACE MANN.

Newmarket, Oct. 3, 1743.

I AM writing to you in an inn on the road to London. What a paradise should I have thought this when I was in the Italian inns! in a wide barn with four ample windows, which had nothing more like glass than shutters and iron bars! no tester to the bed, and the saddles and portmanteaus heaped on me to keep off the cold. What a paradise did I think the inn at Dover when I came back! and what magnificence were twopenny prints, salt-cellars, and boxes

⁴ Giovanni Lanfranco, painter (1581-1647).

⁵ Brief lives of painters, sculptors, and architects, by P. A. Orlandi

(1660-1727); first published at Bologna in 1710.

⁶ Portrait painter, b. 1610, d. 1646.

to hold the knives; but the *summum bonum* was small-beer and the newspaper.

‘I bless’d my stars, and call’d it luxury!’

Who was the Neapolitan ambassadress¹ that could not live at Paris, because there was no maccaroni? Now am I relapsed into all the dissatisfied repinement of a true English grumbling voluptuary. I could find in my heart to write a *Craftsman* against the Government, because I am not quite so much at my ease as on my own sofa. I could persuade myself that it is my Lord Carteret’s fault that I am only sitting in a common arm-chair, when I would be lolling in a *péché-mortel*. How dismal, how solitary, how scrub does this town look; and yet it has actually a street of houses better than Parma or Modena. Nay, the houses of the people of fashion, who come hither for the races, are palaces to what houses in London itself were fifteen years ago. People do begin to live again now, and I suppose in a term we shall revert to York Houses, Clarendon Houses, &c. But from that grandeur all the nobility had contracted themselves to live in coops of a dining-room, a dark back-room, with one eye in a corner, and a closet. Think what London would be, if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity-plums in a vast pudding of country. Well, it is a tolerable place as it is! Were I a physician, I would prescribe nothing but *recipe ccclxv drachm. Londin*. Would you know why I like London so much? Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills, as they are prepared in the country. Besides, there is no being alone but in a metropolis: the worst place in the world to find solitude is the country: questions grow there, and

LETTER 132.—¹ The Princess of Campoflorido. *Walpole*.

that unpleasant Christian commodity, neighbours. Oh ! they are all good Samaritans, and do so pour balms and nostrums upon one, if one has but the toothache, or a journey to take, that they break one's head. A journey to take—ay ! they talk over the miles to you, and tell you, you will be late in. My Lord Lovel says, *John* always goes two hours in the dark in the morning, to avoid being one hour in the dark in the evening. I was pressed to set out to-day before seven ; I did before nine ; and here am I arrived at a quarter past five, for the rest of the night.

I am more convinced every day, that there is not only no knowledge of the world out of a great city, but no decency, no practicable society—I had almost said, not a virtue. I will only instance in modesty, which all *old Englishmen* are persuaded cannot exist within the atmosphere of Middlesex. Lady Mary has a remarkable taste and knowledge of music, and can sing ; I don't say, like your sister, but I am sure she would be ready to die if obliged to sing before three people, or before one with whom she is not intimate. The other day there came to see her a Norfolk heiress ; the young gentlewoman had not been three hours in the house, and that for the first time of her life, before she notified her talent for singing, and invited herself upstairs, to Lady Mary's harpsichord ; where, with a voice like thunder, and with as little harmony, she sang to nine or ten people for an hour. 'Was ever nymph like Rossymonde?'—no, *d'honneur*. We told her she had a very strong voice. 'Lord, Sir ! my master says it is nothing to what it was.' My dear child, she brags abominably ; if it had been a thousandth degree louder, you must have heard it to Florence.

I did not write to you last post, being overwhelmed with this sort of people : I will be more punctual in London.

² A song in the opera of *Rosamond*, of which the libretto was by Addison, and the music by Arne.

Patapan is in my lap ; I had him wormed lately, which he took heinously ; I made it up with him by tying a collar of rainbow riband about his neck, for a token that he is never to be wormed any more ; which he received as implicitly, as good folks do the assurance of their never being drowned in a collective body, though all their doctors do not scruple to let them know they are to be burnt.

I had your long letter of two sheets of Sept. 17th, and wonder at your perseverance in telling me so much as you always do, when I, dull creature, find so little for you. I can only tell you that the more you write, the happier you make me ; and I assure you, the more details the better : I so often lay schemes for returning to you, that I am persuaded I shall, and would keep up my stock of Florentine ideas.

I honour Matthews's punctilious observance of his *Holiness's* dignity. How incomprehensible Englishmen are ! I should have sworn that he would have piqued himself on calling the Pope the w—— of Babylon, and have begun his remonstrance with 'you *old damned bitch*.' What extremes of absurdities ! to flounder from Pope Joan to his Holiness ! I like your reflection, 'that everybody can bully the Pope.' There was a humourist called Sir James of the Peak ³, who had been beat by a fellow, who afterwards underwent the same operation from a third hand. 'Zounds,' said Sir James, 'that I did not know this fellow would take a beating !' Nay, my dear child, I don't know that Matthews would !

You know I always thought the *Tesi comique, pendant que ça devoit être tragique*. I am happy that my sovereign Lady expressed my opinion so well—by the way, is De Sade still with you ? Is he still in pawn by the proxy of his clothes ? Has the Princess as constant retirements to her bedchamber with the *colique*—and Antenori ! Oh ! I was struck the

³ A noted gamester, frequently mentioned in correspondence of the early part of the eighteenth century.

other day with a resemblance of mine hostess at Brandon to old Sarazin. You must know, the ladies of Norfolk universally wear periwigs, and affirm that it is the fashion at London. 'Lord, Mrs. White, have you been ill, that you have shaved your head?' Mrs. White, in all the days of my acquaintance with her, had a professed head of red hair: to-day, she had no hair at all before, and at a distance above her ears, I descried a smart brown bob, from beneath which had escaped some long strings of original scarlet—so like old Sarazin at two in the morning, when she has been losing at pharaoh, and clawed her wig aside, and her old trunk is shaded with the venerable white ivy of her own locks.

I agree with you, that it would be too troublesome to send me the things now the quarantine exists, except the gun-barrels for Lord Conway, the length of which I know nothing about, being, as you conceive, no sportsman. I must send you, with the *Life of Theodore*, a vast pamphlet⁴ in defence of the new administration, which makes the greatest noise. It is written, as supposed, by Dr. Pearse⁵, of St. Martin's, whom Lord Bath lately made a dean; the matter furnished by him. There is a good deal of useful knowledge of the famous change to be found in it, and much more impudence. Some parts are extremely fine; in particular, the answer to the Hanoverian pamphlets, where he has collected the flower of all that was said in defence of that measure. Had you those pamphlets? I will make up a parcel: tell me what other books you would have: I will send you nothing else, for if I give you the least bauble, it

⁴ *Faction Detected*. Walpole.

⁵ Mr. Pearse, afterwards Bishop of Bangor. He was not the author, but Lord Perceval, afterwards Earl of Egmont. Walpole. — Zachariah Pearce (1690-1774), Vicar of St.

Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Dean of Winchester. He became Bishop of Bangor in 1748; Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, 1756. He resigned the deanery in 1769.

puts you to infinite expense, which I can't forgive, and indeed will never bear again : you would ruin yourself, and there is nothing I wish so much as the contrary.

Here is a good Ode, written on the supposition of that new book being Lord Bath's ; I believe by the same hand as those charming ones which I sent you last year : the author is not yet known ⁶.

I.

Your sheets I've perus'd,
Where the Whigs you've abus'd,
And on Tories most falsely reflected ;
But, my Lord, I'm afraid,
From all that's there said,
'Tis you, and not they, are *detected*.

II.

Both parties, I hear,
Most freely declare,
That 'tis not approv'd of by either ;
If 'tis damn'd, then, by both,
It must be the growth
Of somebody who is of neither.

III.

'Tis easy to name
From what quarter it came,
And the thing of itself stands confest ;
'Tis that pitiful crew,
Of your creatures and you,
Whom both parties scorn and detest.

IV.

But stay, let me see,
Which tool could it be,
That such a huge book could indite ;
For of all those you made,
If there's one that can read,
I'm sure there's not one that can write.

⁶ The author was Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

V.

'Tis above poor Sir John⁷,
 Nor by Sands could be done,
 And Bootle's too stupid and dark;
 Ord⁸ hardly reads well,
 Jeff⁹ never could spell,
 And you know Harry Vane sets his mark.

VI.

Then since all your tools
 Are such ignorant fools,
 It must be your lordship's own doing;
 You have taken your *pli*,
 But you'll soon own with me,
 That you've settl'd yourself in your ruin.

VII.

As diff'rent winds blew,
 Like the weather-cock you
 Long waver'd both parties betwixt;
 But did not you know,
 That weather-cocks grow
 Quite useless the moment they're fix'd?

The Duke of Argyll is dead—a death of how little moment, and of how much it would have been a year or two ago¹⁰! It is provoking, if one must die, that one can't even die *à propos*!

How does your friend Dr. Cocchi? You never mention him: do only knaves and fools deserve to be spoken of? Adieu!

133. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 12, 1743.

THEY had sent your letter of Sept. 24th to Houghton the very night I came to town. I did not receive it back till

⁷ Sir John Rushout.

⁸ Sandys' secretary. *Walpole*.

⁹ John Jeffries, Secretary to the Treasury.

¹⁰ John Campbell, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich. He had sunk into complete political insignificance.

yesterday, and soon after another with Mr. Chute's inclosed, for which I will thank him presently. But, my dear child, I can, like you, think of nothing but your bitter father's letter. Jesus! and that I should have contributed to it! how I detest myself¹! My dearest Sir, you know all I ever said to him²: indeed, I never do see him, and I assure you that now I would worship him as the Indians do the devil, for fear he should hurt you: tempt you I find he will not. He is so avaricious, that I believe, if you asked him for a fish, he would think it even extravagance to give you a stone: in these bad times, stones may come to be dear, and if he loses his place and his lawsuit, who knows but he may be reduced to turn pavior? Oh! the brute! and how shocking, that, for your sake, one can't literally wish to see him want bread! But how can you feel the least tenderness, when the wretch talks of his bad health, and of not denying himself comforts! It is weakness in you: whose health is worse, yours or his? or when did he ever deny himself a comfort to please any mortal? My dear child, what is it possible to do for you? is there anything in my power? What would I not do for you? and, indeed, what ought I not, if I have done you any disservice? I don't think there is any danger of your father's losing his place, for whoever succeeds Mr. Pelham is likely to be a friend to this house, and would not turn out one so connected with it³.

I should be very glad to show my Lord an account of those statues you mention: they are much wanted in his hall, where, except the Laocoon, he has nothing but busts.

LETTER 133.—¹ Sir Horace Mann, in a letter to Walpole, dated Sept. 24, 1743, gives an account of his father's refusal to give him any money; and then quotes the following passage from his father's letter:—*'He tells me he has been baited by you and your uncle on my account, which was very disagreeable, and*

believes he may charge it to me.' Dover.

² See letter to Mann, June 4, 1743.

³ Mr. Robert Mann, father of Sir Horace Mann, had a place in Chelsea College, under the Paymaster of the Forces. Walpole.

For Gaburri's drawings, I am extremely pleased with what you propose to me. I should be well content with two of each master. I can't well fix on any price; but would not the rate of a sequin a-piece be sufficient? to be sure he never gave anything like that: when one buys the quantity you mention to me, I can't but think that full enough for one with another. At least, if I bought so many as two hundred, I would not venture to go beyond that.

I am not at all easy from what you tell me of the Spaniards. I have now no hopes but in the winter, and what it may produce. I fear ours will be most ugly: the disgusts about Hanover swarm and increase every day. The King and Duke have left the army, which is marching to winter-quarters in Flanders. He will not be here by his birthday, but it will be kept when he comes. The Parliament meets the 22nd of November. All is distraction! no union in the Court: no certainty about the House of Commons: Lord Carteret making no friends, the King making enemies: Mr. Pelham in vain courting Pitt, &c. Pulteney unresolved. How will it end? No joy but in the Jacobites. I know nothing more, so turn to Mr. Chute.

My dear Sir, how I am obliged to you for your poem! Patapan is so vain with it, that he will read nothing else; I only offered him a Martial to compare it with the original, and the little coxcomb threw it into the fire, and told me, 'He never heard of a lapdog's reading Latin; that it was very well for house-dogs and pointers that live in the country, and have several hours upon their hands: for my part,' said he,

'I am so nice, who ever saw
A Latin book on my sofa?
You'll find as soon a Bible there
Or recipes for pastry ware.

Jesus! d'ye think I ever read
 But Crébillon or Calprenède?
 This very thing of Mr. Chute's
 Scarce with my taste and fancy suits.
 Oh! had it but in French been writ,
 'Twere the genteelest, sweetest bit!
 One hates a vulgar English poet:
 I vow t'ye, I should blush to show it,
 To women *de ma connoissance*,
 Did not that *agréable stance*,
Cher double entendre! furnish means
 Of making sweet Patapanins⁴!

My dear Sir, your translation shall stand foremost in the Patapaniana: I hope in time to have poems upon him, and sayings of his own, enough to make a notable book. *En attendant*, I have sent you some pamphlets to amuse your solitude; for, do you see, as *tramontane* as I am, and as much as I love Florence, and hate the country, while we make such a figure in the world, or at least such a noise

⁴ Mr. Chute had sent Mr. Walpole the following imitation of an epigram of Martial:

'Issa est passere nequior Catulli,
 Issa est purior osculo columbae.'

Martial, Lib. I, Ep. 110.

'Pata is frolicsome and smart,
 As Geoffry once was—(Oh my heart!)

He's purer than a turtle's kiss,
 And gentler than a little miss;
 A jewel for a lady's ear,
 And Mr. Walpole's pretty dear.
 He laughs or cries with mirth or spleen;

He does not speak, but thinks
 'tis plain.

One knows his little *Guai's* as well

As if he'd little words to tell.
 Coil'd in a heap, a plummy wreath,
 He sleeps, you hardly hear him breathe.

Then he's so nice, who ever saw
 A drop that sullied his sofa?

His bended leg!—what's this but sense?—

Points out his little exigence.

He looks, and points, and whisks about,

And says, Pray, dear Sir, let me out.

Where shall we find a little wife,
 To be the comfort of his life,
 To frisk and skip, and furnish means

Of making sweet Patapanins?
 England, alas! can boast no she,
 Fit only for his cicisbee.

Must greedy Fate then have him all?—

No; Wootton to our aid we'll call—

The immortality's the same,
 Built on a shadow or a name.
 He shall have one by Wootton's means,

The other Wootton for his pains.'
 Walpole.

in it, one must consider you other Florentines as country gentlemen. Tell our dear *Miny*, that when he unfolds the enchanted carpet, which his brother the wise Galfridus sends him, he will find all the kingdoms of the earth portrayed in it. In short, as much history as was described on the ever-memorable and wonderful piece of silk, which the puissant White Cat⁵ inclosed in a nut-shell, and presented to her paramour Prince. In short, in this carpet, which (filberds being out of season) I was reduced to pack up in a walnut, he will find the following immense library of political lore: Magazines for October, November, December; with an Appendix for the year 1741; all the Magazines for 1742, bound in one volume; and nine Magazines for 1743; the Life of King Theodore, a certain fairy monarch; with the Adventures of this Prince and the fair Republic of Genoa; the *Miscellaneous Thoughts* of the fairy Hervey⁶; the *Question Stated*; *Case of the Hanover Troops*; and the *Vindication of the Case*; *Faction Detected*; *Congratulatory Letter to Lord Bath*; the *Mysterious Congress*; and four *Old England Journals*. Tell Mr. Mann, or Mr. Mann tell himself, that I would send him nothing but this enchanted carpet, which he can't pretend to return. I will accept nothing under enchantment. Adieu all! Continue to love

THE TWO PATAPANS.

134. TO HORACE MANN.

London, Nov. 17, 1743.

I WOULD not write on Monday till I could tell you the King was come. He arrived at St. James's between five

⁵ See the story of the *White Cat* in the fairy tales. *Walpole*.

⁶ Lord Hervey's *Miscellaneous*

Thoughts on the Present Posture of Affairs (1742).

and six on Tuesday¹. We were in great fears of his coming through the City, after the treason that has been publishing for these two months; but it is incredible how well his reception was; beyond what it had ever been before: in short, you would have thought that it had not been a week after the victory of Dettingen. They almost carried him into the palace on their shoulders; and at night the whole town was illuminated and bonfired. He looks much better than he has for these five years, and is in great spirits. The Duke limps a little. The King's reception of the Prince², who was come to St. James's to wait for him, and who met him on the stairs with his two sisters³ and the privy councillors, was not so gracious—*pas un mot*—though the Princess was brought to bed the day before⁴, and Prince George is ill of the small-pox. It is very unpopular! You will possibly, by next week, hear great things; hitherto, all is silence, expectation, struggle, and ignorance. The birthday is kept on Tuesday, when the Parliament was to have met; but that can't be yet.

Lord Holderness has brought home a Dutch bride⁵: I have not seen her. The Duke of Richmond had a letter yesterday from Lady Albemarle⁶, at Altona. She says the Prince of Denmark is not so tall as his bride, but far from a bad figure: he is thin, and not ugly, except having too wide a mouth. When she returns, as I know her particularly, I will tell you more; for the present, I think I have

LETTER 134.—¹ Nov. 15.

² Of Wales.

³ Princesses Amelia and Caroline.

⁴ Of a son, Prince William Henry (cr. Duke of Gloucester, 1764), who married (1766) Horace Walpole's niece, Maria Walpole, Dowager Countess Waldegrave. He died in 1805.

⁵ Marie (d. 1801), daughter of François Doublet, Member of the

States of Holland; m. (1743) Robert Darcy, fourth Earl of Holderness.

⁶ Lady Anne Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, and wife of William Anne van Keppel, Earl of Albemarle: she had been Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen; and this year conducted Princess Louisa to Altona, to be married to the Prince Royal of Denmark. *Walpole*.

very handsomely dispatched the chapter of royalties. My Lord comes to town the day after to-morrow.

My Lady Townshend has been to see the Hermaphrodite, and says, 'it is the only happy couple she ever saw.'

The Opera is begun, but is not so well as last year. The Rosa Mancini, who is second woman, and whom I suppose you have heard, is now old. In the room of Amorevoli, they have got a dreadful bass, who, the Duke of Montagu says he believes, was organist at Aschaffenburg⁷.

Do you remember a tall Mr. Vernon, who travelled with Mr. Cotton? He is going to be married to a sister of Lord Strafford⁸.

I have exhausted my news, and you shall excuse my being short to-day. For the future, I shall overflow with preferments, alterations, and Parliaments.

Your brother brought me yesterday two of yours together, of Oct. 22 and 27, and I find you still overwhelmed with Richecourt's folly and the Admiral's explanatory ignorance. It is unpleasant to have old Pucci⁹ added to your *embarras*.

Chevalier Ossorio¹⁰ was with me the other morning, and we were talking over the Hanoverians, as everybody does. I complimented him very sincerely on his master's great bravery and success: he answered very modestly and sensibly, that he was glad, amidst all the clamours, that there had been no cavil to be found with the subsidy paid to his King. Prince Lobkowitz makes a great figure, and has all my wishes and blessings for having put Tuscany out of the question.

There is no end of my giving you trouble with packing

⁷ Not far from Dettingen.

⁸ Lady Henrietta Wentworth (d. 1786), third daughter of first Earl of Strafford; m. (1743) Henry Vernon, of Hilton Park, Staffordshire. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to Princess Amelia.

⁹ Signor Pucci was Resident from

Tuscany at the Court of England. *Walpole*.

¹⁰ Chevalier Ossorio was several years Minister in England from the King of Sardinia, to whom he afterwards became first minister. *Walpole*.

me up cases: I shall pay the money to your brother. Adieu! Embrace the Chutes, who are heavenly good to you, and must have been of great use in all your illness and disputes.

135. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 30, 1743.

I HAVE had two letters from you since I wrote myself. This I begin against to-morrow, for I should have little time to write. The Parliament opens, and we are threatened with a tight Opposition, though it must be vain, if the numbers turn out as they are calculated; three hundred for the Court, two hundred and five opponents; that is, in town; for, you know, the whole amounts to five hundred and fifty-six. The division in the ministry has been more violent than between parties; though now, they tell you, it is all adjusted. The Secretary¹, since his return, has carried all with a high hand, and treated the rest as ciphers; but he has been so beaten in the Cabinet Council, that in appearance he submits, though the favour is most evidently with him. All the old ministers have flown hither as zealously as in former days; and of the three levees² in this street, the greatest is in this house, as my Lord Carteret told them the other day; 'I know you all go to Lord Orford: he has more company than any of us—do you think I can't go to him too?' He is never sober; his rants are amazing; so are his parts and spirit. He has now made up with the Pelhams, though after naming to two vacancies in the Admiralty without their knowledge: Sir Charles Hardy³ and Mr. Philipson⁴. The other alterations

LETTER 135.—¹ Lord Carteret. *Walpole*.

² Lord Carteret's, Mr. Pelham's, and Lord Orford's. *Walpole*.

³ Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, Knight; d. 1744.

⁴ John Phillipson, M.P. for Harwich.

are at last fixed. Winnington is to be Paymaster ; Sandys, Cofferer, on resigning the Exchequer to Mr. Pelham ; Sir John Rushout, Treasurer of the Navy ; and Harry Fox, Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Compton⁵ and Gybbon remain at that board. Wat Plumber, a known man, said the other day, 'Zounds, Mr. Pulteney took those old dishclouts to wipe out the Treasury, and now they are going to lace them and lay them up!' It is a most just idea: to be sure, Sandys and Rushout, and their fellows, are dishclouts, if dishclouts there are in the world: and now to lace them!

The Duke of Marlborough has resigned everything, to reinstate himself in the old Duchess's will⁶. She said the other day, 'It is very natural: he listed as soldiers do when they are drunk, and repented when he was sober.' So much for news: now for your letters.

All joy to Mr. Whithed on the increase of his family! and joy to you; for now he is established in so comfortable a way, I trust you will not lose him soon—et la Dame s'appelle?

If my Lady W. has a mind once in her life to speak truth, or to foretell,—the latter of which has as seldom anything to do with truth as her ladyship has,—why she may now about the Tesi's dog, for I shall certainly forget what it would be in vain to remember. My dear Sir, how should one convey a dog to Florence! There are no travelling Princes of Saxe-Gotha or Modena here at present, who would carry a little dog in a nutshell. The poor Maltese cats, to the tune of how many! never arrived here; and how should one little dog ever find its way to Florence! But tell me, and, if it is possible, I will send it. Was it to be a greyhound, or of King Charles's breed? It was

⁵ Hon. George Compton, M.P. for Northampton, afterwards sixth Earl of Northampton.

⁶ He had offended his grandmother

by his marriage with a daughter of Lord Trevor, and by joining the Court Party (from whom he received various preferments), in 1738.

to have been the latter ; but I think you told me that she rather had a mind to the other sort, which, by the way, I don't think I could get for her.

Thursday, eight o'clock at night.

I am just come from the House, and dined. Mr. Coke moved the address, seconded by Mr. Yorke, the Lord Chancellor's son. The Opposition divided 149 against 278 ; which gives a better prospect of carrying on the winter easily. In the Lords' House there was no division. Mr. Pitt called Lord Carteret the execrable author of our measures, and sole minister. Mr. Winnington replied, that he did not know of any sole minister ; but if my Lord Carteret was so, the gentlemen of the other side had contributed more to make him so than he had.

I am much pleased with the prospect you show me of the Correggio. My Lord is so satisfied with the Dominichin, that he will go as far as a thousand pound for the Correggio. Do you really think we shall get it, and for that price ?

You talk of the new couple, and of giving the *sposa* a *mantille* : what new couple ? you don't say. I suppose, some Suares, by the raffle. Adieu !

136. TO HORACE MANN.

Dec. 15, 1743.

I WRITE in a great fright, lest this letter should come too late. My Lord has been told by a Dr. Bragge, a virtuoso, that, some years ago, the monks asked ten thousand pounds for our Correggio¹, and that there were two copies then made of it : that afterwards, he is persuaded, the King of Portugal bought the original ; he does not know at what price. Now, I think it very possible that this doctor,

LETTER 136.—¹ One of the most celebrated pictures of Correggio with the Madonna and Child, saints, and

angels, in a convent at Parma. *Waldpole*.

hearing the picture was to be come at, may have invented this Portuguese history; but as there is a possibility, too, that it may be true, you must take all imaginable precautions to be sure it is the very original—a copy would do neither you nor me great honour.

We have entered upon the Hanoverian campaign. Last Wednesday, Waller moved in our House for an address to the King, to continue them no longer in our pay than to Christmas Day, the term for which they were granted. The debate lasted till half an hour after eight at night. Two young officers told some very trifling stories against the Hanoverians, which did not at all add any weight to the arguments of the Opposition; but we divided 231 to 181. On Friday, Lord Sandwich and Lord Halifax, in good speeches, brought the same motion into the Lords. I was there, and heard Lord Chesterfield make the finest oration I ever did hear. My father did not speak, nor Lord Bath. They threw out the motion by 71 to 36. These motions will determine the bringing on the demand for the Hanoverians for another year in form; which was a doubtful point, the old part of the ministry being against it, though very contrary to my Lord's advice.

Lord Gower, finding no more Tories were to be admitted, resigned on Thursday; and Lord Cobham in the afternoon. The Privy Seal was the next day given to Lord Cholmondeley. Lord Gower's resignation is one of the few points in which I am content the prophecy in the old Jacobite ballad should be fulfilled—'The King shall have his own again.'

The changes are begun, but will not be completed till the recess, as the preferments will occasion more re-elections than they can spare just now in the House of Commons. Sandys has resigned the Exchequer to Mr. Pelham; Sir John Rushout is to be Treasurer of the Navy; Winnington,

Paymaster; Harry Fox, Lord of the Treasury; Lord Edgumbe, I believe, Lord of the Treasury², and Sandys, Cofferer and a peer. I am so scandalized at this, that I will fill up my letter (having told you all the news) with the first-fruits of my indignation.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS

ON ITS RECEIVING A NEW PEER.

THOU senseless Hall, whose injudicious space,
Like Death, confounds a various mismatch'd race,
Where kings and clowns, th' ambitious and the mean,
Compose th' inactive soporific scene,
Unfold thy doors!—and a promotion see,
That must amaze ev'n prostituted thee!

Shall not thy sons, incurious as they are,
Raise their dull lids, and meditate a stare?
Thy sons, who sleep in monumental state,
To show the spot where their great fathers sate.

Ambition first, and specious warlike worth,
Call'd our old peers and brave patricians forth;
And subject provinces produc'd to fame
Their lords with scarce a less than regal name.
Then blinded monarchs, flattery's fondl'd race,
Their fav'rite minions stamp'd with titl'd grace,
And bade the tools of power succeed to Virtue's place.
Hence Spencers, Gavestons, by crimes grown great,
Vaulted into degraded Honour's seat:

Hence dainty Villiers sits in high debate
Where manly Beauchamps, Talbots, Cecils sate:
Hence Wentworth³, perjur'd patriot, burst each tie,
Profan'd each oath, and gave his life the lie;
Renounc'd whate'er he sacred held and dear,
Renounc'd his country's cause, and sunk into a Peer.

Some have bought ermine, venal Honour's veil,
When set by bankrupt Majesty to sale;
Or drew Nobility's coarse ductile thread
From some distinguish'd harlot's titled bed.

² This did not happen. *Walpole*.

³ Earl of Strafford; but it alludes to Lord Bath. *Walpole*.

Not thus ennobl'd Samuel!—no worth
 Call'd from his mud the sluggish reptile forth;
 No parts to flatter, and no grace to please,
 With scarce an insect's impotence to tease,
 He struts a Peer—though prov'd too dull to stay,
 Whence⁴ ev'n poor Gybbon is not brush'd away.

Adieu! I am just going to Leicester House, where the Princess sees company to-day and to-morrow, from seven to nine, on her lying-in. I mention this per amore del Signor Marchese Cosimo Riccardi⁵.

137. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 26, 1743.

I SHALL complain of inflammations in my eyes, till you think it is an excuse for not writing; but your brother is my witness that I have been shut up in a dark room for this week. I get frequent colds, which fall upon my eyes; and then I have bottles of sovereign eye-waters from all my acquaintance; but as they are only accidental colds, I never use anything but sage, which braces my eye-fibres again in a few days. I have had two letters since my last to you; one complaining of my silence, and the other acknowledging one from me after a month's intermission: indeed, I never have been so long without writing to you: I do sometimes miss two weeks on any great dearth of news, which is all I have to fill a letter; for living as I do among people, whom, from your long absence, you cannot know, I should talk Hebrew to mention them to you. Those, that from eminent birth, folly, or parts, are to be found in the chronicles of the times, I tell you of, whenever necessity or the King puts them into new lights. The latter, for I cannot think the former had any

⁴ The Treasury. *Walpole*.

⁵ A gossiping old Florentine nobleman, whose whole employment was

to inform himself of the state of marriages, pregnancies, lyings-in, and such-like histories. *Walpole*.

hand in it, has made Sandys, as I told you, a lord and Cofferer! Lord Middlesex is one of the new Treasury, not ambassador as you heard. So the Opera-house and White's have contributed a Commissioner and a Secretary to the Treasury¹, as their quota to the government. It is a period to make a figure in history.

There is a recess of both Houses for a fortnight; and we are to meet again, with all the quotations and flowers that the young orators can collect and forcibly apply to the Hanoverians; with all the malice which the disappointed old have hoarded against Carteret, and with all the impudence his defenders can sell him: and when all that is vented—what then?—why then, things will be just where they were.

General Wade is made Field Marshal; and is to have the command of the army, as it is supposed, on the King's not going abroad; but that is not declared. The French preparations go on with much more vigour than ours; they not having a House of Commons to combat all the winter; a campaign that necessarily engages all the attention of ministers, who have no great variety of apartments in their understandings.

I have paid your brother the bill I received from you, and give you a thousand thanks for all the trouble you have had; most particularly from the plague of hams², from which you have saved me. Jesus! how blank I should have looked at unpacking a great case of bacon and wine! My dear child, be my friend, and preserve me from heroic presents. I cannot possibly at this distance begin a new courtship of *regali*; for I suppose all those hams were to be converted into watches and toys. Now it would suit Sir Paul Methuen very well, who is a knight-errant at

LETTER 137.—¹ John Jeffries. *Walpole*. send Mr. W. a present of hams and Florence wine. *Walpole*.

² Madame Grifoni was going to

seventy-three, to carry on an amour between Mrs. Chenevix's³ shop and a noble cellar in Florence; but alas! I am neither old enough nor young enough to be gallant, and should ill become the writing of heroic epistles to a fair mistress in Italy—No, no: ne sono uscito con onore, mi pare, e non voglio riprendere quel impegno più. You see how rustic I am grown again!

I knew your new brother-in-law⁴ at school, but have not seen him since. But your sister⁵ was in love, and must consequently be happy to have him. Yet I own, I cannot much felicitate anybody that marries for love. It is bad enough to marry; but to marry where one loves, ten times worse. It is so charming at first, that the decay of inclination renders it infinitely more disagreeable afterwards. Your sister has a thousand merits; but they don't count: but then she has good sense enough to make her happy, if her merit cannot make him so.

Adieu! I rejoice for your sake that Madame Royale⁶ is recovered, as I saw in the papers. I don't wish you a happy Christmas, for you have the Chutes, who are a thousand times more agreeable than Christmas, which, since I have done loving mince-pies, I have never admired at all.

³ She is called by Horace Walpole 'the noted toy-woman.' He at first occupied Strawberry Hill as her tenant.

⁴ Mr. Foote. *Walpole*.

⁵ Mary, daughter of Robert Mann, married to Benjamin Hatley Foote.

⁶ The Duchess of Lorraine, mother

of the Great Duke: her death would have occasioned a long mourning at Florence. *Walpole*.—Elizabeth Charlotte (d. 1744), only daughter of Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, by his second wife Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria; m. (1698) Leopold Joseph Charles, Duke of Lorraine.

LETTERS OF
HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH
NEW YORK

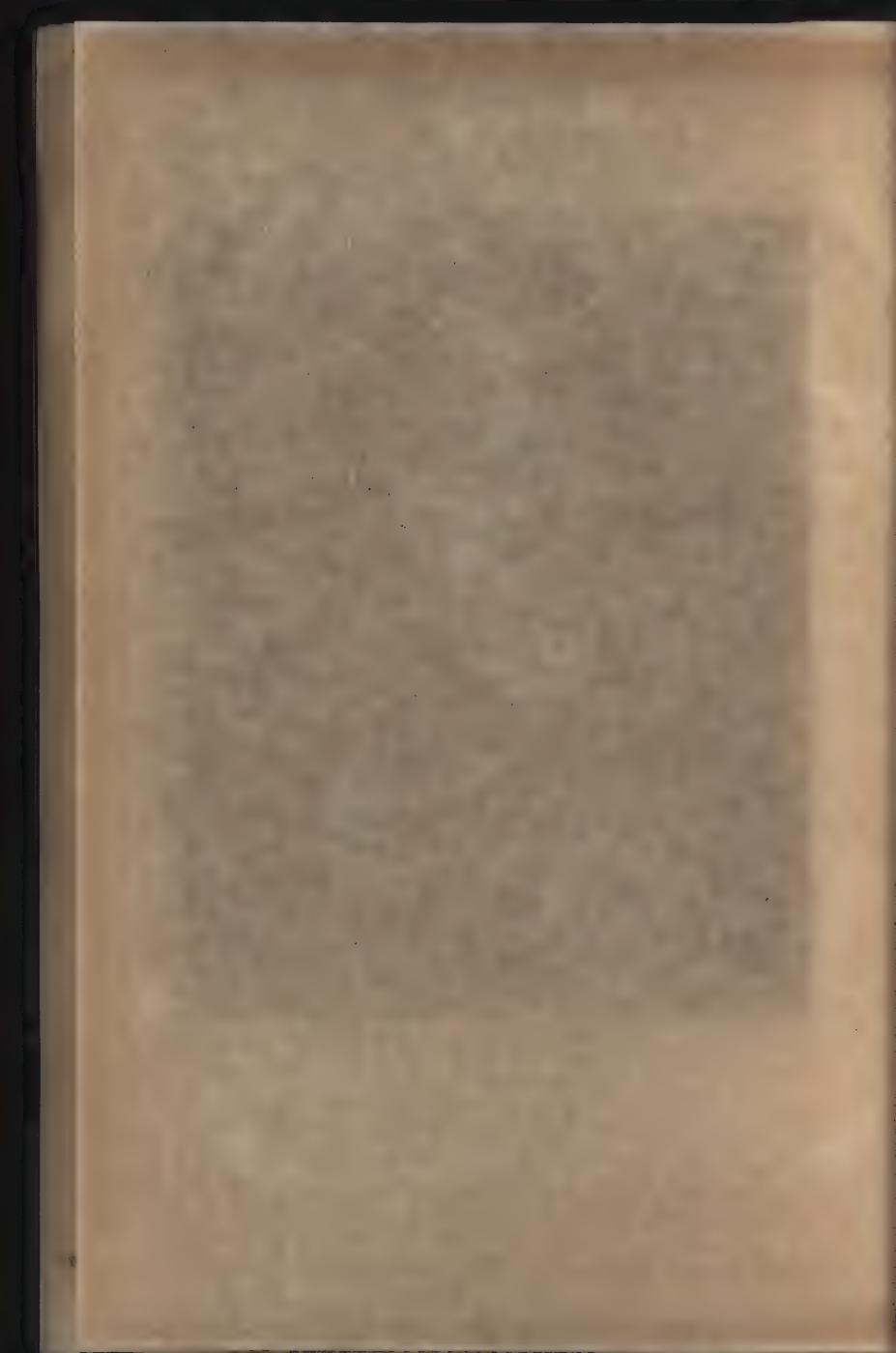




Walpole. painted 1765.

*Horace Walpole
from a painting by Jonathan Richardson.*

114



THE LETTERS
OF
HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED
AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES
BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES
WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. II: 1743—1750

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
MCMIII

OXFORD

PRINTED AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

BY HORACE HART, M.A.

PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

CONTENTS OF VOL. II

	PAGES
LIST OF PORTRAITS	vi
LIST OF LETTERS IN VOLUME II	vii-xi
LETTERS 138-313	1-456

LIST OF PORTRAITS

HORACE WALPOLE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>From painting by Jonathan Richardson in possession of Earl Waldegrave.</i>	
WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND	<i>To face p. 156</i>
<i>From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds in National Portrait Gallery.</i>	
HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY	,, 247
<i>From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds in possession of the Marquis of Hertford.</i>	
JOHN CHUTE	,, 406
<i>From a print by James Heath.</i>	

LIST OF LETTERS IN VOL. II

T		C
	1743.	
138	[Dec., 1743] . . . Horace Mann . . .	135
	1744.	
139	Jan. 24, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	136
140	Feb. 9, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	137
141	Feb. 16, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	138
142	Feb. 23, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	139
143	March 1, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	140
144	March 5, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	141
145	March 15, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	142
146	March 22, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	143
147	April 2, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	144
148	April 15, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	145
149	May 8, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	146
150	May 29, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	147
151	June 11, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	148
152	June 18, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	149
153	June 29, 1744 . . . Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	150
154	June 29, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	151
155	July 20, 1744 . . . Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	152
156	July 22, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	153
157	Aug. 6, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	154
158	Aug. 16, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	155
159	Sept. 1, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	156
160	Oct. 6, 1744 . . . Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	157
161	Oct. 6, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	158
162	Oct. 19, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	159
163	Nov. 9, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	160
164	Nov. 26, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	161
165	Dec. 24, 1744 . . . Horace Mann . . .	162
	1745.	
166	Jan. 4, 1745 . . . Horace Mann . . .	163
167	Jan. 14, 1745 . . . Horace Mann . . .	164
168	Feb. 1, 1745 . . . Horace Mann . . .	165

T		C
169	Feb. 28, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 166
170	March 29, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 167
171	April 15, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 168
172	April 29, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 169
173	May 11, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 170
174	May, 1745 . . .	Hon. Edward Walpole . . 172
175	May 17, 1745 . . .	Hon. Edward Walpole . . 173
176†	[May, 1745] . . .	George Montagu . . .
177	May 18, 1745 . . .	George Montagu . . . 174
178	May 24, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 175
179	May 25, 1745 . . .	George Montagu . . . 176
180	May 27, 1745 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway 177
181	[June, 1745] . . .	Horace Mann . . . 178
182	June 24, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 179
183	June 25, 1745 . . .	George Montagu . . . 180
184	July 1, 1745 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway 181
185	July 5, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 182
186	July 12, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 183
187	July 13, 1745 . . .	George Montagu . . . 184
188	July 15, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 185
189	July 26, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 186
190	[Aug. 1, 1745] . . .	George Montagu . . . 187
191	Aug. 7, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 188
192	Sept. 6, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 190
193	Sept. 13, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 191
194	Sept. 17, 1745 . . .	George Montagu . . . 192
195	Sept. 20, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 193
196	Sept. 27, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 194
197	Oct. 4, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 195
198	Oct. 11, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 196
199	Oct. 21, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 197
200	Nov. 4, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 198
201	Nov. 15, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 199
202	Nov. 22, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 200
203	Nov. 29, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 201
204	Dec. 9, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 202
205	Dec. 20, 1745 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 203
1746.		
206	Jan. 3, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 204
207	Jan. 17, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 205
208	Jan. 28, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann . . . 206

† Now printed for the first time.

List of Letters

ix

T	C
209 Feb. 7, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 207
210 Feb. 14, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 208
211 March 6, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 209
212 March 21, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 210
213 March 28, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 211
214 April 15, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 212
215 April 25, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 213
216 May 16, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 214
217 May 22, 1746 . . .	George Montagu 215
218 June 5, 1746 . . .	George Montagu 216
219 June 6, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 217
220 June 12, 1746 . . .	George Montagu 218
221 June 17, 1746 . . .	George Montagu 219
222 June 20, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 220
223 June 24, 1746 . . .	George Montagu 221
224 July 3, 1746 . . .	George Montagu 222
225 July 7, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 223
226 July 19, 1746 . . .	Henry Fox 224
227 July 24, 1746 . . .	Henry Fox 225
228 Aug. 1, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 226
229 Aug. 2, 1746 . . .	George Montagu 227
230 Aug. 5, 1746 . . .	George Montagu 228
231 [Aug., 1746] . . .	George Montagu 11
232 Aug. 11, 1746 . . .	George Montagu 229
233 Aug. 12, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 230
234 Aug. 16, 1746 . . .	George Montagu 231
235 Aug. 21, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 232
236 Sept. 15, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 233
237 Oct. 2, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 234
238 Oct. 3, 1746 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway 235
239 Oct. 14, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 236
240 Oct. 24, 1746 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway 237
241 Nov. 3, 1746 . . .	George Montagu 238
242 Nov. 4, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 239
243 Nov. 12, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 240
244 Dec. 5, 1746 . . .	Horace Mann 241
245 Christmas Day, 1746 .	Horace Mann 242

1747.

246 Jan. 27, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 243
247 Feb. 23, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 244
248 March 20, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 245

T	C
249 April 10, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 246
250 April 16, 1747 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway 247
251 May 5, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 248
252 May 19, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 249
253 June 5, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 250
254 June 8, 1747 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway 251
255 June 26, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 252
256 July 2, 1747 . . .	George Montagu 253
257 July 3, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 254
258 July 28, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 255
259 Sept. 1, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 256
260 Oct. 1, 1747 . . .	George Montagu 257
261 Oct. 2, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 258
262 Twickenham, Monday	George Montagu 481
263 Nov. 10, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 259
264 Nov. 24, 1747 . . .	Horace Mann 260

1748.

265 Jan. 12, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 261
266 Jan. 26, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 262
267 Feb. 16, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 263
268 March 11, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 264
269 April 29, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 265
270 May 18, 1748 . . .	George Montagu 266
271 May 26, 1748 . . .	George Montagu 267
272 June 7, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 268
273 June 27, 1748 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway 269
274 July 14, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 270
275 July 14, 1748 . . .	George Montagu 2654
276 July 25, 1748 . . .	George Montagu 272
277 [Aug., 1748] . . .	Horace Mann 271
278 Aug. 11, 1748 . . .	George Montagu 273
279 Aug. 29, 1748 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway 274
280 Sept. 3, 1748 . . .	George Montagu 275
281 Sept. 18, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 276
282 Sept. 25, 1748 . . .	George Montagu 277
283 Oct. 6, 1748 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway 278
284 Oct. 20, 1748 . . .	George Montagu 279
285 Oct. 24, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 280
286 Dec. 2, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 281
287 Dec. 15, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 282
288 Dec. 26, 1748 . . .	Horace Mann 283

List of Letters

xi

T		C
	1749.	
289	March 4, 1749	Horace Mann 284
290	March 23, 1749	Horace Mann 285
291	May 3, 1749	Horace Mann 286
292	May 17, 1749	Horace Mann 287
293	May 18, 1749	George Montagu 288
294	June 4, 1749	Horace Mann 289
295	June 25, 1749	Horace Mann 290
296	July 5, 1749	George Montagu 291
297	July 20, 1749	George Montagu 292
298	July 24, 1749	Horace Mann 293
299	Aug. 17, 1749	Horace Mann 294
300	Aug. 26, 1749	George Montagu 295
301	Sept. 12, 1749	Horace Mann 296
302	Sept. 22, 1749	John Chute 297
303	Sept. 28, 1749	George Montagu 298
304	Oct. 27, 1749	Horace Mann 299
305	Nov. 17, 1749	Horace Mann 300

	1750.	
306	Jan. 10, 1750	Horace Mann 301
307	Jan. 31, 1750	Horace Mann 302
308	Feb. 25, 1750	Horace Mann 303
309	March 11, 1750	Horace Mann 304
310	April 2, 1750	Horace Mann 305
311	May 15, 1750	George Montagu 306
312	May 19, 1750	Horace Mann 307
313	June 23, 1750	George Montagu 308



THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

138. To HORACE MANN.

DEAR SIR,

[Dec. 1743.]

I have been much desired by a very particular friend, to recommend to you Sir William Maynard¹, who is going to Florence. You will oblige me extremely by any civilities you show him while he stays there ; in particular, by introducing him to the Prince and Princess de Craon, Madame Suares, and the rest of my acquaintance there, who, I dare say, will continue their goodness to me, by receiving him with the same politeness that they received me. I am, &c.

139. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 24, 1744.

Don't think me guilty of forgetting you a moment, though I have missed two or three posts. If you knew the incessant hurry and fatigue in which I live, and how few moments I have to myself, you would not suspect me. You know I am naturally indolent, and without application to any kind of business ; yet it is impossible, in this country, to live in the world, and be in Parliament, and not find oneself every day more hooked into politics and company, especially inhabiting a house that is again become the centre of affairs. My Lord becomes the last

LETTER 138.—¹ Fourth Baronet, of Walton, Essex.

resource, to which they are all forced to apply. One part of the ministry, you may be sure, do ; and for the other, they affect to give themselves the honour of it too.

Last Thursday I would certainly have written to give you a full answer to your letter of grief¹, but I was shut up in the House till past ten at night ; and the night before till twelve. But I must speak to you in private first. I don't in the least doubt but my Lady W. and Richcourt would willingly be as mischievous as they are malicious, if they could : but, my dear child, it is impossible. Don't fear from Lord Carteret's silence to you ; he never writes : if that were a symptom of disgrace, the Duke of Newcastle would have been out long ere this : and when the Regency were not thought worthy of his notice, you could not expect it. As to your being attached to Lord Orford, that is your safety. Carteret told him the other day, 'My Lord, I appeal to the Duke of Newcastle, if I did not tell the King that it was you who had carried the Hanover troops.' That, too, disproves the accusation of Sir Robert's being no friend to the Queen of Hungary. That is now too stale and old. However, I will speak to my Lord and Mr. Pelham—would I had no more cause to tremble for you, than from little cabals ! But, my dear child, when we hear every day of the Toulon fleet sailing, can I be easy for you ? or can I not foresee where that must break, unless Matthews and the wonderful fortune of England can interpose effectually ? We are not without our own fears ; the Brest fleet of twenty-two sail is out at sea ; they talk, for Barbadoes. I believe we wish it may be thither destined. Judge what I think ; I cannot, nor may write : but I am in the utmost anxiety for your situation.

LETTER 139.—¹ According to Lord Dover, Mann had heard rumours of efforts on the part of Richcourt (the

Tuscan Prime Minister) to compass his removal from Florence.

The whole world, nay, the Prince himself, allows, that if Lord Orford had not come to town, the Hanover troops had been lost. They were in effect given up by all but Carteret. We carried our own army in Flanders by a majority of 112². Last Wednesday was the great day of expectation: we sat in the committee on the Hanover troops till twelve at night: the numbers were 271 to 226. The next day on the report we sat again till past ten, the opposition having moved to adjourn till Monday, on which we divided, 265 to 177. Then the Tories all went away in a body, and the troops were voted.

We have still tough work to do: there are the estimates on the extraordinaries of the campaign, and the Treaty of Worms to come—I know who³ thinks this last more difficult to fight than the Hanover troops. It is likely to turn out as laborious a session as ever was. All the comfort is, all the abuse don't lie at your door nor mine; Lord Carteret has the full perquisites of the ministry. The other day, after Pitt had called him 'the Hanover troop-minister, a flagitious task-master,' and said, 'that the sixteen thousand Hanoverians were all the party he had, and were his placemen'; in short, after he had exhausted invectives, he added, 'But I have done: if he were present, I would say ten times more.' Murray shines as bright as ever he did at the bar; which he seems to decline, to push his fortune in the House of Commons under Mr. Pelham.

This is the present state of our politics, which is our present state; for nothing else is thought of. We fear the King will again go abroad.

² It appears from Mr. Philip Yorke's Parliamentary Journal, that the letter-writer took a part in the debate—'Young Mr. Walpole's speech,' he says, 'met with deserved applause from everybody: it was judicious and elegant: he applied

the verse which Lucan puts in Curio's mouth to Caesar, to the King:—

'Livor edax tibi cuncta negat,
Gallosque subactos,
Vix impune feres.' Wright.

³ Lord Orford. Walpole.

Lord Hartington has desired me to write to you for some melon-seeds, which you will be so good to get the best, and send to me for him.

I can't conclude without mentioning again the Toulon squadron: we vapour and say, by this time Matthews has beaten them, while *I* see them in the port of Leghorn!

My dear Mr. Chute, I trust to your friendship to comfort our poor *Miny*: for my part I am all apprehension! My dearest child, if it turns out so, trust to my friendship for working every engine to restore you to as good a situation as you will lose, if my fears prove prophetic! The first peace would reinstate you in your favourite Florence, whoever were sovereign of it. I wish you may be able to smile at the vanity of my fears, as I did at yours about Richcourt. Adieu! adieu!

140. TO HORACE MANN.

Feb. 9, 1744.

I HAVE scarce time to write, or to know what I write. I live in the House of Commons. We sat on Tuesday till ten at night, on a Welsh election; and shall probably stay as long to-day on the same.

I have received all your letters by the couriers and the post: I am persuaded the Duke of Newcastle is much pleased with your dispatch; but I dare not inquire, for fear he should dislike your having written the same to me.

I believe we should have heard more of the Brest squadron, if their appearance off the Land's End on Friday was sennight, steering towards Ireland, had occasioned greater consternation. It is incredible how little impression it made: the stocks hardly fell: though it was then generally believed that the Pretender's son was on board¹.

LETTER 140.—¹ This was not the case.

We expected some invasion; but as they were probably disappointed on finding no rising in their favour, it is now believed that they are gone to the Mediterranean. They narrowly missed taking the Jamaica fleet, which was gone out convoyed by two men-of-war. The French pursued them, outsailed them, and missed them by their own inexpertness. Sir John Norris is at Portsmouth, ready to sail with nineteen men-of-war, and is to be joined by two more from Plymouth. We hope to hear that Matthews has beat the Toulon squadron before they can be joined by the Brest². This is the state of our situation. They have stopped the embarkation of the six thousand men for Flanders; and I hope the King's journey thither. The opposition fight every measure of supply, but very unsuccessfully. When this Welsh election is over, they will probably go out of town, and leave the rest of the session at ease.

I think you have nothing to apprehend from the new mine that is preparing against you. My Lord is convinced it is an idle attempt; and it will always be in his power to prevent any such thing from taking effect. I am very unhappy for Mr. Chute's gout, or for anything that disturbs the peace of people I love so much, and that I have such vast reason to love. You know my fears for you: pray Heaven they end well!

It is universally believed that the Pretender's son, who is at Paris, will make the campaign in one of their armies. I suppose this will soon produce a declaration of war³; and then France, perhaps, will not find her account in having brought him as near to England as ever he is like to be. Adieu! My Lord is hurrying me down to the House. I must go!

² The latter squadron returned to Brest, after cruising in the Channel.

³ War was declared by France on March 15 (N.S.), 1744.

141. TO HORACE MANN.

House of Commons, Feb. 16, 1744.

WE are come nearer to a crisis than indeed I expected ! After the various reports about the Brest squadron, it has proved that they are sixteen ships of the line off Torbay ; in all probability to draw our fleet from Dunkirk, where they have two men-of-war and sixteen large Indiamen to transport eight thousand foot and two thousand horse which are there in the town. There has been some difficulty to persuade people of the imminence of our danger ; but yesterday the King sent a message to both Houses to acquaint us that he has certain information of the young Pretender being in France¹, and of the designed invasion from thence, in concert with the disaffected here. Immediately the Duke of Marlborough, who most handsomely and seasonably was come to town on purpose, moved for an address to assure the King of standing by him with lives and fortunes. Lord Hartington, seconded by Sir Charles Wyndham², the convert son of Sir William³, moved the same in our House. To our amazement, and little sure to their own honour, Waller and Dodington, supported in the most indecent manner by Pitt, moved to add, that we would immediately inquire into the state of the Navy, the causes of our danger by negligence, and the sailing of the Brest fleet. They insisted on this amendment, and debated it till seven at night, not one (professed) Jacobite speaking. The division was 287 against 123. In the Lords, Chesterfield moved the same amendment, seconded by old dull Westmoreland ; but they did not divide.

LETTER 141.—¹ He reached Paris on January 20.

² Sir Charles Wyndham (1710–1763), fourth Baronet, succeeded his uncle (seventh Duke of Somerset) as second Earl of Egremont, 1750 ; M.P. for Appleby ; Secretary of State

for the Southern Province, 1761.

³ Third Baronet, of Orchard Wyndham ; Secretary at War, 1711 ; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1713. He was for many years the leader of the Tories in the House of Commons ; d. 1740.

All the troops have been sent for in the greatest haste to London; but we shall not have above eight thousand men together at most. An express is gone to Holland, and General Wentworth followed it last night, to demand six thousand men, who will probably be here by the end of next week⁴. Lord Stair has offered the King his service, and is to-day named Commander-in-chief⁵. This is very generous, and will be of great use. He is extremely beloved in the army, and most firm to this family.

I cannot say our situation is the most agreeable; we know not whether Norris is gone after the Brest fleet or not⁶. We have three ships in the Downs, but they cannot prevent a landing, which will probably be in Essex or Suffolk. Don't be surprised if you hear that this crown is fought for on land. As yet there is no rising; but we must expect it on the first descent.

Don't be uneasy for me, when the whole is at stake. I don't feel as if my friends would have any reason to be concerned for me: my warmth will carry me as far as any man; and I think I can bear as I should the worst that can happen: though the delays of the French, I don't know from what cause, have not made that likely to happen.

The King keeps his bed with the rheumatism. He is not less obliged to Lord Orford for the defence of his crown, now he is out of place, than when he was in the administration. His zeal, his courage, his attention, are indefatigable and inconceivable. He regards his own life no more than when it was most his duty to expose it, and fears for everything but that.

I flatter myself that next post I shall write you a more

⁴ The Dutch were bound by treaty to furnish 6,000 men whenever the Protestant succession in England was in danger.

⁵ The Duke of Marlborough and Lord Stair had quitted the army in

disgust, after last campaign, on the King's showing such unmeasurable preference to the Hanoverians. *Walpole*.

⁶ Norris (with his fleet) was in the Downs.

comfortable letter. I would not have written this, if it were a time to admit deceit. Hope the best, and fear as little as you would do if you were here in the danger. My best love to the Chutes; tell them I never knew how little I was a Jacobite till it was almost my interest to be one. Adieu!

142. TO HORACE MANN.

Thursday, Feb. 23, 1744.

I WRITE to you in the greatest hurry, at eight o'clock at night, while they are all at dinner round me. I am this moment come from the House, where we have carried a great Welsh election against Sir Watkyn Williams by 26. I fear you have not had my last, for the packet-boat has been stopped on the French stopping our messenger at Calais. There is no doubt of the invasion¹: the young Pretender is at Calais, and the Count de Saxe² is to command the embarkation. Hitherto the spirit of the nation is with us. Sir John Norris was to sail yesterday to Dunkirk, to try to burn their transports; we are in the utmost expectation of the news. The Brest squadron was yesterday on the coast of Sussex. We have got two thousand men from Ireland, and have sent for two more. The Dutch are coming: Lord Stair is general. Nobody is yet taken up—God knows why not! We have repeated news of Matthews having beaten and sunk eight of the Toulon ships; but the French have so stopped all communication that we don't yet know it certainly; I hope you do³. Three hundred arms have been seized in a French merchant's house at Plymouth. Attempts have been made to raise the clans in Scotland, but unsuccessfully.

LETTER 142.—¹ A squadron of ships of the line and transports was at Dunkirk with a view to the invasion of England in support of Charles Edward.

² Maurice (1696–1750), Comte de Saxe, Maréchal de France, natural

son of Augustus II, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, by Aurora von Königsmark.

³ On Feb. 11 (O.S.) Admiral Matthews fought an indecisive action with the French and Spanish fleets.

My dear child, I write short, but it is much ; and I could not say more in ten thousand words. All is at stake ; we have great hopes, but they are but hopes ! I have no more time : I wait with patience for the event, though to me it must and shall be decisive.

143. TO HORACE MANN.

March 1st, 1744.

I WISH I could put you out of the pain my last letters must have given you. I don't know whether your situation, to be at such a distance on so great a crisis, is not more disagreeable than ours, who are expecting every moment to hear the French are landed. We had great ill-luck last week : Sir John Norris, with four-and-twenty sail, came within a league of the Brest squadron, which had but fourteen. The coasts were covered with people to see the engagement ; but at seven in the evening the wind changed, and they escaped. There have been terrible winds these four or five days : our fleet has not suffered materially, but theirs less. Ours lies in the Downs ; five of theirs at Torbay—the rest at La Hogue. We hope to hear that these storms, which blew directly on Dunkirk, have done great damage to their transports. By the fortune of the winds, which have detained them in port, we have had time to make preparations ; if they had been ready three weeks ago, when the Brest squadron sailed, it had all been decided. We expect the Dutch in four or five days. Ten battalions, which make seven thousand men, are sent for from our army in Flanders, and four thousand from Ireland, two of which are arrived. If they still attempt the invasion, it must be a bloody war !

The spirit of the nation has appeared extraordinarily in our favour. I wish I could say as much for that of the ministry. Addresses are come from all parts, but you know

how little they are to be depended on—King James had them. The merchants of London are most zealous: the French name will do more harm to their cause than the Pretender's service. One remarkable circumstance happened to Colonel Cholmondeley's regiment on their march to London: the public-houses on all the road would not let them pay anything, but treated them, and said, 'You are going to defend us against the French.' There are no signs of any rising. Lord Barrimore, the Pretender's general, and Colonel Cecil, his Secretary of State, are *at last* taken up; the latter, who having removed his papers, had sent for them back, thinking the danger over, is committed to the Tower, on discoveries from them; but, alas! these discoveries go on but lamely. One may perceive who is *not* minister, rather than who is. The opposition tried to put off the suspension of the Habeas Corpus—feebly. Vernon¹ and the Grenvilles are the warmest: Pitt and Lyttelton went away without voting. My father has exerted himself most amazingly: the other day, on the King's laying some information before the House, when the ministry had determined to make no address on it, he rose up in the greatest agitation, and made a long and fine speech on the present situation. The Prince was so pleased with it, that he has given him leave to go to his court, which he never would before. He went yesterday, and was most graciously received.

Lord Stair is *at last* appointed general. General Oglethorpe² *is to have* a commission for raising a regiment of hussars, to defend the coasts. The Swiss servants in London have offered to form themselves into a regiment; six hundred are already clothed and armed, but no colonel or officers appointed. We flatter ourselves that the divisions

LETTER 143.—¹ Admiral Vernon, Walpole.

² General James Edward Oglethorpe (1696–1785), the coloniser of

Georgia. He was in England for the purpose of raising troops for the defence of the settlement.

in the French ministry will repair what the divisions in our own undo.

The answer from the Court of France to Mr. Thomson on the subject of the boy³ is most arrogant: 'that when we have given them satisfaction for the many complaints which they have made on our infraction of treaties, then they will think of giving us *des éclaircissements*.'

We have no authentic account yet from Matthews: the most credited is a letter from Marseilles to a Jew, which says it was the most bloody battle ever fought; that it lasted three days; that the two first we had the worst, and the third, by a lucky gale, totally defeated them. Sir Charles Wager always said, 'that if a sea-fight lasted three days, he was sure the English suffered the most for the two first, for no other nation would stand beating for two days together.'

Adieu! my dear child. I have told you every circumstance I know: I hope you receive my letters; I hope their accounts will grow more favourable. I never found my spirits so high, for they never were so provoked. Hope the best, and believe that, as long as I am, I shall always be

Yours sincerely.

P.S. My dear Chutes, I hope you will still return to your own England.

144. TO HORACE MANN.

March 5th, 1744, 8 at night.

I HAVE but time to write you a minute-line, but it will be a comfortable one. There is just come advice, that the great storm on the 25th of last month, the very day the embarkation was to have sailed from Dunkirk, destroyed twelve of their transports, and obliged the whole number of troops, which were fifteen thousand, to debark. You may

³ Prince Charles Edward.

look upon the invasion as at an end, at least for the present; though, as everything is so come to a crisis, one shall not be surprised to hear of the attempt renewed. We know nothing yet certain from Matthews; his victory grows a great doubt.

As this must go away this instant, I cannot write more—but what could be more? Adieu! I wish you all joy.

145. TO HORACE MANN.

March 15th, 1744.

I HAVE nothing new to tell you: that great storm certainly saved us from the invasion—then. Whether it has put an end to the design is uncertain. They say the embargo at Dunkirk and Calais is taken off, but not a vessel of ours is come in from thence. They have, indeed, opened again the communication with Ypres and Nieuport, &c., but we don't yet hear whether they have renewed their embarkation. However, we take it for granted it is all over—from which, I suppose, it will not be over. We expect the Dutch troops every hour. That reinforcement, and four thousand men from Ireland, will be all the advantage we shall have made of gaining time.

At last we have got some light into our Mediterranean affair, for there is no calling it a victory. Villettes has sent a courier, by which it seems we sunk one great Spanish ship¹; the rest escaped, and the French fled shamefully; that was, I suppose, designedly and artfully. We can't account for Lestock's not coming up with his seventeen ships², and we have no mind to like it, which will not

LETTER 145.—¹ The *Poder*, first taken by Matthews, then rescued by the Spaniards, who, however, abandoned her in their flight. She was burnt by the English.

² Vice-Admiral Lestock, who com-

manded the rear of the English fleet, was on bad terms with Admiral Matthews, and taking advantage of a doubtful signal, purposely, it is supposed, refrained from supporting him.

amaze you. We flatter ourselves that, as this was only the first day, we shall get some more creditable history of some succeeding day.

The French are going to besiege Mons³: I wish all the war may take that turn; I don't desire to see England the theatre of it. We talk no more of its becoming so, nor of the plot, than of the gunpowder treason. Party is very silent; I believe, because the Jacobites have better hopes than from parliamentary divisions,—those in the ministry run very high, and, I think, near some crisis.

I have enclosed a proposal from my bookseller to the undertaker of the *Museum Florentinum*, or the concerners of it, as the paper called them; but it was expressed in such wonderfully battered English, that it was impossible for Dodsley or me to be sure of the meaning of it. He is a fashionable author, and though that is no sign of perspicuity, I hope more intelligible. Adieu!

146. TO HORACE MANN.

London, March 22, 1744.

I AM sorry this letter must date the era of a new correspondence, the topic of which must be blood! Yesterday, came advice from Mr. Thompson¹, that Monsieur Amelot² had sent for him and given him notice to be gone, for a declaration of war with England was to be published in two days. Politically, I don't think it so bad; for the very name of war, though in effect on foot before, must make our governors take more precautions; and the French declaring it will range the people more on our side than on

³ Mons was not besieged till 1746.

LETTER 146.—¹ Chaplain to the late Lord Waldegrave, after whose death he acted as Minister at Paris, till the war, when he returned, and

was made a Dean in Ireland. *Walpole*.

² Jean Jacques Amelot du Chaillou (circ. 1689–1749), Minister for Foreign Affairs.

the Jacobite: besides, the latter will have their communication with France cut off. But, my dear child, what lives, what misfortunes, must and may follow all this! As a man, I feel my humanity more touched than my spirit—I feel myself more an universal man than an Englishman! We have already lost seven millions of money and thirty thousand men in the Spanish war—and all the fruit of all this blood and treasure is the glory of having Admiral Vernon's head on alehouse signs! for my part, I would not purchase another Duke of Marlborough at the expense of one life. How I should be shocked, were I a hero, when I looked on my own laurelled head on a medal, the reverse of which would be widows and orphans. How many such will our Patriots have made!

The embarkation at Dunkirk does not seem to go on, though, to be sure, not laid aside. We received yesterday the particulars of the Mediterranean engagement from Matthews. We conclude the French squadron retired designedly, to come up to Brest, where we every day expect to hear of them. If Matthews does not follow them, adieu our triumphs in the Channel—and then! Sir John Norris has desired leave to come back, as little satisfied with the world as the world is with him³. He is certainly very unfortunate⁴; but I can't say I think he has tried to correct his fortune. If England is ever more to be England, this sure is the crisis to exert all her vigour. We have all the disadvantage of Queen Elizabeth's prospect, without one of her ministers. Four thousand Dutch are landed, and we hope to get eight or twelve ships from them. Can we now say, *Quatuor maria vindico*⁵?

³ Norris resigned his command on March 18, and wrote to Newcastle that 'his retirement was as necessary for the King's service under the present management of the Admiralty, as for his own reputation

and safety.' (*D. N. B.*)

⁴ He was called by the seamen 'Foul-weather Jack.' *Walpole*.

⁵ Motto of a medal of Charles the Second. *Walpole*.

I will not talk any more politically, but turn to hymeneals, with as much indifference as if I were a first minister. Who do you think is going to marry Lady Sophia Fermor⁶?—only my Lord Carteret!—this very week!—a drawing-room conquest. Do but imagine how many passions will be gratified in that family! her own ambition, vanity, and resentment—love she never had any; the politics, management, and pedantry of the mother, who will think to govern her son-in-law out of Froissart⁷. Figure the instructions she will give her daughter! Lincoln is quite indifferent and laughs. My Lord Chesterfield says, ‘it is only another of Carteret’s vigorous measures.’ I am really glad of it; for her beauty and cleverness did deserve a better fate than she was on the point of having determined for her for ever. How graceful, how charming, and how haughtily condescending she will be! how, if Lincoln should ever hint past history, she will

‘Stare upon the strange man’s face,
As one she ne’er had known⁸!’

I wonder I forgot to tell you that Dodington had owned a match of seventeen years’ standing with Mrs. Behan, to whom the one you mention is sister.

I have this moment received yours of March 10th, and thank you much for the silver medal, which has already taken its place in my museum.

I feel almost out of pain for your situation, as by the motion of the fleets this way, I should think the expedition to Italy abandoned. We and you have had great escapes, but we have still occasion for all providence!

I am very sorry for the young Sposa Panciatici, and wish all the other parents joy of the increase of their families.

⁶ Eldest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret. *Walpole*.

⁷ Lady Pomfret had translated

Froissart. *Walpole*.

⁸ Verses in Congreve’s *Doris*. *Walpole*.

Mr. Whithed is *en bon train*; but the recruits he is raising will scarce thrive fast enough to be of service this war. My best loves to him and Mr. Chute. I except you three out of my want of public spirit. The other day, when the Jacobites and Patriots were carrying everything to ruin, and had made me warmer than I love to be, one of them said to me, 'Why don't you love your country?' I replied, 'I should love my country exceedingly, if it were not for my countrymen.' Adieu!

147. TO HORACE MANN.

April 2, 1744.

I AM afraid our correspondence will be extremely disjointed, and the length of time before you get my letters will make you very impatient, when all the world will be full of events; but I flatter myself that you will hear everything sooner than by my letters; I mean, that whatever happens will be on the Continent; for the danger from Dunkirk seems blown over. We declared war on Saturday: that is all I know, for everybody has been out of town for the Easter holidays. To-morrow the Houses meet again: the King goes, and is to make a speech. The Dutch seem extremely in earnest, and I think we seem to put all our strength in their preparations.

The town is persuaded that Lord Clinton¹ is gone to Paris to make peace: he is certainly gone thither, nobody knows why. He has gone thither every year all his life, when he was in the opposition; but, to be sure, this is a very strange time to take that journey. Lord Stafford, who came hither just before the intended invasion, (no

LETTER 147.—¹ Hugh Fortescue, afterwards Earl of Clinton and Knight of the Bath. Not long after he received that Order he went into

opposition, and left off his riband and star for one day, but thought better of it, and put them on the next. *Walpole*.

doubt for the defence of the Protestant religion², especially as his father-in-law, Bulkeley³, was colonel of one of the embarked regiments,) is going to carry his sister⁴ to be married to a Count de Rohan, and then returns, having a sign manual for leaving his wife there.

We shall not be surprised to hear that the Electorate has got a new master; shall you? Our dear nephew of Prussia will probably take it, to keep it safe for us.

I had written thus far on Monday, and then my Lord came from New Park: and I had not time the rest of the day to finish it. We have made very loyal addresses to the King on his Speech, which I suppose they send you. There is not the least news, but that my Lord Carteret's wedding has been deferred on Lady Sophia's falling dangerously ill of a scarlet fever; but they say it is to be next Saturday. She is to have sixteen hundred pounds a year jointure, four hundred pin-money, and two thousand of jewels. Carteret says he does not intend to marry the mother and the whole family. What do you think my Lady intends? Adieu! my dear Sir! Pray for peace.

148. TO HORACE MANN.

London, April 15, 1744.

I COULD tell you a great deal of news, but it would not be what you would expect. It is not of battles, sieges, and declarations of war; nor of invasions, insurrections, and addresses. It is the god of love, not he of war, who reigns

² Lord Stafford was a Roman Catholic.

³ Mr. Bulkeley, an Irish Roman Catholic, married the widow Cantillon, mother of the Countess of Stafford. He rose high in the French army, and had the *Cordon bleu*; his

sister was second wife of the first Duke of Berwick. *Walpole*.

⁴ Lady Mary Howard, eldest daughter of second Earl of Stafford; m. Comte (afterwards Duc) de Rohan-Chabot; d. 1769.

in the newspapers. The town has made up a list of six-and-thirty weddings, which I shall not catalogue to you; for you would know them no more than you do

Antilochum, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

But the chief entertainment has been the nuptials of our great Quixote¹ and the fair Sophia. On the point of matrimony, she fell ill of a scarlet fever, and was given over, while he had the gout, but heroically sent her word, that if she was well, he *would* be so. They corresponded every day, and he used to plague the Cabinet Council with reading her letters to them. Last night they were married; and as all he does must have a particular air in it, they supped at Lord Pomfret's: at twelve, Lady Granville (his mother) and all his family went to bed, but the porter: then my Lord went home, and waited for her in the lodge: she came alone in a hackney-chair, met him in the hall, and was led up the back-stairs to bed. What is ridiculously lucky is, that Lord Lincoln goes into waiting to-day, and will be to present her! On Tuesday she stands godmother with the King to Lady Dysart's² child, her new granddaughter. I am impatient to see the whole *ménage*; it will be admirable. There is a wild young Venetian ambassadress³ come, who is reckoned very pretty. I don't think so; she is foolish and childish to a degree. She said, 'Lord! the old Secretary is going to be married!' They told her he was but fifty-four. 'But fifty-four! why,' said she, 'my husband is but two-and-forty, and I think him the oldest man in the world.' Did I tell you that Lord Holderness⁴

LETTER 148.—¹ Lord Carteret; he was an accomplished Spanish scholar, and published a fine edition of *Don Quixote* in 1738.

² Hon. Grace Carteret, eldest daughter of John Carteret, Viscount Carteret (afterwards Earl Granville),

m. (1729) Lionel Tollemache, fourth Earl of Dysart; d. 1755.

³ Wife of Signor Capello. *Walpole*.

⁴ Robert Darcy, Earl of Holderness, Ambassador at Venice and the Hague, and afterwards Secretary of State. *Walpole*.

goes to Venice with the compliments of accommodation, and leaves Sir James Grey⁵ Resident there?

The invasion from Dunkirk seems laid aside. We talk little of our fleets: Sir John Norris has resigned: Lestock is coming home, and has sent before him great complaints of Matthews; so that affair must be cleared up. The King talks much of going abroad, which will not be very prudent. The campaign is not opened yet, but I suppose will disclose at once with great *éclat* in several quarters.

I this instant receive your letter of March 31st, with the simple Demetrius, for which, however, I thank you. I hope by this time you have received all my letters, and are at peace about the invasion; which we think so much over, that the opposition are now breaking out about the Dutch troops, and call it the worse measure ever taken. Those terms so generally dealt to every measure successively, will at least soften the Hanoverian history.

Adieu! I have nothing more to tell you: I flatter myself you content yourself with news; I cannot write sentences nor sentiments. My best love to the Chutes, and now and then let my friends the Prince and Princess and the Florentines know that I shall never forget their goodness to me. What is become of Prince Beauvau?

149. TO HORACE MANN.

London, May 8, 1744.

I BEGIN to breathe a little at ease; we have done with the Parliament for this year: it rises on Saturday. We have had but one material day lately, last Thursday. The opposition had brought in a bill to make it treason to correspond with the young Pretenders¹: the Lords added a

⁵ Sir James Gray, K.B., afterwards Envoy to Naples, and Minister at Madrid.

LETTER 149.—¹ Prince Charles Edward and Prince Henry Benedict (afterwards Cardinal of York).

clause, after a long debate, to make it forfeiture of estates, as it is for dealing with the father. We sat till one in the morning, and then carried it by 285 to 106. It was the best debate I ever heard. The King goes to Kensington to-morrow, and not abroad. We hear of great quarrels between Marshal Wade and Duc d'Aremberg. The French King is at Valenciennes with Monsieur de Noailles, who is now looked upon as first minister. He is the least dangerous for us of all. It is affirmed that Cardinal Tencin is disgraced, who was the very worst for us. If he is, we shall at least have no invasion this summer. Successors of ministers seldom take up the schemes of their predecessors; especially such as by failing caused their ruin, which, I believe, was Tencin's case at Dunkirk.

For a week we heard of the affair at Villafranca² in a worse light than was true: it certainly turns out ill for both sides. Though the French have had such bloody loss, I cannot but think they will carry their point, and force their passage into Italy.

We have no domestic news, but Lord Lovel's being created Earl of Leicester, on an old promise which my father had obtained for him. Earl Berkeley is married to Miss Drax³, a very pretty Maid of Honour to the Princess; and the Viscount Fitzwilliam⁴ to Sir Matthew Decker's⁵ eldest daughter; but these are people I am sure you don't know.

There is to be a great ball to-morrow at the Duchess of Richmond's for my Lady Carteret: the Prince is to be

² On April 20 (O.S.). In consequence of their losses the Piedmontese abandoned their entrenchments at Villafranca.

³ Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Henry Drax, of Ellerton Abbey, Yorkshire; m. 1. (1744), Augustus Berkeley, fourth Earl of Berkeley; 2. (1757), Robert Nugent (afterwards

Earl Nugent); d. 1792.

⁴ Richard Fitzwilliam (1711-1776), sixth Viscount Fitzwilliam in Ireland.

⁵ Sir Matthew Decker (1679-1749), first Baronet; a merchant, and writer on trade. His daughter Catherine married Richard Fitzwilliam, sixth Viscount Fitzwilliam in Ireland.

there. Carteret's court pay her the highest honours, which she receives with the highest state. I have seen her but once, and found her just what I expected, *très grande dame* ; full of herself, and yet not with an air of happiness. She looks ill and is grown lean, but is still the finest figure in the world. The mother is not so exalted as I expected ; I fancy Carteret has kept his resolution, and does not marry her too.

My Lord does not talk of going out of town yet ; I don't propose to be at Houghton till August. Adieu !

150. TO HORACE MANN.

London, May 29, 1744.

SINCE I wrote I have received two from you of May 6th and 19th. I am extremely sorry you get mine so late. I have desired your brother to complain to Mr. Preverau : I get yours pretty regularly.

I have this morning had a letter from Mr. Conway at the army ; he says he hears just then that the French have declared war against the Dutch : they had in effect before by besieging Menin, which siege our army is in full march to raise. They have laid bridges over the Scheldt, and intend to force the French to a battle. The latter are almost double our number, but their desertion is prodigious, and their troops extremely bad. Fourteen thousand more Dutch are ordered, and their six thousand are going from hence with four more of ours ; so we seem to have no more apprehensions of an invasion. All thoughts of it are over ! no inquiry made into it ! The present ministry fear the detection of conspiracies more than the thing itself : that is, they fear everything that they are to do themselves.

My father has been extremely ill, from a cold he caught last week at New Park. Princess Emily came thither to

fish, and he, who is grown quite indolent, and has not been out of a hot room this twelvemonth, sat an hour and a half by the water-side. He was in great danger one day, and more low-spirited than ever I knew him, though I think that grows upon him with his infirmities. My sister was at his bed-side; I came into the room,—he burst into tears and could not speak to me: but he is quite well now; though I cannot say I think he will preserve his life long, as he has laid aside all exercise, which has been of such vast service to him. He talked the other day of shutting himself up in the farthest wing at Houghton; I said, ‘Dear my Lord, you will be at a distance from all the family there!’ He replied, ‘So much the better!’

Pope is given over with a dropsy¹, which is mounted into his head: in an evening he is not in his senses; the other day at Chiswick, he said to my Lady Burlington, ‘Look at Jesus there! how ill they have crucified him!’

There is a Prince of Ost-Frise² dead, which is likely to occasion most unlucky broils: Holland, Prussia, and Denmark have all pretensions to his succession; but Prussia is determined to make his good. If the Dutch don’t dispute it, he will be too near a neighbour; if they do, we lose his neutrality, which is now so material.

The town has been in a great bustle about a private match; but which, by the ingenuity of the ministry, has been made politics. Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox³; asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father⁴ was a footman; her great-grandfather a king: *hinc illae lachrymae*! all the blood royal have been up in arms. The Duke of Marlborough, who was a friend of the Rich-

LETTER 150.—¹ He died on May 30, 1744.

² Karl Edzard, Prince of East Friesland, died childless on May 25, 1744, when the King of Prussia immediately took possession of his

territories.

³ Eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond, grandson of King Charles II. *Walpole*.

⁴ Sir Stephen Fox. *Walpole*.

monds, gave her away. If his Majesty's Princess Caroline had been stolen, there could not have been more noise made. The Pelhams, who are much attached to the Richmonds, but who have tried to make Fox and all that set theirs, wisely entered into the quarrel, and now don't know how to get out of it. They were for hindering Williams⁵, who is Fox's great friend, and at whose house they were married, from having the red ribbon; but he has got it with four others, the Viscount Fitzwilliam, Calthorpe⁶, Whitmore⁷, and Harbord⁸. Dashwood (Lady Carteret's quondam lover) has stolen a great fortune, a Miss Bateman; the marriage had been proposed, but the fathers could not agree on the terms.

I am much obliged to you for all your Sardinian and Neapolitan journals. I am impatient for the conquest of Naples, and have no notion of neglecting sure things, which may serve by way of *dédommagement*.

I am very sorry I recommended such a troublesome booby⁹ to you. Indeed, dear Mr. Chute, I never saw him, but was pressed by Mr. Selwyn, whose brother's friend he is, to give him that letter to you. I now hear that he is a warm Jacobite; I suppose you somehow disoblged him politically.

We are now mad about tar-water, on the publication of a book¹⁰ that I will send you, written by Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne¹¹. The book contains every subject from tar-water to the Trinity; however, all the women read, and understand it no more than they would if it were in-

⁵ Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. *Walpole*.

⁶ Henry Calthorpe, M.P. for Hindon.

⁷ Thomas Whitmore, of Apley, Shropshire, M.P. for Bridgnorth; d. 1773.

⁸ William Morden Harbord, of Gunton, Norfolk, M.P. for Beeralston;

created a Baronet, 1746; d. 1770.

⁹ Sir William Maynard. See Letter 138.

¹⁰ *Siris*, containing 'philosophical reflections concerning the virtues of Tar-water, and divers other subjects connected together and arising one from another.'

¹¹ George Berkeley (1685-1753).

telligible. A man came into an apothecary's shop the other day, 'Do you sell tar-water?' 'Tar-water!' replied the apothecary, 'why, I sell nothing else!' Adieu!

151. TO HORACE MANN.

June 11, 1744.

PERHAPS you expect to hear of great triumphs and victories; of General Wade grown into a Duke of Marlborough; or of the King being in Flanders, with the second part of the battle of Dettingen—why, aye; you are bound in conscience, as a good Englishman, to expect all this—but what if all these *To Paecans* should be played to the Dunkirk tune? I must prepare you for some such thing; for unless the French are as much their own foes as we are our own, I don't see what should hinder the festival of to-day¹ being kept next year a day sooner. But I will draw no consequences: only sketch you out our present situation: and if Cardinal Tencin can miss making his use of it, we may burn our books and live hereafter upon Providence.

The French King's army is at least ninety thousand strong; has taken Menin already, and Ypres almost². Remains then only Ostend; which you will look in the map and see does not lie in the high road to the conquest of the Austrian Netherlands. Ostend may be laid under water, and the taking it an affair of time. But there lies all our train of artillery, which cost two hundred thousand pounds; and what becomes of our communication with our army? Why, they may go round by Williamstadt³, and be in England just time enough to be some

LETTER 151.—¹ The 10th of June was the Pretender's birthday, and the 11th the accession of George II. *Walpole*.

² Menin was taken on June 5, 1744, and Ypres on June 25.

³ Willemstad in Holland.

other body's army! It turns out that the whole combined army, English, Dutch, Austrians, and Hanoverians, does not amount to above thirty-six thousand fighting men! and yet forty thousand more French, under the Duc d'Harcourt⁴, are coming into Flanders. When their army is already so superior to ours, for what can that reinforcement be intended, but to let them spare a triumph to Dunkirk? Now you will naturally ask me three questions: where is Prince Charles? where are the Dutch? what force have you to defend England? Prince Charles is hovering about the Rhine to take Lorrain, which they seem not to care whether he does or not, and leaves you to defend the Netherlands. The Dutch seem indifferent whether their barrier is in the hands of the Queen or the Emperor; and while you are so mad, think it prudent not to be so themselves. For our own force, it is too melancholy to mention: six regiments go away to-morrow to Ostend, with the six thousand Dutch. Carteret and Boetzlaer (the Dutch Envoy Extraordinary) would have hurried them away without orders; but General Smitsart, their commander, said he was too old to be hanged. This reply was told to my father yesterday: 'Ay,' said he, 'so I thought I was; but I may live to be mistaken!' When these troops are gone, we shall not have in the whole island above six thousand men, even when the regiments are complete; and half of those pressed and new-listed men. For our sea-force, I wish it may be greater in proportion! Sir Charles Hardy, whose name⁵ at least is ill-favoured, is removed, and old Balchen⁶, a firm Whig, put at the head of the fleet. Fifteen ships are sent for from Matthews; but they may come as opportunely as the army

⁴ François (1690-1750), Duc d'Harcourt, afterwards (1746) Maréchal de France.

⁵ He was of a Jacobite family. *Walpole*.

⁶ Sir John Balchen, Knight (1670-1744), Admiral of the White and Governor of Greenwich Hospital; lost at sea with his ship the *Victory*, Oct. 4-5, 1744.

from Williamstadt—in short—but I won't enter into reasonings—the King is not gone. The Dutch have sent word, that they can let us have but six of the twenty ships we expected. My father is going into Norfolk, quite shocked at living to see how terribly his own conduct is justified. In the City the word is, 'Old Sunderland's'⁷ game is acting over again.' Tell me if you receive this letter: I believe you will scarce give it about in m m orials.

Here are arrived two Florentines, not recommended to me, but I have been very civil to them, Marquis Salviati and Conte Delci; the latter remembers to have seen me at Madame Grifoni's. The Venetian ambassador met my father yesterday at my Lady Brown's: you would have laughed to have seen how he stared and *eccellenza'd* him. At last they fell into a broken Latin chat, and there was no getting the ambassador away from him.

If you have the least interest in any one Madonna in Florence, pay her well for all the service she can do us. If she can work miracles, now is her time. If she can't, I believe we shall all be forced to adore her. Adieu! Tell Mr. Chute I fear we shall not be quite so well received at the *conversazioni*, at Madame de Craon's, and the Casino⁸, when we are but refugee heretics. Well, we must hope! Yours I am, and we will bear our wayward fate together.

152. TO HORACE MANN.

London, June 18, 1744.

I HAVE not any immediate bad news to tell you in consequence of my last. The siege of Ypres does not advance so expeditiously as was expected; a little time gained in sieges goes a great way in a campaign. The Brest squadron

⁷ Lord Sunderland who betrayed James II. *Walpole*.

⁸ The Florentine coffee-house. *Walpole*.

is making just as great a figure in our channel as Matthews does before Toulon and Marseilles. I should be glad to be told by some nice computers of national glory, how much the balance is on our side.

Anson¹ is returned with vast fortune, substantial and lucky. He has brought the Aquapulca ship² into Portsmouth, and its treasure is at least computed at five hundred thousand pounds. He escaped the Brest squadron by a mist. You will have all the particulars in a gazette.

I will not fail to make your compliments to the Pomfrets and Carterets. I see them seldom, but I am in favour; so I conclude, for my Lady Pomfret told me the other night, that I said better things than anybody. I was with them all at a subscription-ball at Ranelagh last week, which my Lady Carteret thought proper to look upon as given to her, and thanked the gentlemen, who were not quite so well pleased at her condescending to take it to herself. My Lord stayed with her there till four in the morning. They are all fondness—walk together, and stop every five steps to kiss. Madame de Craon is a cipher to her for grandeur. The ball was on an excessively hot night; yet she was dressed in a magnificent brocade, because it was new that morning for the inauguration-day. I did the honours of all her dress: 'How charming your Ladyship's cross is! I am sure the design was your own.'—'No, indeed; my Lord sent it me just as it is.'—'How fine your ear-rings are!'—'Oh! but they are very heavy.' Then as much to the mother. Do you wonder I say better things than anybody?

LETTER 152.—¹ Captain (afterwards Admiral) George Anson (1697–1762), cr. (1747) Baron Anson, of Soberton, Hampshire; Lord of the Admiralty, 1744–47, 1748–49; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1751–55. Anson left St. Helens on Sept. 18,

1740, and anchored again at Spithead on June 14, 1744, having in the meantime sailed round the world.

² The *Nuestra Señora del Cabadonga*, captured off Manila, June 20, 1743.

I send you by a ship going to Leghorn the only new books at all worth reading. The Abuse of Parliaments³ is by Dodington and Waller, circumstantially scurrilous. The dedication of the Essay⁴ to my father is fine; pray mind the quotation from Milton. There is Dr. Berkeley's mad book on tar-water, which has made everybody as mad as himself. It begins with tar-water and ends with the Trinity; Orator Henley preached the other day on the Tar-inity.

I have lately made a great antique purchase of all Dr. Middleton's collection which he brought from Italy, and which he is now publishing⁵. I will send you the book as soon as it comes out. I would not buy the things till the book was half printed, for fear of an *è Museo Walpoliano*. Those honours are mighty well for such known and learned men as Mr. Smith⁶, the merchant of Venice. My dear Mr. Chute, how we used to enjoy the title-page⁷ of his understanding! Do you remember how angry he was when showing us a Guido, after pompous rooms full of Sebastian Riccis, which he had a mind to establish for capital pictures, you told him he had now made amends for all the rubbish he had showed us before?

My father has asked, and with some difficulty got, his pension of four thousand pounds a year, which the King gave him on his resignation, and which he dropped, by the wise fears of my uncle and the Selwyns. He has no reason to be satisfied with the manner of obtaining it now, or with

³ *Detection of the Use and Abuse of Parliaments*, by Ralph, under the direction of Dodington and Waller. Walpole.

⁴ *Essay on Wit, Humour, and Ridicule*, by Corbyn Morris. Walpole.—A political writer, appointed in 1763 Commissioner of Customs; d. 1779.

⁵ *Germana quaedam Antiquitatis*

eruditae Monumenta, published in 1745.

⁶ Mr. Smith, Consul at Venice, had a fine library, of which he knew nothing at all but the title-pages. Walpole.

⁷ Expression of Mr. Chute. Walpole.

the manner of the man⁸ whom he employed to ask it: yet it was not a point that required capacity—merely gratitude. Adieu!

153. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

MY DEAREST HARRY,

Arlington Street, June 29, 1744.

I don't know what made my last letter so long on the road: yours got hither as soon as it could. I don't attribute it to any examination at the post-office. God forbid I should suspect any branch of the present administration of attempting to know any one kind of thing! I remember when I was at Eton, and Mr. Bland¹ had set me any extraordinary task, I used sometimes to pique myself upon not getting it, because it was not immediately my school business. What! learn more than I am absolutely forced to learn! I felt the weight of learning that; for I was a blockhead, and pushed up above my parts.

Lest you maliciously think I mean any application of this last sentence anywhere in the world, I shall go and transcribe some lines out of a new poem, that pretends to great impartiality, but is evidently wrote by some secret friend of the ministry². It is called Pope's, but has no good lines but the following. The plan supposes him complaining of being put to death by the blundering discord of his two physicians, Burton³ and Thompson⁴; and from thence makes a transition, to show that all the present misfortunes of the world flow from a parallel disagreement; for instance, in politics:

⁸ Mr. Pelham, *Walpole*.

LETTER 153.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

¹ Rev. Henry Bland, Prebendary of Durham, Horace Walpole's tutor at Eton; d. 1768.² It was called *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty Four, a Poem, by a Great Poet lately deceased*.³ Simon Burton. He survived Pope less than a fortnight, and died June 11, 1744.⁴ A well-known quack.

Ask you what cause this conduct can create?
 The doctors differ that direct the state.
 Craterus, wild as Thompson, rules and raves,
 A slave himself, yet proud of making slaves;
 Fondly believing that his mighty parts
 Can guide all councils and command all hearts;
 Give shape and colour to discordant things,
 Hide fraud in ministers and fear in kings.
 Presuming on his power, such schemes he draws
 For bribing Iron⁵, and giving Europe laws,
 That camps, and fleets, and treaties fill the news,
 And succours unobtain'd and unaccomplish'd views.

Like solemn Burton grave Plumbosus acts,
 He thinks in method, argues all from facts;
 Warm in his temper, yet affecting ice,
 Protests his candour ere he gives advice;
 Hints he dislikes the schemes he recommends,
 And courts his foes—and hardly courts his friends;
 Is fond of power, and yet concern'd for fame—
 From different parties would dependents claim;
 Declares for war, but in an awkward way,
 Loves peace at heart, which he's afraid to say;
 His head perplex'd, altho' his hands are pure—
 An honest man,—but not a hero sure!

I beg you will never tell me any news till it has passed every impression of the Dutch gazette; for one is apt to mention what is wrote to one: that gets about, comes at last to the ears of the ministry, puts them in a fright, and perhaps they send to beg to see your letter. Now, you know one should hate to have one's private correspondence made grounds for a measure,—especially for an absurd one, which is just possible.

If I was writing to anybody but you, who know me so well, I should be afraid this would be taken for pique and pride, and be construed into my thinking all ministers inferior to my father; but, my dear Harry, you know it

⁵ This is nonsense. *Walpole.*

was never my foible to think over-abundantly well of him. Why I think as I do of the present great geniuses, answer for me, Admiral Matthews, great British Neptune, bouncing in the Mediterranean, while the Brest squadron is riding in the English Channel, and an invasion from Dunkirk every moment threatening your coasts; against which you send for six thousand Dutch troops, while you have twenty thousand of your own in Flanders, which not being of any use, you send these very six thousand Dutch to them, with above half of the few of your own remaining in England; a third part of which half of which few you countermand, because you are again alarmed with the invasion, and yet let the six Dutch go, who came for no other end but to protect you. And that our naval discretion may go hand-in-hand with our military, we find we have no force at home; we send for fifteen ships from the Mediterranean to guard our coasts, and demand twenty from the Dutch. The first fifteen will be here, perhaps, in three months. Of the twenty Dutch, they excuse all but six, of which six they send all but four; and of your own small domestic fleet, five are going to the West Indies and twenty a-hunting for some Spanish ships that are coming from the Indies. Don't it put you in mind of a trick that is done by calculation? Think of a number: halve it—double it—add ten—subtract twenty—add half the first number—take away all you added: now, what remains?

That you may not think I employ my time as idly as the great men I have been talking of, you must be informed, that every night constantly I go to Ranelagh; which has totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else—everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it, that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither. If you had never seen it, I would make you a most pompous

description of it, and tell you how the floor is all of beaten princes—that you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or Duke of Cumberland. The company is universal: there is from his Grace of Grafton down to children out of the Foundling Hospital—from my Lady Townshend to the kitten—from my Lord Sandys to your humble cousin

and sincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

154. TO HORACE MANN.

London, June 29, 1744.

WELL, at last this is not to be the year of our captivity: it seems put off, our sitting by the waters of Babylon and weeping when we think of thee, oh Jerusalem! There is a cluster of good packets come at once. The Dutch have marched twelve thousand men to join our army; the King of Sardinia (but this is only a report) has beaten the Spaniards back over the Varo, and I this moment hear from the Secretary's office, that Prince Charles has undoubtedly passed the Rhine at the head of fourscore thousand men—where¹, and with what circumstances, I don't know a word; *ma basta così*. It is said, too, that the Marquis de la Chétardie is sent away from Russia; but this one has no occasion to believe². False good news are always produced by true good, like the watergall by the rainbow. But why do I take upon me to tell you all this?—you, who are the centre of ministers and business! the actuating genius in the conquest of Naples³! You cannot

LETTER 154.—¹ Prince Charles, having out-maneuvred the Marquis de Coigny, crossed the Rhine at Schröck (near Philipsburg), on the night of June 30–July 1, 1744.

² In a rescript issued on June 6, 1744, La Chétardie was accused of

carrying on intrigues with a view to overthrow the Russian ministry. He was ordered to leave Moscow within twenty-four hours.

³ Lobkowitz had advanced to the Neapolitan frontier.

imagine how formidable you appear to me. My poor little, quiet *Miny*, with his headache and *épuisements*, and Cocchis, and coverlid of cygnet's down, that had no dealings but with a little spy-abbé at Rome, a civil whisper with Count Lorenzi⁴, or an explanation on some of Goldsworthy's absurdities, or with Richcourt about some *sbirri*⁵, that had insolently passed through the street in which the King of Great Britain's arms condescended to hang! Bless me! how he is changed! become a trafficking plenipotentiary with Prince Lobkowitz, Cardinal Albani⁶, and Admiral Matthews! Why, my dear child, I should not know you again; I should not dare to roll you up between a finger and thumb like wet brown-paper. Well, heaven prosper your arms! But I hate you, for I now look upon you as ten times fatter than I am.

I don't think it would be quite unadvisable for Bistino⁷ to take a jaunt hither. My Lady Carteret would take violently to anything that came so far to adore her grandeur. I believe even my Lady Pomfret, with all Christian faith, would be persuaded he had seen the star of their glory travelling westward to direct him. For my part, I expect soon to make a figure too in the political magazine, for all our Florence set is coming to grandeur; but you and my Lady Carteret have outstripped me. I remain with the Duke of Courland in Siberia—my father has actually gone thither for a long season. I met my Lady Carteret the other day at Knapton's⁸, and desired leave to stay while she sat for her picture. She is drawn

⁴ A Florentine, but employed as minister by France. *Walpole*.

⁵ The officers of justice, who are reckoned so infamous in Italy, that the foreign ministers have always pretended to hinder them from passing through the streets where they reside. *Walpole*.

⁶ Cardinal Alexander Albani,

nephew of Clement XI, was Minister of the Queen of Hungary at Rome. *Walpole*.

⁷ Giovanni Battista Uguccioni, a Florentine nobleman, and great friend of the Pomfrets. *Walpole*.

⁸ George Knapton (1698-1778), portrait painter, afterwards (1765) Keeper of the King's pictures.

crowned with corn, like the Goddess of Plenty, and a mild dove in her arms, like Mrs. Venus. We had much of *my Lord* and *my Lord*. The countess-mother was glad *my Lord* was not there—he was never satisfied with the eyes; she was afraid he would have had them drawn bigger than the cheeks. I made your compliments abundantly, and cried down the charms of the picture as politically as if you yourself had been there in ministerial person.

To fill up this sheet, I shall transcribe some very good lines published to-day in one of the papers, by I don't know whom, on Pope's death.

Here lies, who died, as most folks die, in hope,
 The mould'ring, more ignoble part of Pope;
 The bard, whose sprightly genius dar'd to wage
 Poetic war with an immoral age;
 Made every vice and private folly known
 In friend and foe—a stranger to his own;
 Set virtue in its loveliest form to view,
 And still profess'd to be the sketch he drew.
 As humour or as interest serv'd, his verse
 Could praise or flatter, libel or asperse:
 Unharming innocence with guilt could load,
 Or lift the rebel patriot to a god:
 Give the censorious critic standing laws—
 The first to violate them with applause;
 The just translator and the solid wit,
 Like whom the passions few so truly hit:
 The scourge of dunces whom his malice made—
 The impious plague of the defenceless dead:
 To real knaves and real fools a sore—
 Belov'd by many, but abhorr'd by more.
 If here his merits are not full exprest,
 His never-dying strains shall tell the rest.

Sure the greatest part was his true character. Here is another epitaph by Rolli⁹; which for the profound fall

⁹ Paolo Rolli, composer of the operas, translated and published several things. *Walpole*.

in some of the verses, especially in the last, will divert you.

*Spento è il Pope: de' poeti Britanni
 Uno de' lumi che sorge in mille anni:
 Pur si vuol che la macchia d'Ingrato
 N'abbia reso il fulgor men sereno:
 Stato fora e più giusto e più grato,
 Men lodando e biasmando ancor meno.
 Ma chi è reo per nativo prurito?
 Lode o biasmo, quì tutto è partito.
 Nasce, scorre, si legge, si sente;
 Dopo un dì, tutto è per niente.*

Adieu!

155. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

MY DEAREST HARRY, Arlington Street, July 20, 1744.

I FEEL that I have so much to say to you, that I foresee there will be but little method in my letter; but if, upon the whole, you see my meaning, and the depth of my friendship for you, I am content.

It was most agreeable to me to receive a letter of confidence from you, at the time I expected a very different one from you; though, by the date of your last, I perceive you had not then received some letters, which, though I did not see, I must call simple, as they could only tend to make you uneasy for some months. I should not have thought of communicating a quarrel to you at this distance, and I don't conceive the sort of friendship of those that thought it necessary. When I heard it had been wrote to you, I thought it right to myself to give you my account of it, but, by your brother's desire, suppressed my letter, and left it to be explained by him, who wrote to you so sensibly on it, that I shall say no more but that I think myself so ill-used that it will prevent my giving you thoroughly the advice you ask of me; for how can I be sure that my

resentment might not make me see in a stronger light the reasons for your breaking off an affair which you know before I never approved¹?

You know my temper is so open to anybody I love that I must be happy at seeing you lay aside a reserve with me, which is the only point that ever made me dissatisfied with you. That silence of yours has, perhaps, been one of the chief reasons that has always prevented my saying much to you on a topic which I saw was so near your heart. Indeed, its being so near was another reason; for how could I expect you would take my advice, even if you bore it? But, my dearest Harry, how can I advise you now? Is it not gone too far for me to expect you should keep any resolution about it, especially in absence, which must be destroyed the moment you meet again? And if ever you should marry and be happy, won't you reproach me with having tried to hinder it? I think you as just and honest as I think any man living; but any man living in that circumstance would think I had been prompted by private reasons. I see as strongly as you can all the arguments for your breaking off; but, indeed, the alteration of your fortune adds very little strength to what they had before. You never had fortune enough to make such a step at all prudent: she loved you enough to be content with that; I can't believe this change will alter her sentiments, for I must do her the justice to say that it is plain she preferred you with nothing to all the world. I could talk upon this head, but I will only leave you to consider, without advising you on either side, these two things—whether you think it honester to break off with

LETTER 155.—¹ This was an early attachment of Mr. Conway's. By his having complied with the wishes and advice of his friend on this subject, and got the better of his passion, he probably felt that he, in some measure, owed to Mr. Wal-

pole the subsequent happiness of his life, in his marriage to another person. *Berry*.—Conway was attached to Lady Caroline Fitzroy, daughter of the Duke of Grafton. She married Viscount Petersham, afterwards Earl of Harrington.

her after such engagements as yours (how strong I don't know), after her refusing very good matches for you, and show her that she must think of making her fortune; or whether you will wait with her till some amendment in your fortune can put it in your power to marry her.

My dearest Harry, you must see why I don't care to say more on this head. My wishing it could be right for you to break off with her (for, without it is right, I would not have you on any account take such a step) makes it impossible for me to advise it; and, therefore, I am sure you will forgive my declining an act of friendship which your having put in my power gives me the greatest satisfaction. But it does put something else in my power, which I am sure nothing can make me decline, and for which I have long wanted an opportunity. Nothing could prevent my being unhappy at the smallness of your fortune, but its throwing it into my way to offer you to share mine. As mine is so precarious, by depending on so bad a constitution, I can only offer you the immediate use of it. I do that most sincerely. My places still (though my Lord Walpole has cut off three hundred pounds a year to save himself the trouble of signing his name ten times for once) bring me in near two thousand pounds a year. I have no debts, no connections; indeed no way to dispose of it particularly. By living with my father, I have little real use for a quarter of it. I have always flung it away all in the most idle manner; but, my dear Harry, idle as I am, and thoughtless, I have sense enough to have real pleasure in denying myself baubles, and in saving a very good income to make a man happy, for whom I have a just esteem and most sincere friendship. I know the difficulties any gentleman and man of spirit must struggle with, even in having such an offer made him, much more in accepting it. I hope you will allow there are some in making it. But hear me: if there is any such

thing as friendship in the world, these are the opportunities of exerting it, and it can't be exerted without it is accepted. I must talk of myself to prove to you that it will be right for you to accept it. I am sensible of having more follies and weaknesses, and fewer real good qualities, than most men. I sometimes reflect on this, though I own too seldom. I always want to begin acting like a man, and a sensible one, which I think I might be if I would. Can I begin better, than by taking care of my fortune for one I love? You have seen (I have seen you have) that I am fickle, and foolishly fond of twenty new people; but I don't really love them—I have always loved you constantly: I am willing to convince you and the world, what I have always told you, that I loved you better than anybody. If I ever felt much for anything (which I know may be questioned), it was certainly for my mother. I look on you as my nearest relation² by her, and I think I can never do enough to show my gratitude and affection to her. For these reasons, don't deny me what I have set my heart on—the making your fortune easy to you. . . .

[The rest of this letter is wanting.]

156. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 22, 1744.

I HAVE not written to you, my dear child, a good while, I know; but, indeed, it was from having nothing to tell you. You know I love you too well for it to be necessary to be punctually proving it to you; so, when I have nothing worth your knowing, I repose myself upon the persuasion that you must have of my friendship. But I will never let that grow into any negligence, I should say, idleness, which is always mighty ready to argue me out of everything

² Lady Walpole and Lady Conway were sisters.

I ought to do; and letter-writing is one of the first duties that the very best people let perish out of their rubric. Indeed, I pride myself extremely in having been so good a correspondent; for, besides that every day grows to make one hate writing more, it is difficult, you must own, to keep up a correspondence of this sort with any spirit, when long absence makes one entirely out of all the little circumstances of each other's society, and which are the soul of letters. We are forced to deal only in great events, like historians; and, instead of being Horace Mann and Horace Walpole, seem to correspond as Guicciardin and Clarendon would:

Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis!
Quis nisi Callimachus?

Apropos to writing histories and Guicciardin; I wish to God, Boccacini¹ was living! never was such an opportunity for Apollo's playing off a set of fools, as there is now! The good City of London, who, from long dictating to the government, are now come to preside over taste and letters, have given one Carte², a Jacobite parson, fifty pounds a year for seven years, to write the history of England; and four aldermen and six common-councilmen are to inspect his materials and the progress of the work. Surveyors of common sewers turned supervisors of literature! To be sure, they think a history of England is no more than Stowe's Survey of the Parishes! Instead of having books published with the *imprimatur* of an university, they will be printed, as churches are whitewashed, John Smith and Thomas Johnson, Churchwardens.

But, brother historian, you will wonder I should have nothing to *communicate*, when all Europe is bursting with events, and every day 'big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.' But so it is; I know nothing; Prince Charles's

LETTER 156.—¹ Trojano Boccacini (1556-1613) wrote a satirical poem, *Ragguagli di Parnaso*.

² Thomas Carte (1686-1754).

great passage of the Rhine has hitherto produced nothing more: indeed, the French armies are moving towards him from Flanders; and they tell us, ours is crossing the Scheldt to attack the Count de Saxe, now that we are equal to him, from our reinforcement and his diminutions. In the mean time, as I am at least one of the principal heroes of my own politics, being secure of any invasion, I am going to leave all my *lares*, that is, all my antiquities, household gods and pagods, and take a journey into Siberia for six weeks, where my father's Grace of Courland has been for some time.

Lord Middlesex is going to be married to Miss Boyle³, Lady Shannon's⁴ daughter; she has thirty thousand pounds, and may have as much more, if her mother, who is a plump widow, don't happen to *Nugentize*⁵. The girl is low and ugly, but a vast scholar—*concumbet graecè*.

Young Churchill has got a daughter by the Frasi; Mr. Winnington calls it the *opéra comique*; the mother is an opera girl; the grandmother was Mrs. Oldfield. I ruined myself the other night on the subject of operas; Mrs. Phipps, who, as all Herveys put on some character, is prude by profession, came in to my Lady Townshend's, where I was; the latter said, 'My Lady Rich is breaking her heart on Monticelli's going.' I, who thought more of the style of the house where I was, than of the style of the visitor, replied, 'It will not heart her much, for she has so often broken her heart about singers, that the *rent* must be very large by this time. . . .' Did I never tell you of the prints that my Lady Townshend gives about of herself? Behind

³ Hon. Grace Boyle, only daughter of second Viscount Shannon; m. (1744) Charles Sackville, Earl of Middlesex (afterwards second Duke of Dorset); Mistress of the Robes and Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales; d. (as Countess of Middlesex) 1763.

⁴ Grace (d. 1755), daughter and

heir of John Senhouse; m. (as his second wife) Richard Boyle, second Viscount Shannon.

⁵ To marry a fortune-hunter. Robert Nugent married (as his second and third wives) two rich widows—Mrs. Knight (heir to her brother James Craggs), and the Dowager Countess of Berkeley.

mine I have written these two lines, transposed from Rochester :

This is the staple of the world's great trade ;
On this soft bosom all mankind has laid⁶.

Now I talk of prints, I must tell you of a very extraordinary one, which my Lady Burlington gives away, of her daughter Euston, with this inscription :

'Lady Dorothy Boyle,

Once the pride, the joy, the comfort of her parents,
The admiration of all that saw her,
The delight of all that knew her.

Born May 14, 1724, married, alas ! Oct. 10, 1741, and
delivered from extremest misery May 2, 1742.

This print was taken from a picture drawn by memory seven weeks after her death, by her most afflicted mother ;

DOROTHY BURLINGTON ?'

I am forced to begin a new sheet, lest you should think my letter came from my Lady Burlington, as it ends so patly with her name. But is it not a most melancholy way of venting oneself ? She has drawn numbers of these pictures : I don't approve her having them engraved ; but sure the inscription is pretty⁸.

I was accosted the other night by a little, pert *petit-maitre* figure, that claimed me for acquaintance. Do you remember to have seen at Florence an Abbé Durazzo, of Genoa ? well, this was he : it is mighty dapper and French : however,

⁶ They are in original thus :—

'This is the staple of the world's
great trade :

On this soft anvil all mankind
was made.'—*Walpole*.

⁷ Lord Dover states that the inscription was composed by Lady Burlington, and gives the following as the correct version :

'Lady Dorothy Boyle,

Born May the 14th, 1724.

She was the comfort and joy of her
parents, the delight of all who knew

her angelick temper, and the admiration of all who saw her beauty.

She was marry'd October the 10th,
1741, and delivered (by death) from
misery,

May the 2nd, 1742.

This picture was drawn seven
weeks after her death (from memory)
by her most affectionate mother,

Dorothy Burlington.'

Lady Euston's death was attributed
to her husband's ill-treatment.

⁸ It is said to be Pope's. *Walpole*.

I will be civil to it: I never lose opportunities of paving myself an agreeable passage back to Florence. My dear Chutes, stay for me: I think the first gale of peace will carry me to you. Are you as fond of Florence as ever? of me you are not, I am sure, for you never write me a line. You would be diverted with the grandeur of our old Florence beauty, Lady Carteret. She dresses more extravagantly, and grows more short-sighted every day: she can't walk a step without leaning on one of her ancient daughters-in-law. Lord Tweedale and Lord Bathurst are her constant gentlemen-ushers. She has not quite digested her resentment to Lincoln yet. He was walking with her at Ranelagh the other night, and a Spanish refugee marquis⁹, who is of the Carteret court, but who, not being quite perfect in the *carte du pays*, told my lady, that Lord Lincoln had promised him to make a very good husband to Miss Pelham. Lady Carteret, with an accent of energy, replied, 'J'espère qu'il tiendra sa promesse!' Here is a good epigram that has been made on her:

Her beauty, like the Scripture feast,
To which the invited never came,
Depriv'd of its intended guest,
Was given to the old and lame.

Adieu! here is company; I think I may be excused leaving off at the sixth side.

157. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 6, 1744.

I don't tell you anything about Prince Charles, for you must hear all his history as soon as we do; at least much sooner than it can come to the very north, and be dispatched back to Italy. There is nothing from Flanders: we advance and they retire—just as two months ago we retired and they

⁹ The Marquis Tabernego. *Walpole*.

advanced: but it is good to be leading up this part of the tune. Lord Stair is going into Scotland: the King is grown wonderfully fond of him, since he has taken the resolution of that journey. He said the other day, 'I wish my Lord Stair was in Flanders! General Wade is a very able officer, but he is not alert.' I, in my private litany, am beseeching the Lord, that he may contract none of my Lord Stair's alertness.

When I first wrote you word of La Chétardie's disgrace, I did not believe it; but you see it is now public. What I like is, her Russian Majesty's¹ making her amour keep exact pace with her public indignation. She sent to demand her picture and other presents. 'Other presents,' to be sure, were *billets-doux*, bracelets woven of her own bristles—for I look upon the hair of a Muscovite Majesty in the light of the chairs which Gulliver made out of the combings of the Empress of Brobdinag's² tresses; the stumps he made into very good large tooth-combs. You know the present is a very Amazon; she has grappled with all her own grenadiers. I should like to see their loves woven into a French opera: La Chétardie's character is quite adapted to the civil discord of their stage: and then a northern heroine to reproach him in their outrageous quavers, would make a most delightful crash of sentiment, impertinence, gallantry, contempt, and screaming. The first opera that I saw at Paris, I could not believe was in earnest, but thought they had carried me to the *opéra comique*. The three acts of the piece³ were three several interludes, of the Loves of Antony and Cleopatra, of Alcibiades and the Queen of Sparta, and of Tibullus with a niece of Mæcenæ; besides something of Circe, who was screamed by a Mademoiselle Hermans,

LETTER 157.—¹ The Empress Elizabeth.

³ I think it was the *Ballet de la Paix*. Walpole.

² So in MS.

seven feet high. She was in black, with a nosegay of *black flowers* (for on the French stage they pique themselves on propriety), and without powder: whenever you are a widow, are in distress, or are a witch, you are to leave off powder.

I have no news for you, and am going to have less, for I am going into Norfolk. I have stayed till I have not one acquaintance left: the next billow washes me last off the plank. I have not cared to stir, for fear of news from Flanders; but I have convinced myself that there will be none. Our army is much superior to the Count de Saxe; besides, they have ten large towns to garrison, which will reduce their army to nothing; or they must leave us the towns to walk into coolly.

I have received yours of July 21. Did neither I nor your brother tell you, that we had received the Neapolitan snuff-box⁴? it is above a month ago: how could I be so forgetful; but I have never heard one word of the cases, nor of Lord Conway's guns, nor Lord Hartington's melon-seeds, all which you mention to have sent. Lestock has long been arrived, so to be sure the cases never came with him: I hope Matthews will discover them. Pray thank Dr. Cocchi very particularly for his book.

I am very sorry too for your father's removal⁵; it was not done in the most obliging manner by Mr. Winnington; there was something exactly like a breach of promise in it to my father, which was tried to be softened by a civil alternative, that was no alternative at all. He was forced to it by my Lady Townshend, who has an implacable aversion to all my father's people; and not having less to Mr. Pelham's, she has been as brusque with Winnington about them. He has no principles himself, and those no

⁴ It was for a present to Mr. Stone, the Duke of Newcastle's secretary. *Walpole*.

⁵ From Chelsea Hospital. *Cunningham*.

principles of his are governed absolutely by hers, which are no-issimes.

I don't know any of your English. I should delight in your Vaux-hall-ets: what a figure my Grifona must make in such a romantic scene! I have lately been reading the poems of the Earl of Surrey, in Henry the Eighth's time; he was in love with the fair Geraldine of Florence; I have a mind to write under the Grifona's picture these two lines from one of his sonnets:

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race,
Fair Florence was some time her auncient seat.

And then these:

Her beauty *of kinde*, her vertue from above;
Happy is he that can obtaine her love!

I don't know what *of kinde* means, but to be sure it was something prodigiously expressive and gallant in those days, by its being unintelligible now. Adieu! Do the Chutes *cicisbè* it?

158. TO HORACE MANN.

London, Aug. 16, 1744.

I AM writing to you two or three days beforehand, by way of settling my affairs: not that I am going to be married or to die; but something as bad as either if it were to last as long. You will guess that it can only be going to Houghton; but I make as much an affair of that, as other people would of going to Jamaica. Indeed I don't lay in store of cake and band-boxes, and citron-water, and cards, and cold meat, as country gentlewomen do after the session. My packing-up and travelling concerns lie in very small compass; nothing but myself and Patapan, my footman, a cloak-bag, and a couple of books. My old Tom is even reduced upon the article of my journey; he is at the Bath, patching together

some very bad remains of a worn-out constitution. I always travel without company; for then I take my own hours and my own humours, which I don't think the most tractable to shut up in a coach with anybody else. You know, St. Évremond's¹ rule for conquering the passions, was to indulge them; mine for keeping my temper in order, is never to leave it too long with another person. I have found out that it will have its way, but I make it take its way by itself. It is such sort of reflection as this, that makes me hate the country: it is impossible in one house, with one set of company, to be always enough upon one's guard to make one's self agreeable, which one ought to do, as one always expects it from others. If I had a house of my own in the country, and could live there now and then alone, or frequently changing my company, I am persuaded I should like it; at least, I fancy I should; for when one begins to reflect why one don't like the country, I believe one grows near liking to reflect in it. I feel very often that I grow to correct twenty things in myself, as thinking them ridiculous at my age; and then with my spirit of whim and folly, I make myself believe that this is all prudence, and that I wish I were young enough to be as thoughtless and extravagant as I used to be. But if I know anything of the matter, this is all flattering myself: I grow older, and love my follies less—if I did not, alas! poor prudence and reflection!

I think I have pretty well exhausted the chapter of myself. I will now go talk to you of another fellow, who makes me look upon myself as a very perfect character; for as I have little merit naturally, and only pound a stray virtue now and then by chance, the other gentleman seems to have no vice, rather no villainy, but what he nurses in himself and

LETTER 158.—¹ Charles Margustel de St. Denis (1613-1703), Seigneur de St. Évremond.

methodises with as much pains as a stoic would patience. Indeed his pains are not thrown away. This pains-taking person's name is Frederic, King of Prussia². Pray remember for the future never to speak of him and H. W. without giving the latter the preference. Last week we were all alarm! He was before Prague with fifty thousand men, and not a man in Bohemia to ask him, 'What dost thou?' This week we have raised a hundred thousand Hungarians, besides vast militias and loyal nobilities. The King of Poland is to attack him on his march, and the Russians to fall on Prussia. In the mean time, his letter or address to the people of England³ has been published here: it is a poor performance! His Voltaires and his *litterati* should correct his works before they are printed. A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then, does not misbecome a monarch; but to pen manifestoes worse than the lowest *commis* that is kept jointly by two or three margraves, is insufferable!

We are very strong in Flanders, but still expect to do nothing this campaign. The French are so intrenched, that it is impossible to attack them. There is talk of besieging Maubeuge; I don't know how certainly.

Lord Middlesex's match is determined, and the writings signed. She proves an immense fortune; they pretend a hundred and thirty thousand pounds—what a fund for making operas!

My Lady Carteret is going to Tunbridge . . .⁴ there is a hurry for a son: his only one⁵ is gone mad: about a fortnight ago he was at the Duke of Bedford's, and as much in his few senses as ever. At five o'clock in the morning he waked the Duke and Duchess⁶ all bloody, and with the

² He had entered Bohemia at the head of 60,000 men, and took Prague after ten days' siege (Aug. 16, 1744).

general. (See *Gent. Mag.*, 1744, p. 427.)

⁴ Passage omitted.

⁵ Hon. Robert Carteret.

⁶ Hon. Gertrude Leveson-Gower

³ It is addressed to Europe in

lappet of his coat held up full of ears: he had been in the stable and cropped all the horses! He is shut up. My Lady is in the honeymoon of her grandeur: she lives in public places, whither she is escorted by the old beaux of her husband's court; fair white-wigged old gallants, the Duke of Bolton, Lord Tweedale, Lord Bathurst, and Charles Fielding⁷; and she all over knots, and small hoods, and ribbons. Her brother⁸ told me the other night, 'Indeed I think my thister doesth countenanth Ranelagh too mutch.' They call my Lord Pomfret, King Stanislaus, the queen's father.

I heard of an admirable dialogue, which has been written at the army on the battle of Dettingen, but one can't get a copy; I must tell you two or three strokes in it that I have heard. Pierrot asks Harlequin, 'Que donne-t-on aux généraux qui ne se sont pas trouvés à la bataille?' Harl. 'On leur donne le cordon rouge.' Pier. 'Et que donne-t-on au général en chef, qui a gagné la victoire?' Harl. 'Son congé.' Pier. 'Qui a soin des blessés?' Harl. 'L'ennemi.' Adieu!

159. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, Sept. 1, 1744.

I WISH you joy of *your* victory at Velletri!¹ I call it yours, for you are the great spring of all that war. I intend to publish your life, with an appendix, that shall contain all the letters to you from princes, cardinals, and great men of

(d. 1794), eldest daughter of second Baron (afterwards first Earl) Gower; m. (1737) John Russell, fourth Duke of Bedford; d. 1794.

⁷ Hon. Charles Fielding (d. 1746), third son of fourth Earl of Denbigh; Gentleman-Usher to Queen Caroline, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards.

⁸ George Fermor (1722-1785), styled

Lord Lempster; succeeded his father as second Earl of Pomfret, 1753; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1763; Ranger of the Little Park of Windsor, 1763.

LETTER 159.—¹ On August 10-11, 1744, the Austrians attacked the Spanish and Neapolitan quarters near Velletri, but were repulsed with considerable loss.

the time. In speaking of Prince Lobkowitz's attempt to seize the King of Naples at Velletri, I shall say, 'for the share our hero had in this great action, vide the appendix, Card. Albani's letter, p. 14.' You shall no longer be the dear *Miny*, but *Manone*, the *Great Man*; you shall figure with the *Great Pan*, and the *Great Patapan*. I wish you and your laurels and your operations were on the Rhine, in Piedmont, or in Bohemia; and then Prince Charles would not have repassed the first, nor the Prince of Conti advanced within three days of Turin, and the King of Prussia would already have been terrified from entering the last—all this lumping bad news came to counterbalance your Neapolitan triumphs. Here is all the war to begin again! and perhaps next winter a second edition of Dunkirk. We could not even have the King of France die, though he was so near it². He was in a woful fright, and promised the Bishop of Soissons³, that if he lived, he would have done with his women. A man with all those crowns on his head, and attacking and disturbing all those on the heads of other princes, who is the soul of all the havoc and ruin that has been and is to be spread through Europe in this war, haggling with the great God for his bloody life, and cheapening it at the price of a whore or two! and this was the fellow that they fetched to the army, to drive the brave Prince Charles beyond the Rhine again! It is just such another paltry mortal⁴ that has fetched him back into Bohemia—I forget which of his battles⁵ it was, that when his army had got the victory, they could not find the King: he had run away for a whole day without looking behind him.

I thank you for the particulars of the action, and the list

² Louis XV was dangerously ill at Metz, August 8-15, 1744. of Berwick.

³ François de Fitzjames (1709-1764), Bishop of Soissons, son of the Duke

⁴ The King of Prussia. *Walpole*.

⁵ The battle of Molwitz. *Walpole*.

of the prisoners : among them is one Don Theodore Diamato Amor, a cavalier of so romantic a name, that my sister and Miss Leneve quite interest themselves in his captivity ; and make their addresses to you, who, they hear, have such power with Prince Lobkowitz, to obtain his liberty. If he has Spanish gallantry in any proportion to his name, he will immediately come to England, and vow himself their knight.

Those verses I sent you on Mr. Pope, I assure you, were not mine ; I transcribed from the newspapers ; from whence I must send you a very good epigram on Bishop Berkeley's tar-water :

'Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done ?
The Church shall rise and vindicate her son ;
She tells us, all her Bishops shepherds are—
And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar.'

I am not at all surprised at my Lady W.'s ill-humour to you about the messenger. If the resentments of women did not draw them into little dirty spite, their hatred would be very dangerous ; but they vent the leisure they have to do mischief in a thousand meannesses, which only serve to expose themselves.

Adieu ! I know nothing here but public politics, of which I have already talked to you, and which you hear as soon as I do.

Thank dear Mr. Chute for his letter ; I will answer it very soon ; but in the country I am forced to let my pen lie fallow between letter and letter.

160. *TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.*

MY DEAREST HARRY,

Houghton, Oct. 6, 1744.

My Lord bids me tell you how much he is obliged to you for your letter, and hopes you will accept my answer for

his. I'll tell you what, we shall both be obliged to you if you will inclose a magnifying glass in your next letters ; for your two last were in so diminutive a character, that we were forced to employ all Mrs. Leneve's spectacles, besides an ancient family reading-glass, with which my grandfather used to begin the psalm, to discover what you said to us. Besides this, I have a piece of news for you : Sir Robert Walpole, when he was made Earl of Orford, left the ministry, and with it the palace in Downing Street ; as numbers of people found out three years ago, who, not having your integrity, were quick in perceiving the change of his situation. Your letter was full as honest as you ; for, though directed to Downing Street, it would not, as other letters would have done, address itself to the present possessor. Do but think if it had ! The smallness of the hand would have immediately struck my Lord Sandys with the idea of a plot ; for what he could not read at first sight, he would certainly have concluded must be cipher.

I march next week towards London, and have already begun to send my heavy artillery before me, consisting of half a dozen books and part of my linen : my light-horse, commanded by Patapan, follows this day se'nnight. A detachment of hussars surprised an old bitch fox yesterday morning, who had lost a leg in a former engagement ; and then, having received advice of another litter being advanced as far as Darsingham, Lord Walpole commanded Captain Riley's horse, with a strong party of fox-hounds, to overtake them ; but on the approach of our troops the enemy stole off, and are now encamped at Sechford Common¹, whither we every hour expect orders to pursue them.

My dear Harry, this is all I have to tell you, and, to my great joy, which you must forgive me, is full as memorable

LETTER 160.—¹ Darsingham and Sechford (now called Dersingham and Sedgford) are near Houghton.

as any part of the Flanders campaign. I do not desire to have you engaged in the least more glory than you have been. I should not love the remainder of you the least better for your having lost an arm or a leg, and have as full persuasion of your courage as if you had contributed to the slicing off twenty pair from French officers. Thank God, you have sense enough to content yourself without being a hero! though I don't quite forget your expedition a huzzar-hunting the beginning of this campaign. Pray, no more of those jaunts! I don't know anybody you would oblige with a present of such game: for my part, a fragment of the oldest hussar on earth should never have a place in my museum—they are not antique enough; and for a live one, I must tell you, I like my racoon infinitely better.

Adieu! my dear Harry. I long to see you. You will easily believe the thought I have of being particularly well with you is a vast addition to my impatience, though you know it is nothing new to me to be overjoyed at your return.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

161. TO HORACE MANN.

Houghton, Oct. 6, 1744.

DOES Decency insist upon one's writing within certain periods, when one has nothing to say? because, if she does, she is the most formal, ceremonious personage I know. I shall not enter into a dispute with her, as my Lady Hervey did with the goddess of Indolence, or with the goddess of letter-writing, I forget which, in a long letter that she sent to the Duke of Bourbon; because I had rather write than have a dispute about it. Besides, I am not at all used to converse with hieroglyphic ladies. But,

I do assure you, it is merely to avoid scolding that I set about this letter: I don't mean your scolding, for you are all goodness to me; but my own scolding of myself—a correction I stand in great awe of, and which I am sure never to escape as often as I am to blame. One can scold other people again, or smile and jog one's foot, and affect not to mind it; but those airs won't do with oneself; one always comes off by the worst in a dispute with one's own conviction.

Admiral Matthews sent me down hither your great packet: I am charmed with your prudence, and with the good sense of your orders for the Neapolitan expedition; I won't say your good-nature, which is excessive; for I think your tenderness of the little Queen¹ a little *outrée*, especially as their apprehensions might have added great weight to your menaces. I would threaten like a corsair, though I would conquer with all the good breeding of a Scipio. I most devoutly wish you success; you are sure of having me most happy with any honour you acquire. You have quite soared above all fear of Goldsworthy, and, I think, must appear of consequence to any ministry. I am much obliged to you for the medal, and like the design: I shall preserve it as part of your works.

I can't forgive what you say to me about the coffee-pot: one would really think that you looked upon me as an old woman that had left a legacy to be kept for her sake, and a curse to attend the parting with it. My dear child, is it treating me justly to enter into the detail of your reasons? was it even necessary to say, 'I have changed your coffee-pot for some other plate'?

I have nothing to tell you, but that I go to town next week, and will then write you all I hear. Adieu!

LETTER 161.—¹ Maria Amelia, daughter of Augustus II, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and wife of Charles, King of Naples.

162. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 19, 1744.

I HAVE received two or three letters from you since I wrote to you last, and all contribute to give me fears for your situation at Florence. How absurdly all the Queen's haughtinesses are dictated to her by her ministers, or by her own Austriacity! She lost all Silesia because she would not lose a small piece of it, and she is going to lose Tuscany for want of a neutrality, because she would not accept one for Naples, even after all prospect of conquering it was vanished. Everything goes ill! the King of Sardinia beaten; and to-day we hear of Coni lost¹! You will see in the papers too, that the *Victory*, our finest ship, is lost, with Sir John Balchen and nine hundred men. The expense alone of the ship is computed at above two hundred thousand pounds. We have nothing good but a flying report of a victory of Prince Charles over the Prussian, who, it is said, has lost ten thousand men, and both his legs by a cannon-ball. I have no notion of his losing them, but by breaking them in over-hurry to run away. However, it comes from a Jew, who had the first news of the passage of the Rhine². But, my dear child, how will this comfort me, if you are not to remain in peace at Florence! I tremble as I write!

Yesterday morning carried off those two old beldams, Sarah of Marlborough and the Countess Granville³; so now Uguccioni's epithalamium must be new-tricked out in titles, for my Lady Carteret is Countess! Poor Bistino! I wish my Lady P. may leave off her translation of Froissart to English the eight hundred and forty heroics⁴!

LETTER 162.—¹ An unfounded report.

² This report proved to be without foundation. *Walpole*.

³ Mother of John, Lord Carteret, who succeeded her in the title. *Walpole*.

⁴ Uguccioni had employed an abbe

When I know the particulars of old Marlborough's will, you shall.

My Lord Walpole has promised me a letter for young Gardiner; who, by the way, has pushed his fortune *en vrai bâtard*, without being so, for it never was pretended that he was my brother's: he protests he is not; but the youth has profited of his mother's gallantries.

I have not seen Admiral Matthews yet, but I take him to be very mad. He walks in the Park with a cockade of three colours: the Duke desired a gentleman to ask him the meaning, and all the answer he would give was, 'The Treaty of Worms! the Treaty of Worms⁵!' I design to see him, thank him for my packet, and inquire after the cases.

It is a most terrible loss for his parents, Lord Beauchamp's⁶ death: if they were out of the question, one could not be sorry for such a mortification to the pride of old Somerset. He has written the most shocking letter imaginable to poor Lord Hertford, telling him that it is a judgement upon him for all his undutifulness, and that he must always look upon himself as the cause of his son's death. Lord Hertford is as good a man as lives, and has always been most unreasonably ill-used by that old tyrant. The title of Somerset will revert to Sir Edward Seymour⁷, whose line has been most unjustly deprived of it from the first creation. The Protector, when only Earl of Hertford, married a great heiress⁸, and had a Lord Beauchamp, who was about twenty

to write an epithalamium of 840 Latin lines on Lord Carteret's marriage. (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 185.)

⁵ Tricolour cockades were worn in Italy by the English, Austrians, and Sardinians, whose alliance dated from the Treaty of Worms.

⁶ Only son of Algernon, Earl of Hertford, afterwards the last Duke of Somerset of that branch. Lord

Beauchamp died of the small-pox at Bologna. *Walpole*.

⁷ Sir Edward Seymour (circ. 1695-1757), sixth Baronet; succeeded his cousin as eighth Duke of Somerset, 1750.

⁸ Catherine, daughter of Sir William Fillol, of Woodlands, Dorsetshire; m. (circ. 1527) Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

when his mother died. His father then married an Ann Stanhope, with whom he was in love, and not only procured an act of Parliament to deprive Lord Beauchamp of his honours, and to settle the title of Somerset, which he was going to have, on the children of this second match, but took from him *even his mother's* fortune. From him descended Sir Edward Seymour, the Speaker⁹, who, on King William's landing, when he said to him, 'Sir Edward, I think you are of the Duke of Somerset's family?' replied, 'No, Sir : he is of mine.'

Lord Lincoln was married last Tuesday, and Lord Middlesex will be very soon. Have you heard the gentle manner of the French King's dismissing Madame de Châteauroux? In the very circle, the Bishop of Soissons¹⁰ told her, that, as the scandal the King had given with her was public, his Majesty thought his repentance ought to be so too, and that he therefore forbid her the court; and then turning to the monarch, asked him if that was not his pleasure, who replied, Yes. They have taken away her pension too, and turned out even laundresses that she had recommended for the future Dauphiness. To complete the scene of folly, the simple Queen has made a triumphal entry into Paris for the recovery of the King's soul—not forgetting his body. Were I he, and could ever be sensible of my folly, which he cannot be, is there any resentment one should not feel against that Bishop, for having made one expose oneself so ridiculously! Apropos to the Châteauroux: there is a Hanoverian come over, who was so ingenious as to tell Master Louis¹¹ how like he is to M. Walmoden. You

⁹ Fourth Baronet; Speaker of the House of Commons, 1673-79. Sir Edward Seymour was not however descended from the eldest, but from the second, son of the Protector Somerset.

¹⁰ Son of Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick. The Bishop of Soissons, on the King being given over at Metz,

prevailed on him to part with his mistress the Duchesse de Châteauroux: but the King soon recalled her, and confined the Bishop to his diocese. *Walpole*.

¹¹ Son of King George II, by Madame Walmoden, created Countess of Yarmouth. *Walpole*.

conceive that 'nous autres souverains nous n'aimons pas qu'on se méprenne aux gens': we don't love that our Fitzroys should be scandalized with any mortal resemblance.

I must tell you a good piece of discretion of a Scotch soldier, whom Mr. Selwyn met on Bexley Heath walking back to the army. He had met with a single glove at Hingham, which had been left there last year in an inn by an officer now in Flanders: this the fellow was carrying in hopes of a little money; but, for fear he should lose the glove, wore it all the way.

Thank you for General Braitwitz's *deux potences*¹². I hope that one of them at least will rid us of the Prussian. Adieu! my dear child; all my wishes are employed about Florence.

163. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 9, 1744.

I FIND I must not wait any longer for news, if I intend to keep up our correspondence. Nothing happens; nothing has since I wrote last, but Lord Middlesex's wedding; which was over a week before it was known. I believe the bride told it then; for he and all his family are so silent, that they would never have mentioned it: she might have popped out a child, before a single Sackville would have been at the expense of a syllable to justify her.

Our old acquaintance, the Pomfrets, are not so reserved about their great matrimony: the new Lady Granville was at home the other night for the first time of her being mistress of the house. I was invited, for I am in much favour with them all, but found myself extremely *déplacé*:

¹² General Braitwitz, Commander of the Queen of Hungary's troops in Tuscany, speaking of the two *powers*,

his Mistress and the King of Sardinia, instead of saying *ces deux Pouvoirs*, said, *ces deux Potences*. Walpole.

there was nothing but the Winchelseas and Baths, and the gleanings of a party stuffed out into a faction, some foreign ministers, and the whole blood of Farmor. My Lady Pomfret asked me if I corresponded still with the Grifona: 'No,' I said, 'since I had been threatened with a regale of hams and Florence wine, I had dropped it.' My Lady Granville said, 'You was afraid of being thought interested.' — 'Yes,' said the Queen-mother, with all the importance with which she is used to blunder out pieces of heathen mythology, 'I think it was very *ministerial*.' Don't you think that word came in as awkwardly as I did into their room? The *minister* is most gracious to me; he has returned my visit, which, you know, is never practised by that rank: I put it all down to my father's account, who is not likely to keep up the civility.

You will see the particulars of old Marlborough's will in the *Evening Posts* of this week: it is as extravagant as one should have expected; but I delight in her begging that no part of the Duke of Marlborough's life may be written in verse by Glover and Mallet, to whom she gives five hundred pounds a-piece for writing it in prose. There is a great deal of humour in the thought: to be sure the spirit of the dowager Leonidas¹ inspired her with it.

All public affairs in agitation at present go well for us: Prince Charles in Bohemia, the raising of the siege of Coni², and probably of that of Fribourg³, are very good circumstances. I shall be very tranquil this winter, if Tuscany does not come into play, or another scene of an invasion. In a fortnight meets the Parliament; nobody guesses what the turn of the opposition will be. Adieu! My love to the Chutes. I hope you now and then make my other

LETTER 163.—¹ Glover wrote a dull heroic poem on the action of Leonidas at Thermopylae. *Walpole*.

² By the allied French and Spaniards.

³ Freiburg surrendered to the French on Nov. 7, 1744.

compliments: I never forget the Princess, nor (ware hams !) the Grifona.

164. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 26, 1744.

I HAVE not prepared you for a great event, because it was really so unlikely to happen, that I was afraid of being the author of a mere political report ; but, to keep you no longer in suspense, Lord Granville has *resigned*: that is the term, *l'honnête façon de parler*; but, in few words, the truth of the history is, that the Duke of Newcastle (by the way, mind that the words I am going to use are not mine, but his Majesty's) 'being grown as jealous of Lord Granville as he had been of Lord Orford, and wanting to be first minister himself, which, a puppy ! how should he be ?' (*autre phrase royale*), and his brother being as susceptible of the noble passion of jealousy as he is, have long been conspiring to overturn the great Lord. Resolution and capacity were all they wanted to bring it about ; for the imperiousness and universal contempt which their rival had for them, and for the rest of the ministry, and for the rest of the nation, had made almost all men his enemies ; and, indeed, he took no pains to make friends : his maxim was, 'Give any man the crown on his side, and he can defy everything.' Winnington asked him, if that were true, how he came to be minister ? About a fortnight ago, the whole Cabinet Council, except Lord Bath, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Tweedale, the Duke of Bolton, and my good brother-in-law¹, (the two last severally bribed with the promise of Ireland,) did venture to let the King know, that he must part with them or with Lord Granville. The monarch does not love to be forced, and his son is full as angry. Both tried to avoid the

LETTER 164.—¹ George, Earl of Cholmondeley. *Walpole*.

rupture. My father was sent for, but excused himself from coming till last Thursday, and even then would not go to the King; and at last gave his opinion very unwillingly. But on Saturday it was finally determined: Lord Granville resigned the seals, which are given back to my Lord President Harrington. Lord Winchelsea quits too²; but for all the rest of that connection, they have agreed not to quit, but to be forced out: so Mr. Pelham must have a new struggle to remove every one. He can't let them stay in; because, to secure his power, he must bring in Lord Chesterfield, Pitt, the chief Patriots, and perhaps some Tories. The King has declared that my Lord Granville has his opinion and affection—the Prince warmly and openly espouses him. Judge how agreeably the two brothers will enjoy their ministry! To-morrow the Parliament meets: all in suspense! everybody will be staring at each other! I believe the war will still go on, but a little more Anglicized. For my part, I behold all with great tranquillity; I cannot be sorry for Lord Granville, for he certainly sacrificed everything to please the King; I cannot be glad for the Pelhams, for they sacrifice everything to their own jealousy and ambition.

Who are mortified are the fair Sophia and Queen Stanislaus³. However, the daughter carries it off heroically; the very night of her fall she went to the Oratorio. I talked to her much, and recollected all that had been said to me upon the like occasion three years ago; I succeeded, and am invited to her assembly next Tuesday. Tell Uguccioni that she still keeps *conversazioni*, or he will hang himself. She had no court, but an ugly sister and the fair old-fashioned Duke of Bolton. It put me in mind of a scene in Harry VIII, where Queen Catherine appears after her

² He was First Lord of the Admiralty.

³ Lady Pomfret.

divorce, with Patience her waiting-maid, and Griffith her gentleman-usher.

My dear child, *voilà le monde!* are you as great a philosopher about it as I am? You cannot imagine how I entertain myself, especially as all the ignorant flock hither, and conclude that my Lord must be minister again. Yesterday, three bishops came to do him homage; and who should be one of them but Dr. Thomas⁴, the only man mitred by Lord Granville! As I was not at all mortified with *our* fall, I am only diverted with this imaginary restoration. They little think how incapable my Lord is of business again. He has this whole summer been troubled with bloody water upon the least motion; and to-day Ranby assured me, that he has a stone in his bladder, which he himself believed before; so now he must never use the least exercise, never go into a chariot again; and if ever to Houghton, in a litter. Though this account will grieve you, I tell it you, that you may know what to expect; yet it is common for people to live many years in his situation.

If you are not as detached from everything as I am, you will wonder at my tranquillity, to be able to write such variety in the midst of hurricanes. It costs me nothing! so I shall write on, and tell you an adventure of my own. The town has been trying all this winter to beat pantomimes off the stage, very boisterously; for it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense a matter of riot and arms. Fleetwood, the master of Drury Lane, has omitted nothing to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago, he let into the pit great numbers of Bear-garden *bruisers* (that is the term), to knock down everybody that hissed. The pit rallied their forces, and drove them out: I was sitting very quietly in the side-

⁴ Bishop of Lincoln. *Walpole*.—Translated to Salisbury, 1761; d. 1766.

boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden the curtain flew up, and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs, to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar; and among the rest, who flew into a passion, but your friend the philosopher? In short, one of the actors advancing to the front of the stage to make an apology for the manager, he had scarce begun to say, 'Mr. Fleetwood—' when your friend, with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, 'He is an impudent rascal!' The whole pit huzzaed, and repeated the words. Only think of my being a popular orator! But what was still better, while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, 'Mr. W., what would you please to have us do next?' It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sunk down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the playhouse. The next night, the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, 'Where's Mr. W.? where's Mr. W.?' In short, the whole town has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler; which, I believe, would have stuck by me, if this new episode of Lord Granville had not luckily interfered.

We every minute expect news of the Mediterranean engagement; for, besides your account, Birtles has written the same from Genoa. We expect good news, too, from Prince Charles, who is driving the King of Prussia before him⁵. In the mean time, his wife the Archduchess⁶ is dead, which may be a signal loss to him.

⁵ From Bohemia.

⁶ Archduchess Maria Anna, sister

of the Queen of Hungary; d. Dec. 16, 1744.

I forgot to tell you that, on Friday, Lord Charles Hay⁷, who has more of the parts of an Irishman than of a Scot, told my Lady Granville at the Drawing-room, on her seeing so full a court, 'that people were come out of curiosity.' The Speaker⁸ is the happiest of any man in these bustles: he says, 'this Parliament has torn two favourite ministers from the throne.' His conclusion is, that the power of the Parliament will in the end be so great, that nobody can be minister but their own Speaker. . . .⁹

Winnington says . . .⁹ my Lord Chesterfield and Pitt will have places before old Marlborough's legacy to them for being Patriots is paid. My compliments to the family of Suares on the Vittorina's marriage. Adieu !

165. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 24, 1744.

You will wonder what has become of me: nothing has. I know it is above three weeks since I wrote to you; but I will tell you the reason. I have kept a parliamentary silence, which I must explain to you. Ever since Lord Granville went out, all has been in suspense. The leaders of the opposition immediately imposed silence upon their party: everything passed without the least debate—in short, *all were making their bargains*. One has heard of the corruption of courtiers; but believe me, the impudent prostitution of Patriots, going to market with their honesty, beats it to nothing. Do but think of two hundred men *of the most consummate virtue* setting themselves to sale for three weeks! I have been reprimanded by the wise for saying that they all stood like servants at a country statute fair to be hired. All this while nothing was certain: one day the

⁷ Brother of Lord Tweedale. *Walpole*.

⁸ Arthur Onslow. *Walpole*.

⁹ Passage omitted.

coalition was settled; the next, the treaty broke off: I hated to write to you what I might contradict next post. Besides, in my last letter I remember telling you that the Archduchess was dead; she did not die till a fortnight afterwards.

The result of the whole is this: the King, instigated by Lord Granville, has used all his ministry as ill as possible, and has with the greatest difficulty been brought to consent to the necessary changes. Mr. Pelham has had as much difficulty to regulate the disposition of places. Numbers of lists of the *hungry* have been given in by their *centurions*; of those, several Tories have refused to accept the proffered posts: some, from an impossibility of being re-chosen for their Jacobite counties. But upon the whole, it appears that their leaders have had very little influence with them; for not above four or five are come into place. The rest will stick to opposition. Here is a list of the changes, as made last Saturday:

Duke of Devonshire, Lord Steward, in the room of the Duke of Dorset.

Duke of Dorset, Lord President, in Lord Harrington's room.

†Lord Chesterfield, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the Duke of Devonshire's.

†Duke of Bedford, †Lord Sandwich, †George Grenville, Lord Vere Beauclerc, and Admiral Anson, Lords of the Admiralty, in the room of *Lord Winchelsea, *Dr. Lee, *Cockburn, *Sir Charles Hardy, and *Philipson.

†Mr. Arundel¹ and †George Lyttelton, Lords of the Treasury, in the room of *Compton and *Gybbon.

LETTER 165. —¹ Hon. Richard Arundel, second son of second Baron Arundel of Trerice; M.P. for Knaresborough; Master of the Mint, 1737–

44; Lord of the Treasury, 1744–46; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1746–47; d. 1758.

+Lord Gower again Privy Seal in *Lord Cholmondeley's room, who is made Vice-Treasurer of Ireland in *Harry Vane's.

+Mr. Dodington, Treasurer of the Navy, in *Sir John Rushout's.

+Mr. Waller, Cofferer, in *Lord Sandys'.

Lord Hobart², Captain of the Pensioners, in *Lord Bathurst's.

+Sir John Cotton, Treasurer of the Chambers, in Lord Hobart's.

Mr. Keene³, Paymaster of the Pensions, in *Mr. Hooper's.

+Sir John Philipps and +John Pitt, Commissioners of Trade, in Mr. Keene's and *Sir Charles Gilmour's.

+William Chetwynd, Master of the Mint, in Mr. Arundel's.

+Lord Halifax, Master of the Buck-hounds, in Mr. Jennison's⁴, who has a pension.

All those with a cross are from the opposition; those with a star, the turned out, and are all of the Granville and Bath squadron, except Lord Cholmondeley, (who, too, had connected with the former,) and Mr. Philipson. The King parted with great regret with Lord Cholmondeley, and complains loudly of the force put upon him. The Prince, who is full as warm as his father for Lord Granville, has already turned out Lyttelton, who was his secretary, and Lord Halifax⁵, and has named Mr. Drax⁶ and Lord Inchiquin⁷ in their places. You perceive the great Mr. William Pitt is not in the list, though he comes thoroughly into the measures. To preserve his character and authority in the

² John Hobart (circ. 1695-1756), first Baron Hobart; cr. Earl of Buckinghamshire, 1746; Lord of Trade, 1721; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1727-44; Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners, 1744.

³ Benjamin Keene, M.P. for West Looe.

⁴ Ralph Jenison.

⁵ Lord Halifax was Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales.

⁶ Henry Drax, of Ellerton Abbey, Yorkshire; M.P. for Wareham.

⁷ William O'Brien, fourth Earl of Inchiquin; Lord of the Bedchamber to Prince of Wales, 1744; d. 1777.

Parliament, he was unwilling to accept anything yet: the ministry very rightly insisted that he should; he asked for Secretary at War, knowing it would be refused—and it was.

By this short sketch, and it is impossible to be more explanatory, you will perceive that all is confusion: all parties broken to pieces, and the whole opposition by tens and by twenties selling themselves for profit—power they get none! It is not easy to say where power resides at present: it is plain that it resides not in the King; and yet he has enough to hinder anybody else from having it. His new governors have no interest with him—scarce any converse with him.

The Pretender's son is owned in France as Prince of Wales; the princes of the blood have been to visit him in form. The Duchess of Châteauroux⁸ is poisoned there; so their monarch is as ill-used as our most gracious King! How go your Tuscan affairs? I am always trembling for you, though I am laughing at everything else. My father is pretty well: he is taking a preparation of Mrs. Stephens's⁹ medicine; but I think all his physicians begin to agree that he has no large stone.

Adieu! my dear child: I think the present comedy cannot be of long duration. The Parliament is adjourned for the holidays: I am impatient to see the first division.

166. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 4, 1745.

WHEN I receive your long letters, I am ashamed: mine are notes in comparison. How do you contrive to roll out your patience into two sheets? You certainly don't love

⁸ The Duchesse de Châteauroux died Dec. 8, 1744. She was not poisoned.

⁹ It was Dr. Jurin's preparation. *Walpole.*

me better than I do you; and yet if our loves were to be sold by the quire, you would have by far the more magnificent stock to dispose of. I can only say, that age has already an effect on the vigour of my pen; none on yours: it is not, I assure you, for you alone, but my ink is at low watermark for all my acquaintance. My present shame arises from a letter of eight sides, of December 8th, which I received from you last post; but before I say a word to that, I must tell you that I have at last received the cases; three with *gesse* figures, and one with Lord Conway's gun-barrels: I thought there were to be four, besides the guns; but I quite forget, and did not even remember what they were to contain. Am not I in your debt again? Tell me, for you know how careless I am. Look over your list, and see whether I have received all. There were four barrels, the Ganymede, the Sleeping Cupid, the model of my statue, the *Musaeum Florentinum*, and some seeds for your brother. But alas! though I received them in gross, I did not at all in detail; the model was broken into ten thousand bits, and the Ganymede short in two; besides some of the fingers quite reduced to powder. . . .¹ Rysbrack² has undertaken to mend him. . . .³ The little Morpheus arrived quite whole, and is charmingly pretty; I like it better in plaster than in the original black marble.

It is not being an upright senator to promise one's vote beforehand, especially in a money matter; but I believe so many excellent Patriots have just done the same thing, that I shall venture readily to engage my promise to you, to get you any sum for the defence of Tuscany—why, it is to defend you and my own country! my own palace in *Via di Santo Spirito*⁴, my own Princess *épuisée*, and all my family!

LETTER 166.—¹ Passage omitted.

² John Michael Rysbrack, sculptor; d. 1770.

³ Passage omitted.

⁴ The street in Florence where Mr. Mann lived. *Walpole*.

I shall quite make interest for you : nay, I would speak to our new ally, and your old acquaintance, Lord Sandwich, to assist in it ; but I could have no hope of getting at his ear, for he has put on such a first-rate tie-wig, on his admission to the Admiralty board, that nothing without the lungs of a boatswain can ever think to penetrate the thickness of the curls. I think, however, it does honour to the dignity of ministers : when he was but a Patriot, his wig was not of half its present gravity. There are no more changes made : all is quiet yet ; but next Thursday the Parliament meets to decide the complexion of the session. My Lord Chesterfield goes next week to Holland, and then returns for Ireland.

The great present disturbance in politics is my Lady Granville's assembly ; which I do assure you distresses the Pelhams infinitely more than a mysterious meeting of the States would, and far more than the abrupt breaking up of the Diet at Grodno. She had begun to keep Tuesdays before her lord resigned, which now she continues with greater zeal. Her house is very fine, she very handsome, her lord very agreeable and extraordinary ; and yet the Duke of Newcastle wonders that people will go thither. He mentioned to my father my going there, who laughed at him ; *Cato's a proper person* to trust with such a childish jealousy ! Harry Fox says, ' Let the Duke of Newcastle open his own house, and see if all that come thither are his friends.' The fashion now is to send cards to the women, and to declare that all men are welcome without being asked. This is a piece of ease that shocks the prudes of the last age. You can't imagine how my Lady Granville shines in doing honours ; you know she is made for it. My Lord has new furnished his mother's apartment for her, and has given her a magnificent set of dressing-plate : he is very fond of her, and she as fond of his being so.

You will have heard of Marshal Belleisle's being made a prisoner at Hanover ; the world will believe it was not by accident. He is sent for over hither: the first thought was to confine him to the Tower⁶, but that is contrary to the *politesse* of modern war: they talk of sending him to Nottingham, where Tallard⁷ was. I am sure, if he is prisoner at large anywhere, we could not have a worse inmate! so ambitious and intriguing a man, who was author of this whole war, will be no bad general to be ready to head the Jacobites on any insurrection.

I can say nothing more about young Gardiner, but that I don't think my father at all inclined now to have any letter written for him. Adieu!

167. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 14, 1745.

I HAVE given my uncle the letter from M. de Magnan ; he had just received another from him at Venice, to desire his recommendation to you. His history is, first,—the Regent picked him up, (I don't know from whence, but he is of the Greek church,) to teach the present Duke of Orléans¹ the Russ tongue, when they had a scheme for marrying him into Muscovy. At Paris Lord Waldegrave² met with him, and sent him over hither, where they pensioned him, and he was to be a spy, but made nothing out ; till the King was weary of giving him money, and then they dispatched him to Vienna, with a recommendation to

⁵ On Dec. 20, 1744, Belleisle and his brother, the Chevalier de Belleisle, were taken prisoner at Elben-gerode, on Hanoverian territory, while changing horses.

⁶ He was lodged on parole in Windsor Castle.

⁷ Camille d'Hostun (1652-1728),

Comte de Tallard, Maréchal de France, prisoner in England, 1704-11.

LETTER 167.—¹ Louis, Duc d'Orléans (1703-1752). He married a Princess of Baden.

² The first Earl Waldegrave, some-time Ambassador in Paris.

Count d'Uhlefeldt³, who, I suppose, has tacked him upon the Great Duke. My uncle says, he knows no ill of him; that you may be civil to him, but not enter into correspondence with him: you need not; he is of no use. Apropos to you; I have been in a fright about you; we were told that Prince Lobkowitz was landed at Harwich; I did not like the name; and as he has been troublesome to you, I did not know but he might fancy he had some complaints against you. I wondered that you had never mentioned his being set out; but it is his son, a travelling boy of twenty; he is sent under the care of an apothecary and surgeon, from whence I conclude that he will never have much occasion for the latter.

The Parliament is met: one hears of the Tory opposition continuing, but nothing has appeared yet; all is quiet. Lord Chesterfield is set out for the Hague: I don't know what ear the States will lend to his embassy, when they hear with what difficulty the King was brought to give him a parting audience; and which, by a watch, did not last five-and-forty seconds. The Granville faction are still the constant and only countenanced people at Court. . . .⁴ Lord Winchelsea, one of the disgraced, played at court on Twelfth-night, and won: the King asked him next morning, how much he had for his own share⁵? He replied, 'Sir, about a quarter's salary.' I liked the spirit, and was talking to him of it the next night at Lord Granville's: 'Why, yes,' said he, 'I think it showed familiarity at least: tell it your father; I don't think he will dislike it.' My Lady Granville gives a ball this week, but in a manner a private one, to the two families of Carteret and Farmor and their intimacies: there is a fourth sister, Lady Juliana⁶,

³ The Austrian Chancellor.

⁴ Passage omitted.

⁵ Those who play at court on Twelfth-night make a bank with several people. *Walpole*.

⁶ Since married to Mr. Penn. *Walpole*.—Fourth daughter of first Earl of Pomfret; m. (1751) Thomas Penn, one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania.

who is very handsome, but I think not so well as Sophia: the latter thinks herself breeding.

I will tell you a very good thing: Lord Baltimore will not come into the Admiralty, because in the new commission they give Lord Vere Beauclerk the precedence to him, and he has dispersed printed papers with precedents in his favour. A gentleman, I don't know who, the other night at Tom's Coffee House, said, 'It put him in mind of Penkethman's⁷ petition in the *Spectator* where he complains, that formerly he used to act second chair in *Dioclesian*, but now was reduced to dance fifth flower-pot.'

The Duke of Montagu has found out an old penny-history-book, called *the Old Woman's Will of Ratcliffe Highway*, which he has bound up with his mother-in-law's, old Marlborough's, only tearing away the title-page of the latter⁸.

My father has been extremely ill this week with his disorder; I think the physicians are more and more persuaded that it is the stone in his bladder. He is taking a preparation of Mrs. Stephens's medicine, a receipt of one Dr. Jurin, which we began to fear was too violent for him: I made his doctor angry with me by arguing on this medicine, which I never could comprehend. It is of so great violence, that it is to split a stone when it arrives at it, and yet it is to do no damage to all the tender intestines through which it must first pass. I told him I thought it was like an admiral going on a secret expedition of war, with instructions, which are not to be opened till he arrives in such a latitude.

George Townshend⁹, my Lord's eldest son, who is at the

⁷ William Penkethman, d. 1725.

⁸ The Duchess of Marlborough's will was published in a thin octavo volume. *Dover*.

⁹ Hon. George Townshend (1724-1807), eldest son of third Viscount

Townshend, whom he succeeded in 1764; cr. (1787) Marquis Townshend. He served in the army; A.D.C. to the Duke of Cumberland, 1747-50; A.D.C. to George II, 1758; was at the battles of Culloden and Laffeld;

Hague on his travels, has had an offer to raise a regiment for their service, of which he is to be colonel, with power of naming all his own officers. It was proposed that it should consist of Irish Roman Catholics, but the regency of Ireland have represented against that, because they think they will all desert to the French. He is now to try it of Scotch, which will scarce succeed, unless he will let all the officers be of the same nation. An affair of this kind first raised the late Duke of Argyll, and was the cause of his first quarrel with the Duke of Marlborough, who was against his coming into our army in the same rank.

Sir Thomas Hanmer¹⁰ has at last published his Shakespeare: he has made several alterations, but they will be the less talked of, as he has not marked in the text, margin, or notes, where or why he has made any change; but everybody must be obliged to collate it with other editions. One most curiously absurd alteration I have been told. In *Othello*, it is said of Cassio, 'a Florentine, one almost damned in a fair wife.' It happens that there is no other mention in the play of Cassio's wife. Sir Thomas has altered it—how do you think?—no, I should be sorry if you could think how—'almost damned in a fair *phiz*!'—what a tragic word! and what sense! . . .¹¹

Adieu! I see advertised a translation of Dr. Cocchi's book on living on vegetables¹²: does he know anything of it? My service to him and everybody.

commanded as Brigadier on the expedition against Quebec (1759), and received the surrender of the town, Sept. 17; Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, 1763-67; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1767-72; Master-General of the Ordnance, 1772-82, 1783; Field Marshal, 1796.

¹⁰ Sir Thomas Hanmer (1677-1746), fourth Baronet; Speaker of the House of Commons, 1714. His edition of Shakespeare (in six volumes) was published by the Clarendon Press.

¹¹ Passage omitted.

¹² *Del Vitto Pittagorico*.

168. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1745.

I AM glad my letters, obscure as they of course must be, give you any light into England; but don't mind them too much; they may be partial; must be imperfect; don't *negotiate* upon this authority, but have Capello's¹¹ example before your eyes! How I laugh when I see him important, and see my Lady Pomfret's letters at the bottom of his instructions! how it would make a philosopher smile at the vanity of politics! How it diverts me, who can entertain myself at the expense of philosophy, politics, or anything else! Mr. Conway says I laugh at all serious characters—so I do—and at myself too, who am far from being of the number. Who would not laugh at a world, where so ridiculous a creature as the Duke of Newcastle can overturn ministries! Don't take me for a partisan of Lord Granville's because I despise his rivals; I am not for adopting his measures; they were wild and dangerous: in his single capacity, I think him a great genius; and without having recourse to the Countess's *translatable* periods, am pleased with his company. His frankness charms one when it is not necessary to depend upon it; and his contempt of fools is very flattering to any one who happens to know the present ministry. Their coalition goes on as one should expect; they have the name of having effected it; and the opposition is no longer mentioned: yet there is not a half-witted prater in the House but can divide with every new minister on his side, except Lyttelton, whenever he pleases. They actually do every day bring in popular bills, and on the first tinkling of the brass, all the new bees swarm back

to the Tory side of the House. The other day, on the Flanders army, Mr. Pitt came down to prevent this: he was very ill, but made a very strong and much admired speech for coalition, which for that day succeeded, and the army was voted with but one negative. But now the Emperor² is dead, and everything must wear a new face. If it produces a peace, Mr. Pelham is a fortunate man! He will do extremely well at the beginning of peace, like the man in Madame de la Fayette's³ *Memoirs*, *qui exerceoit extrêmement bien sa charge, quand il n'avoit rien à faire*. However, do you keep well with them, and be sure don't write me back any treason, in answer to all I write to you: you are to please them; I think of them as they are.

The new Elector⁴ seems to set out well for us, though there are accounts of his having taken the style of Archduke, as claiming the Austrian succession: if he has, it will be like the children's game of *beat knaves out of doors*, where you play the pack twenty times over; one gets pam, the other gets pam, but there is no conclusion of the game, till one side has never a card left.

After my ill success with the baronet⁵, to whom I gave a letter for you, I shall always be very cautious how I recommend barbarians to your protection. I have this morning been solicited for some credentials for a Mr. Oxenden⁶. I could not help laughing; he is son of Sir George⁷, my Lady W.'s famous lover! Can he want recommendations

² Charles VII, Elector of Bavaria. *Walpole*.—Maria Theresa's rival for the Imperial crown.

³ Marie Madeleine Pioche de la Vergne (1634–1693), Comtesse de la Fayette, novelist and writer of *Memoirs*. She was on terms of the closest friendship with Madame de Sévigné.

⁴ Maximilian Joseph I; d. 1777.

⁵ Sir William Maynard. *Walpole*.

⁶ Henry, eldest son of Sir George Oxenden, whom he succeeded as sixth Baronet in 1775; d. 1803.

⁷ Sir George Oxenden (d. 1775), fifth Baronet; Lord of the Admiralty, 1725–27; Lord of the Treasury, 1727–36. He owed these employments to Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he was in high favour. He was a notorious profligate. (See Hervey, *Memoirs*, ed. 1884, vol. iii, p. 147.)

to Florence? However, I must give him a letter; but beg you will not give yourself any particular trouble about him, for I do not know him enough to bow to. His person is good: that and his name, I suppose, will bespeak my Lady's attentions, and save you the fatigue of doing him many honours.

Thank Mr. Chute for his letter; I will answer it very soon. I delight in the article of the *Mantua Gazette*. Adieu!

169. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 28, 1745.

You have heard from your brother the reason of my not having written to you so long. I have been out but twice since my father fell into this illness, which is now near a month; and all that time either continually in his room, or obliged to see multitudes of people; for it is most wonderful how everybody of all kinds has affected to express their concern for him! He has been out of danger above this week; but I can't say he mended at all perceptibly, till these last three days. His spirits are amazing, and his constitution more; for Dr. Hulse said honestly from the first, that if he recovered, it would be from his own strength, not from their art. After the four or five first days, in which they gave him the bark, they resigned him to the struggles of his own good temperament—and it has surmounted! surmounted an explosion and discharge of thirty-two pieces of stone, a constant and vast effusion of blood for five days, a fever of three weeks, a perpetual flux of water, and sixty-nine years, already (one should think) worn down with his vast fatigues! How much more he will ever recover, one scarce dare hope about: for us, he is greatly recovered; for himself—

March 4th.

I had written thus far last week, without being able to find a moment to finish. In the midst of all my attendance on my Lord and receiving visits, I am forced to go out and thank those that have come and sent; for his recovery is now at such a pause, that I fear it is in vain to expect much farther amendment. How dismal a prospect for him, with the possession of the greatest understanding in the world, not the least impaired, to lie without any use of it! for to keep him from pains and restlessness, he takes so much opiate, that he is scarce awake four hours of the four-and-twenty; but I will say no more of this.

Our coalition goes on thrivingly; but at the expense of the old court, who are all discontented, and are likely soon to show their resentment. The brothers have seen the best days of their ministry. The Hanover troops dismissed to please the opposition, and taken again with their consent, under the cloak of an additional subsidy to the Queen of Hungary, who is to pay them. This has set the Patriots in so villainous a light, that they will be ill able to support a minister who has thrown such an odium on the Whigs, after they had so stoutly supported that measure last year, and which, after all the clamour, is now universally adopted, as you see. If my Lord Granville had any resentment, as he seems to have nothing but thirst, sure there is no vengeance he might not take! So far from contracting any prudence from his fall, he laughs it off every night over two or three bottles. The Countess is with child. I believe she and the Countess-mother have got it; for there is nothing ridiculous which they have not done and said about it. There was a private masquerade lately at the Venetian ambassadress's for the Prince of Wales, who named the company, and expressly excepted my Lady Lincoln and others of the Pelham faction. My Lady Gran-

ville came late, dressed like Imoinda, and handsomer than one of the houris: the Prince asked why she would not dance? 'Indeed, Sir, I was afraid I could not have come at all, for I had a fainting fit after dinner.' The other night my Lady Townshend made a great ball on her son's¹ coming of age: I went for a little while, little thinking of dancing. I asked my Lord Granville, why my Lady did not dance? 'Oh, Lord! I wish you would ask her; she will with you.' I was caught, and did walk down one country-dance with her; but the prudent *Signora-madre* would not let her expose the young Carteret any farther.

You say you expect much information about Belleisle, but there has not (in the style of the newspapers) the least particular transpired. He was at first kept magnificently close at Windsor²; but the expense proving above one hundred pounds per day, they have taken his parole, and sent him to Nottingham, *à la Tallarde*. Pray, is De Sade with you still? his brother has been taken too by the Austrians.

My Lord Coke is going to be married to a Miss Shawe³ of forty thousand pounds. Lord Hartington is contracted to Lady Charlotte Boyle, the heiress of Burlington, and sister of the unhappy Lady Euston; but she is not yet old enough. Earl Stanhope, too, has at last lifted up his eyes from Euclid, and directed them to matrimony. He has chosen the eldest sister⁴ of your acquaintance Lord Haddington⁵.

I revive about you and Tuscany. I will tell you what is thought to have reprieved you: it is much suspected

LETTER 169. — ¹ Hon. George Townshend.

² In April Belleisle took Frogmore House, near Windsor. (*Gent. Mag.*, 1745, p. 219.)

³ According to Lord Dover this was Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Shaw, of Besthorpe, Norfolk. She

married (1747) William Byron, fifth Baron Byron; d. 1788.

⁴ Hon. Grisel Hamilton, eldest daughter of Lord Binning; m. (1745) Philip Stanhope, second Earl Stanhope; d. 1811.

⁵ Thomas Hamilton (circ. 1721-1794), seventh Earl of Haddington.

that the King of Spain ⁶ is dead. I hope those superstitious people will pinch the Queen ⁷, as they do witches, to make her loosen the charm that has kept the Prince of Asturias ⁸ from having children. At least this must turn out better than the death of the Emperor has.

The Duke ⁹, you hear, is named generalissimo, with Count Koningseg ¹⁰, Lord Dunmore ¹¹, and Legonier ¹² under him. Poor boy! he is most Brunswickly happy with his drums and trumpets. Do but think that this sugar-plum was to tempt him to swallow that bolus the Princess of Denmark! What will they do if they have children ¹³! The late Queen never forgave the Duke of Richmond, for telling her that his children would take place before the Duke's grandchildren.

I inclose you a pattern for a chair, which your brother desired me to send you. I thank you extremely for the views of Florence; you can't imagine what wishes they have awakened. My best thanks to Dr. Cocchi for his book: I have delivered all the copies as directed. Mr. Chute will excuse me yet; the first moment I have time, I will write.

I have just received your letter of Feb. 16, and grieve for your disorder: you know how much concern your ill-health gives me. Adieu! my dear child: I write with twenty people in the room.

⁶ Philip V.

⁷ Elizabeth Farnese. The Prince of Asturias was her stepson.

⁸ Afterwards Ferdinand VI; he died childless in 1759.

⁹ Of Cumberland.

¹⁰ Field Marshal Count Königs-eck.

¹¹ John Murray (circ. 1685-1752), second Earl of Dunmore; a General in the Army; Colonel 3rd Foot Guards; Governor of Plymouth;

Lord of the Bedchamber, 1731-52.

¹² Sir John Louis Ligonier, K.B. (circ. 1680-1770), cr. Viscount Ligonier of Enniskillen, co. Fermanagh, 1757; cr. (1766) Earl Ligonier (in England). He took part in all Marlborough's campaigns. Field Marshal, 1757; Commander-in-Chief, 1757-66.

¹³ The Duke of Cumberland died unmarried.

170. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 29, 1745.

I BEGGED your brother to tell you what it was impossible for me to tell you¹. You share nearly in our common loss! Don't expect me to enter at all upon the subject. After the melancholy two months that I have passed, and in my situation, you will not wonder I shun a conversation which could not be bounded by a letter—a letter that would grow into a panegyric, or a piece of moral; improper for me to write upon, and too distressful for us both!—a death is only to be felt, never to be talked over by those it touches!

I had yesterday your letter of three sheets: I began to flatter myself that the storm was blown over, but I tremble to think of the danger you are in! a danger, in which even the protection of the great friend you have lost could have been of no service to you. How ridiculous it seems for me to renew protestations of my friendship for you, at an instant when my father is just dead, and the Spaniards just bursting into Tuscany! How empty a charm would my name have, when all my interest and significance are buried in my father's grave! All hopes of present peace, the only thing that could save you, seem vanished. We expect every day to hear of the French declaration of war against Holland. The new Elector of Bavaria is French, like his father; and the King of Spain is not dead. I don't know how to talk to you. I have not even a belief that the Spaniards will spare Tuscany. My dear child, what will become of you? whither will you retire till a peace restores you to your ministry? for upon that distant view alone I repose!

LETTER 170.—¹ The death of Lord Orford. *Walpole*.—On March 18, 1745, in his sixty-ninth year.

We are every day nearer confusion. The King is in as bad humour as a monarch can be; he wants to go abroad, and is detained by the Mediterranean affair²; the inquiry into which was moved by a Major Selwyn, a dirty pensioner, half-turned Patriot, by the Court being overstocked with votes. This inquiry takes up the whole time of the House of Commons, but I don't see what conclusion it can have. My confinement has kept me from being there, except the first day; and all I know of what is yet come out is, as it was stated by a Scotch member the other day, 'that there had been one (Matthews) with a bad head, another (Lestock) with a worse heart, and four (the captains of the inactive ships) with na heart at all.' Among the numerous visits of form that I have received, one was from my Lord Sandys: as we two could only converse upon general topics, we fell upon this of the Mediterranean, and I made *him* allow, 'that, to be sure, there is not so bad a court of justice in the world as the House of Commons; and how hard it is upon any man to have his cause tried there!'

Sir Everard Falkner³ is made secretary to the Duke, who is not yet gone: I have got Mr. Conway to be one of his Aide-de-Camps. Sir Everard has since been offered the Joint Postmastership, vacant by Sir John Eyles's⁴ death; but he would not quit the Duke. It was then proposed to the King to give it to the brother: it happened to be a cloudy day, and he only answered, 'I know who Sir Everard is, but I don't know who Mr. Falkner is.'

The world expects some change when the Parliament

² Matthews's action off Toulon in February, 1744.

³ He had been Ambassador at Constantinople. *Walpole*.—Sir Everard Fawkener, Knight (1684–1758); Joint Postmaster-General, 1745–58. He was a scholar, and a collector of coins and medals. Voltaire was his

guest during the greater part of his stay in England (1726–29), and dedicated to Fawkener the third edition of his tragedy of *Zaire*.

⁴ Sir John Eyles, second Baronet; Joint Postmaster-General, 1739–45, and sometime M.P. for the City of London.

risers. My Lord Granville's physicians have ordered him to go to the Spa, as, you know, they often send ladies to the Bath who are very ill of a want of diversion. It will scarce be possible for the present ministry to endure this jaunt. Then they are losing many of their new allies: the new Duke of Beaufort⁵, a most determined and unwavering Jacobite, has openly set himself at the head of that party, and forced them to vote against the court, and to renounce my Lord Gower. My wise cousin, Sir John Phillipps, has resigned his place⁶; and it is believed that Sir John Cotton will soon resign: but the Bedford, Pitt, Lyttelton, and that squadron, stick close to their places. Pitt has lately resigned his Bedchamber to the Prince, which, in friendship to Lyttelton, it was expected he would have done long ago. They have chosen for this resignation a very apposite passage out of *Cato*:

'He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me
He would not stay, and perish like Sempronius.'

This was Williams's. Winnington says, 'Pitt is turned deist, and has renounced the Son for the Father'—but good divines would tell him, that upon this occasion the Father would not reward that compliment.

My Lord Coke's match is broken off, upon some coquetry of the lady with Mr. Mackenzie⁷ at the Ridotto. My Lord Leicester says, 'there shall not be a third lady in Norfolk of the species of the two fortunes that matched at Rainham and Houghton⁸.' Pray, will the new Countess of Orford come to England?

⁵ Charles Noel Somerset, fourth Duke of Beaufort.

⁶ He was a Lord of Trade.

⁷ Hon. James Stuart-Mackenzie, second son of second Earl of Bute, and brother of the minister of George III. He took the additional surname of Mackenzie on inheriting

an estate from his great-grandfather. He was Envoy at Turin, 1759; Lord Privy Seal for Scotland, 1763-65, 1766-1800; d. 1800.

⁸ Margaret Rolle, Countess of Orford, and Ethelreda Harrison, Viscountess Townshend. *Walpole*.

The town flocks to a new play of Thomson's called *Tancred and Sigismunda*: it is very dull; I have read it. I cannot bear modern poetry; these refiners of the purity of the stage, and of the incorrectness of English verse, are most wofully insipid. I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than *Leonidas* or *The Seasons*; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame genius's, a Mr. Akinside⁹, who writes Odes: in one he has lately published, he says, 'Light the tapers, urge the fire.' Had not you rather make gods 'jostle in the dark,' than light the candles for fear they should break their heads? One Russel, a mimic, has a puppet-show to ridicule operas; I hear, very dull, not to mention its being twenty years too late: it consists of three acts, with foolish Italian songs burlesqued in Italian.

There is a very good quarrel on foot between two duchesses: she of Queensberry sent to invite Lady Emily Lenox to a ball: her Grace of Richmond, who is wonderfully cautious since Lady Caroline's elopement, sent word, 'she could not determine.' The other sent again the same night: the same answer. The Queensberry then sent word, that she had made up her company, and desired to be excused from having Lady Emily's; but at the bottom of the card wrote, 'Too great a trust.' You know how mad she is, and how capable of such a stroke. There is no declaration of war come out from the other Duchess; but, I believe it will be made a national quarrel of the whole illegitimate royal family.

It is the present fashion to make conundrums: there are books of them printed, and produced at all assemblies: they are full silly enough to be made a fashion. I will tell you

⁹ Mark Akenside (1721-1770).

the most renowned: 'Why is my uncle Horace like two people conversing?—Because he is both teller and auditor¹⁰.' This was Winnington's. . . .¹¹

Well, I had almost forgot to tell you a most extraordinary impertinence of your Florentine Marquis Riccardi. About three weeks ago, I received a letter by Monsieur Wasner's¹² footman from the marquis. He tells me most cavalierly, that he has sent me seventy-seven antique gems to sell for him, by the way of Paris, not caring it should be known in Florence. He will have them sold altogether, and the lowest price two thousand pistoles. You know what no-acquaintance I had with him. I shall be as frank as he, and not receive them. If I did, they might be lost in sending back, and then I must pay his two thousand *doppie di Spagna*. The refusing to receive them is positively all the notice I shall take of it.

I inclose what I think a fine piece on my father¹³: it was written by Mr. Ashton, whom you have often heard me mention as a particular friend. You see how I try to make out a long letter, in return for your kind one, which yet gave me great pain by telling me of your fever. My dearest Sir, it is terrible to have illness added to your other distresses!

I will take the first opportunity to send Dr. Cocchi his translated book; I have not yet seen it myself.

Adieu! my dearest child! I write with a house full of relations, and must conclude. Heaven preserve you and Tuscany!

171. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 15, 1745.

By this time you have heard of my Lord's death: I fear it will have been a very great shock to you. I hope your

¹⁰ Of the Exchequer.

¹¹ Passage omitted.

¹² The Imperial Minister in London.

¹³ It was printed in the public papers. *Walpole*.

brother will write you all the particulars ; for my part, you can't expect I should enter into the details of it. His enemies pay him the compliment of saying, 'they do believe now that he did not plunder the public, as he was accused (as *they* accused him) of doing, he having died in such circumstances.' If he had no proofs of his honesty but this, I don't think this would be such indisputable authority: not leaving immense riches would be scanty evidence of his not having acquired them, there happening to be such a thing as spending them. It is certain he is dead very poor: his debts, with his legacies, which are trifling, amount to fifty thousand pounds. His estate, a nominal eight thousand a year, much mortgaged. In short, his fondness for Houghton has endangered Houghton. If he had not so overdone it, he might have left such an estate to his family as might have secured the glory of the place for many years: another such debt must expose it to sale. If he had lived, his unbounded generosity and contempt of money would have run him into vast difficulties. However irreparable his personal loss may be to his friends, he certainly died critically well for himself: he had lived to stand the rudest trials with honour, to see his character universally cleared, his enemies brought to infamy for their ignorance or villany, and the world allowing him to be the only man in England fit to be what he had been; and he died at a time when his age and infirmities prevented his again undertaking the support of a government which engrossed his whole care, and which he foresaw was falling into the last confusion. In this I hope his judgement failed! His fortune attended him to the last; for he died of the most painful of all distempers, with little or no pain.

The House of Commons have at last finished their great affair, their inquiry into the Mediterranean miscarriage. It was carried on with more decency and impartiality than

ever was known in so tumultuous, popular, and partial a court. I can't say it ended so; for the Tories, all but one single man, voted against Matthews, whom they have not forgiven for lately opposing one of their friends in Monmouthshire, and for carrying his election. The greater part of the Whigs were for Lestock. This last is a very great man: his cause, most unfriended, came before the House with all the odium that could be laid on a man standing in the light of having betrayed his country. His merit, I mean his parts, prevailed, and have set him in a very advantageous point of view. Harry Fox has gained the greatest honour by his assiduity and capacity in this affair. Matthews remains in the light of a hot, brave, imperious, dull, confused fellow. The question was to address the King to appoint a trial, by court-martial, of the two admirals and the four coward captains. Matthews's friends were for leaving out his name, but, after a very long debate, were only 76 to 218. It is generally supposed, that the two admirals will be acquitted and the captains hanged. By what I can make out, (for you know I have been confined, and could not attend the examination,) Lestock preferred his own safety to the glory of his country; I don't mean cowardly, for he is most unquestionably brave, but selfishly. Having to do with a man who, he knew, would take the slightest opportunity to ruin him, if he in the least transgressed his orders, and knowing that man too dull to give right orders, he chose to stick to the letter, when, by neglecting it, he might have done the greatest service.

We hear of great news from Bavaria, of that Elector being forced into a neutrality¹; but it is not confirmed.

Mr. Legge is made Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Philipson Surveyor of the Roads in his room. This is all I know.

LETTER 171.—¹ The Peace of Füssen (signed April 22, 1745), by which

the Elector of Bavaria renounced his claim to the empire.

I look with anxiety every day into the Gazettes about Tuscany, but hitherto I find all is quiet. My dear Sir, I tremble for you!

I have been much desired to get you to send five *gesse* figures; the Venus, the Faun, the Mercury, the Cupid and Psyche, and the little Bacchus; you know the original is modern: if this is not to be had, then the Ganymede. My dear child, I am sorry to give you this trouble; order anybody to buy them, and to send them from Leghorn by the first ship. Let me have the bill, and bill of lading. Adieu!

172. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 29, 1745.

WHEN you wrote your last of the 6th of this month, you was still in hopes about my father. I wish I had received your letters on his death, for it is most shocking to have all the thoughts opened again upon such a subject!—it is the great disadvantage of a distant correspondence. There was a report here a fortnight ago, of the new Countess¹ coming over. She could not then have heard it. Can she be so mad? Why should she suppose all her shame buried in my Lord's grave? or does not she know, has she seen so little of the world, as not to be sensible that she will now return in a worse light than ever? A few malicious, who would have countenanced her to vex him, would now treat her like the rest of the world. It is a private family affair; a husband, a mother, and a son, all party against her, all wounded by her conduct, would be too much to get over!

My dear child, you have nothing but misfortunes of your friends to lament. You have new subject by the loss of poor Mr. Chute's brother². It really is a great loss! he

LETTER 172.—¹ Horace Walpole's sister-in-law, the new Countess of Orford. ² Francis Chute, a very eminent lawyer. *Walpole*.

was a most rising man, and one of the best-natured and most honest that ever lived. If it would not sound ridiculously, though, I assure you, I am far from feeling it lightly, I would tell you of poor Patapan's death: he died about ten days ago.

This peace with the Elector of Bavaria may produce a general one. You have [given] great respite to my uneasiness, by telling me that Tuscany seems out of danger. We have for these last three days been in great expectation of a battle. The French have invested Tournay; our army came up with them last Wednesday, and is certainly little inferior, and determined to attack them; but it is believed they are retired: we don't know who commands them; it is said, the Duc d'Harcourt. Our good friend, the Count de Saxe, is dying³—by Venus, not by Mars. The King goes on Friday; this may make the young Duke more impatient to give battle, to have all the honour his own.

There is no kind of news; the Parliament rises on Thursday, and everybody is going out of town. I shall only make short excursions in visits; you know I am not fond of the country, and have no call into it now! My brother will not be at Houghton this year; he shuts it up, to enter on new, and there very unknown, economy: he has much occasion for it! Commend me to poor Mr. Chute! Adieu!

173. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 11, 1745.

I STAYED till to-day, to be able to give you some account of the battle of Tournay¹: the outlines you will have heard

³ The Marshal de Saxe did not die till 1750. He was, however, exceedingly ill at the time of the battle of Fontenoy. Voltaire, in his *Siecle de Louis XV*, mentions having met him at Paris, just as he was setting off for the campaign. Observing how unwell he seemed to be, he asked

him whether he thought he had strength enough to go through the fatigues which awaited him. To this the Marshal's reply was—*Il ne s'agit pas de vivre, mais de partir.* Dover.

LETTER 173.—¹ On May 11 (N.S.), 1745, the Allies under the Duke of

already. We don't allow it to be a victory on the French side: but that is just as a woman is not called *Mrs.* till she is married, though she may have had half a dozen natural children. In short, we remained upon the field of battle three hours; I fear, too many of us remain there still! without palliating, it is certainly a heavy stroke. We never lost near so many officers. I pity the Duke, for it is almost the first battle of consequence that we ever lost. By the letters arrived to-day, we find that Tournay still holds out. There are certainly killed Sir James Campbell², General Ponsonby³, Colonel Carpenter, Colonel Douglas⁴, young Ross⁵, Colonel Montagu⁶, Gee, Berkeley⁷, and Kellet. Mr. Vanbrugh⁸ is since dead. Most of the young men of quality in the Guards are wounded. I have had the vast fortune to have nobody hurt, for whom I was in the least interested. Mr. Conway, in particular, has highly distinguished himself; he and Lord Petersham⁹, who is slightly wounded, are most commended; though none behaved ill but the Dutch horse. There has been but very little consternation here: the King minded it so little, that being set out for Hanover, and blown back into Harwich Roads since the news came, he could not be persuaded to

Cumberland were defeated at Fontenoy by the French under Marshal Saxe. Louis XV and the Dauphin were present at the battle.

² Lieutenant-General Hon. Sir James Campbell, K.B. (1667-1745), third son of second Earl of Loudoun. He commanded the cavalry at Dettingen, and was made a Knight of the Bath for his gallantry on that occasion.

³ Major-General Hon. Henry Ponsonby, second son of first Viscount Duncannon. He was killed in the act of handing his watch and ring to his son.

⁴ Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. Robert Douglas, third son of thirteenth

Earl of Morton.

⁵ Captain Hon. Charles Ross, second son of thirteenth Baron Ross.

⁶ Colonel Edward Montagu, brother of Horace Walpole's friend George Montagu.

⁷ Captain Henry Berkeley, eldest son of Hon. Henry Berkeley and grandson of second Earl of Berkeley.

⁸ Only son of the architect.

⁹ William, Lord Petersham, eldest son of the Earl of Harrington. *Walpole*.—William Stanhope (1719-1779), Viscount Petersham, succeeded his father as second Earl of Harrington, 1756; General in the Army, 1770.

return, but sailed yesterday with the fair wind. I believe you will have the Gazette sent to-night; but lest it should not be printed time enough, here is a list of the numbers, as it came over this morning:

British foot	1237 killed.
Ditto horse	90 ditto.
Ditto foot	1968 wounded.
Ditto horse	232 ditto.
Ditto foot	457 missing.
Ditto horse	18 ditto.
Hanoverian foot	432 killed.
Ditto horse	78 ditto.
Ditto foot	950 wounded.
Ditto horse	192 ditto.
Ditto horse and foot	53 missing.
Dutch	625 killed and wounded.
Ditto	1019 missing.

So the whole *hors de combat* is above seven thousand three hundred. The French own the loss of three thousand; I don't believe many more, for it was a most rash and desperate perseverance on our side. The Duke behaved very bravely and humanely; but this will not have advanced the peace.

However coolly the Duke may have behaved, and coldly his father, at least his brother¹⁰ has outdone both. He not only went to the play the night the news came, but in two days made a ballad. It is in imitation of the Regent's style, and has miscarried in nothing but in the language, the thoughts, and the poetry. Did not I tell you in my last that he was going to act Paris in Congreve's Masque¹¹? The song is addressed to the three goddesses.

¹⁰ The Prince of Wales.

¹¹ *The Judgment of Paris.*

I.

*Venez, mes chères Déesses,
 Venez calmer mon chagrin ;
 Aidez, mes belles Princesses,
 À le noyer dans le vin.
 Poussons cette douce ivresse
 Jusqu'au milieu de la nuit,
 Et n'écoutons que la tendresse
 D'un charmant vis-à-vis.*

II.

*Quand le chagrin me dévore,
 Vite à table je me mets,
 Loin des objets que j'abhorre,
 Avec joie j'y trouve la paix.
 Peu d'amis, restes d'un naufrage,
 Je rassemble autour de moi,
 Et je me ris de l'étalage
 Qu'a chez lui toujours un Roi.*

III.

*Que m'importe, que l'Europe
 Ait un, ou plusieurs tyrans ?
 Prions seulement Calliope,
 Qu'elle inspire nos vers, nos chants.
 Laissons Mars et toute la gloire ;
 Livrons nous tous à l'amour ;
 Que Bacchus nous donne à boire ;
 À ces deux faisons la cour.*

IV.

*Passons ainsi notre vie,
 Sans rêver à ce qui suit ;
 Avec ma chère Sylvie¹²
 Le tems trop vite me fuit.
 Mais si, par un malheur extrême,
 Je perdois cet objet charmant,
 Oui, cette compagnie même
 Ne me tiendrait un moment.*

¹² The Princess. Walpole.

V.

*Me livrant à ma tristesse,
Toujours plein de mon chagrin,
Je n'aurois plus d'allégresse
Pour mettre Bathurst¹³ en train :
Ainsi pour vous tenir en joie
Inviguez toujours les Dieux,
Qu'elle vive et qu'elle soit
Avec nous toujours heureuse !*

Adieu ! I am in great hurry.

174. TO THE HON. EDWARD WALPOLE.

May, 1745.

BROTHER, I am sorry you won't let me say, Dear Brother; but till you have still farther proved how impossible it is for you to have any affection for me, I will never begin my letters as you do—'Sir,'

Before I enter upon your letter, I must be so impertinent even as to give my elder brother advice, and that is, the next letter you write, to consider whether the person it is addressed to, has any dependence upon you, or, which I am sure your heart will tell you I have not, any obligation to you. If they have neither, they may happen to laugh at your style.

Castle Rising is a Family Borough. This is your first proposition, but not very definite. It is a borough in *our* family, but I never heard that it was parliamenterarily entailed upon every branch of our family. If it was, how came Mr. Churchill to be always chosen there? However, before I ever undertake anything again, I will certainly examine our genealogical table, and be sure that Lord

¹³ Allen, Lord Bathurst. Wal-
pole.

LETTER 174.—Endorsed, 'This answer not sent.' Cunningham.

Walpole, yourself, and all our eleven first cousins, have no mind to the same thing.

Lord Orford's son ought to be brought in there preferably to anybody. Lord Orford's son is but fifteen, and consequently incapable of being brought in anywhere these six years.

Next to him I, and then you. N.B. We are both in already, though to be sure you are right in the order of succession, which you seem to be perfectly master of.

Otherwise, as I have long wished it, I should have spoke to my Lord long ago. I spoke to my Lord lately, and have got it.

I always thought he was bound to offer it to some one of them. He does not seem to have been of your opinion.

To give myself an additional credit and weight in Parliament. You might have left out *additional*.

How you came never to think of me. For your sake I won't answer this.

Or how you happened to imagine I was not to be consulted. I will ask you another question, how you happen to imagine it was necessary for me to consult you? Have you ever given me any encouragement to consult you in anything? How must I consult you? By letter? You never would see me either at your own house or here! The authority you affect over me is ridiculous; and for consulting you, good God! do you think you ever judge so dispassionately, as that any man living would consult you!

Whose birth and seniority give me so just and natural a pretension. To my father's estate before me, to nothing else that I know of.

It is so contemptuous and arrogant a treatment. Those words I return you, being full as proper and decent from me to you, as from you to me, whose birth, though thank God not my seniority, is as considerable as yours.

As to the *desirableness* of this affair. Your whole paragraph may be very political but is not argumentative.

But your conduct to me has always been of the same kind. As you are so kind afterwards as to explain what my conduct has always been to you, I shall certainly not endeavour to refute this passage, but submit myself to your own acknowledgments.

The most painful thing in the world to have any commerce with you. I believe it, for I have always seen it, and in vain endeavoured to make it more tolerable to you.

You have, I must confess, showed a great disposition to me and to my children at all times. Thank you.

Good nature, which I think and say you possess in a great degree. Dear brother, I wish I could think the same of you.

It has been mixed with what I dare say you can't help and never meant offence by. I may, if I please, believe the same of your letter.

A confidence and presumption of some kind of superiority. This I must answer a little fuller, as being the only thing in your letter which you have not confuted yourself. I won't appeal to everybody that has ever seen me with you, but to yourself. Lay your hand on your heart, and say, if I have not all my lifetime to this very instant, treated you with a respect, a deference, an awe, a submission beyond what, I say to my shame, I ever showed my father; and you ought to be ashamed too, who made it necessary for his peace and for my own, that I should treat you so; I never disputed your opinion, I never gave my own till you had yours: this was confidence and presumption!

You have assumed to yourself a pre-eminence, from an imaginary disparity between us in point of abilities and character. Who told you so? not your eyes, but your jealousy. I'll tell you, brother, the only superiority I ever pretended over you, was in my temper.

Although you are a very great man. I leave that expression to support itself upon its own force, meaning, and elegance.

Since the conditions of your friendship and kindness are such that I must be subject to direct injuries. What those direct injuries are, may be collected from what you have said above of my constant behaviour to you and your children at all times, or still more clearly from the next paragraph, wherein you call them, those kinds of hurts that a man feels most when they have the face of kindness. This, by all truth, is the only hurt I am ever conscious of having done you.

Before I take notice of the conclusion of your letter, I must mention a few other things.

In your letter to our brother, who has still less deserved your monstrous behaviour to him, having always had that affection for you, which I was always desirous of having, you tell him he gives away his interest, and in the same letter are for recommending a friend of yours. Whatever your injustice may make you think of me and my friends, neither my brother Orford, nor I hope any man else, thinks his interest in worse hands, when given at my suit, than at yours. You tell him, too, your honour is concerned in this—'tis a strange point of honour you have always laid down to yourself of opposing everything I wish. 'Tis your own fault that I rake up your wrongs with me. Because I was always silent, did you imagine I was always ignorant? In my mother's lifetime, you accused me of fomenting her anger against you. The instant she died, did I not bring you all my letters to her which she had kept; in never in any one of which was your name mentioned, but to persuade her to continue that love to you, which your behaviour has always laboured to extinguish in the hearts of all your relations. As to my father, I well know how ill you always used him on my account. Your writing against Dr. Middleton, who came to make me a visit at Houghton of two days, is one instance among many. Your converting all the jealousy you used to have of Lady Mary, into a

friendship with her, to prevent her loving me, is another. I only touch on these. Know, brother, that you never came where my father was, that I did not beg and beseech him never to take notice of me before you. This I have living witnesses to prove. For your transports of jealousy about my speaking in Parliament, I will say nothing, but this—Was it reasonable I should be silent there, because you had an ambition of making a figure! Oh! brother, so far from having that self-conceit you attribute to me, all my family and acquaintance know, that no man has a greater opinion of your parts; no man has commended you more. I have always said, all the world would love you if you would let them; but for your love to your father, I have always declared, that of all his children I was convinced you loved him the best. What have you said of *me* behind my back?

I have done, brother, though by this example believe I have not said the hardest things that I could to you.

You conclude with disclaiming all friendship with, and relation to, me. After the vain pains I have taken to deserve that friendship, and the regard I have in vain had to that relation, I don't know whether I ought not readily to embrace this entire rupture. However, as I think you are good-natured when you are cool, and must have repented the unmerited ill-treatment, I can forgive you, and for this last time offer you my friendship; at the same time assuring you that I despise your anger, and if you persist in disclaiming my brotherhood, the only cover that you have for your abuse, I must tell you that you shall treat me like a gentleman.

Yours or not, as you please,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. If I have entered upon more points than your letter led me to, it was from my heart being full of resentment

for a long series of your injustice to me, and from being glad to take the opportunity of making you sensible of it by this expostulation, which I have never been able to do by the most submissive behaviour, and by every instance I had in my power of showing you, how much I wished you would be my friend. But that is past; if you have anything farther to say to me, it must be in person, for I will not read any more such letters, nor will I be affronted.

175. TO THE HON. EDWARD WALPOLE.

DEAR BROTHER,

May 17, 1745.

You have used me very ill without any provocation or any pretence. I have always made it my study to deserve your friendship, as you yourself own, and by a submission which I did not owe you. For consulting you in what you had nothing to do, I certainly did not, nor ever will, while you profess so much aversion for me. I am still ready to live with you upon any terms of friendship and equality; but I don't mind your anger, which can only hurt yourself, when you come to reflect with what strange passion you have treated me, who have always loved you, have always tried to please you, have always spoken of you with regard, and who will yet be, if you will let me,

Your affectionate brother and humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

176. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

MY DEAR SIR,

Saturday Night [May, 1745].

I went instantly on my arrival to Mr. Pelham, and wish I could tell you anything to give you a ray of comfort.

LETTER 175.—Endorsed by Walpole, 'This answer sent.' *Cunningham*.

LETTER 176.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of the Duke of Manchester.

Nothing more is yet come, but on hearing of the two letters from Douglas and Geering, Mr. Pelham mentioned it this morning to the Duke¹, who replied, 'They will have him² alive, but Legonier's account was so positive that I don't believe a word of the other relation.' This is all the light I have been able to get hitherto, but I will stay here till I can send you something more to be relied on, and in the mean time beg, my dear Sir, that you will neither flatter yourself too much, nor your sisters in the least, as the support you must give them must, I fear me, be of another sort. I beg my compliments to Mrs. and Miss Rice; I have waited on Mrs. Boscawen³, who writes to them to-night.

Yours most sincerely,

H. WALPOLE.

177. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, May 18, 1745.

I am very sorry to renew our correspondence upon so melancholy a circumstance! But when you have lost so near a friend as your brother, 'tis sure the duty of all your other friends to endeavour to alleviate your loss, and offer all the increase of affection that is possible to compensate it. This I do most heartily; I wish I could most effectually!

You will always find in me, dear Sir, the utmost inclination to be of service to you; and let me beg that you will remember your promise of writing to me. As I am so much in town and in the world, I flatter myself with having generally something to tell you that may make my letters

¹ Of Newcastle.

² Montagu's brother Edward, killed at the battle of Fontenoy.

³ Anne, fourth daughter of John Morley Trevor, of Glynde, Sussex;

m. (1743) Hon. George Boscawen, third son of first Viscount Falmouth. She was first cousin of George Montagu. See Table II.

agreeable in the country: you, anywhere, make yours charming.

Be so good to say anything you think proper from me to your sisters, and believe me, dear George, yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

178. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 24, 1745.

I HAVE no consequences of the battle of Tournay to tell you but the taking of the town: the governor has eight days allowed him to consider whether he will give up the citadel¹. The French certainly lost more men than we did. Our army is still at Lessines, waiting for recruits from Holland and England; ours are sailed. The King is at Hanover. All the letters are full of the Duke's humanity and bravery: he will be as popular with the lower class of men as he has been for three or four years with the low women: he will be the soldier's *Great Sir* as well as Mother Douglas's². I am really glad; it will be of great service to the family, if any one of them comes to make a figure.

Lord Chesterfield is returned from Holland; you will see a most simple farewell speech of his in the papers.

I have received yours of the 4th of May, and am extremely obliged to you for your expressions of kindness: they did not at all surprise me, but every instance of your friendship gives me pleasure. I wish I could say the same to good Prince Craon. Yet I must set about answering his letter: it is quite an affair; I have so great a disuse of writing French, that I believe it will be very barbarous.

LETTER 178.—¹ The citadel surrendered on June 20 (N.S.).

² Nanny Wilson, the Duke's first mistress, whom he took from the stage at Drury Lane, not knowing

of what he was Duke, but that he was the Prince of Wales' brother, used to call him the *Duke of Wales*. Mother Douglas called him *Great Sir*. Walpole.

My fears for Tuscany are again awakened: the wonderful march which the Spanish Queen has made Monsieur de Gage³ take, may probably end in his turning short to the left; for his route to Genoa will be full as difficult as what he has already passed. I watch eagerly every article from Italy, at a time when nobody will read a paragraph but from the army in Flanders.

I am diverted with my Lady's account of the great riches that are now coming to her. She has had so many foolish golden visions, that I should think even the Florentines would not be the dupes of any more. As for her mourning, she may save it, if she expects to have it notified. Don't you remember my Lady Pomfret's having a piece of economy of that sort, when she would not know that the Emperor was dead, because my Lord Chamberlain had not notified it to her?

I have a good story to tell you of Lord Bath, whose name you have not heard very lately; have you? He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him: the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchilsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, 'Fellow, what do you want with me!' — 'My money,' said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning, and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew: he leaned over, and said, 'My money; give me my money!' My lord went to the end of the pew; the man too: 'Give me my money!' The sermon was on avarice, and the text, 'Cursed are they that heap up riches.' The man groaned

³ Joseph Edward (d. circ. 1753), second son of Joseph Gage, of Sherborne Castle, Dorsetshire; General

in the Spanish service. He was now in command of the Spanish army in Italy.

you love memoirs.—Indeed, as to personal acquaintance with any of the court beauties, I can't say you will find your account in him; but, to make amends, he is perfectly master of all the quarrels that have been fashionably on foot about Handel, and can give you a very perfect account of all the modern rival painters. In short, you may pass a very agreeable day with him; and if he does but take to you, as I can't doubt, who know you both, you will contract a great friendship with him, which he will preserve with the greatest warmth and partiality.

In short, I can think of no reason in the world against your going there but one: do you know his youngest brother? If you happen to be so unlucky, I can't flatter you so far as to advise you to make him a visit, for there is nothing in the world the Baron of Englefield has such an aversion for as for his brother, and your most sincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Write to me soon, for I love your letters.

180. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

MY DEAR HARRY,

Arlington Street, May 27, 1745.

As gloriously as you have set out, yet I despair of seeing you a perfect hero! You have none of the charming violences that are so essential to that character. You write as coolly, after behaving well in a battle, as you fought in it. Can your friends flatter themselves with seeing you, one day or other, be the death of thousands, when you wish for peace in three weeks after your first engagement¹, and laugh at the ambition of those men who have given you this opportunity of distinguishing yourself? With the person of an

LETTER 180.—¹ The battle of Fontenoy, where Mr. Conway greatly distinguished himself. *Walpole*.

Orondates², and the courage, you have all the compassion, the reason, and the reflection of one that never read a romance. Can one ever hope you will make a figure, when you only fight because it was right you should, and not because you hated the French or loved destroying mankind? This is so un-English, or so un-heroic, that I despair of you!

Thank Heaven, you have one spice of madness! Your admiration of your master³ leaves me a glimmering of hope, that you will not be always so unreasonably reasonable. Do you remember the Humorous Lieutenant, in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, that is in love with the king? Indeed, your master is not behind-hand with you; you seem to have agreed to puff one another.

If you are all acting up to the strictest rules of war and chivalry in Flanders, we are not less scrupulous on this side the water in fulfilling all the duties of the same order. The day the young volunteer⁴ departed for the army (unluckily, indeed, it was after the battle), his tender mother Sisymbamis⁵, and the beautiful Statira⁶, a lady formerly known in your history by the name of Artemisia, from her cutting off her hair on your absence, were so afflicted and so inseparable, that they made a party together to Mr. Graham's⁷ (you may read *Iapis*, if you please) to be blooded. It was settled that this was a more precious way of expressing concern than shaving the head, which has been known to be attended with false locks the next day.

For the other princess you wot of, who is not entirely so tall as the former, nor so evidently descended from a line of monarchs—I don't hear her talk of retiring. At present, she is employed in buying up all the nosebags in Covent

² A character in one of the romances of La Calprenède.

³ The Duke of Cumberland, to whom Mr. Conway was Aide-de-Camp. *Walpole*.

⁴ George, afterwards Marquis

Townshend. *Walpole*.

⁵ Viscountess Townshend.

⁶ Probably Lady Caroline Fitzroy.

⁷ A celebrated apothecary in Pall Mall. *Walpole*.

Garden and laurel-leaves at the pastry-cooks', to weave chaplets for the return of her hero. Who that is I don't pretend to know or guess. All I know is, that in this age retirement is not one of the fashionable expressions of passion.

HOR. WALPOLE.

181. TO HORACE MANN.

I HAVE the pleasure of recommending you a new acquaintance, for which I am sure you will thank me. Mr. Hobart¹ proposes passing a little time at Florence, which I am sure you will endeavour to make as agreeable to him as possible. I beg you will introduce him to all my friends, who, I don't doubt, will show him the same civilities that I received. Dear Sir, this will be a particular obligation to me, who am,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

182. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 24, 1745.

I HAVE been a fortnight in the country, and had ordered all my letters to be kept till I came to town, or I should have written to you sooner about my sister-Countess¹. She is not arrived yet, but is certainly coming: she has dispatched several letters to notify her intentions: a short one to her mother, saying, 'Dear Madam, as you have often desired me to return to England, I am determined to set out, and hope you will give me reasons to subscribe myself your

LETTER 181.—¹ Eldest son of John, Earl of Buckinghamshire. *Walpole*. —Hon. John Hobart (1722-1793), styled Lord Hobart after his father was created Earl of Buckinghamshire; succeeded his father as second Earl of Buckinghamshire, 1756. M.P. for Norwich, 1747-56; Comp-

troller of the Household, 1755; Lord of the Bedchamber to George II and George III, 1756-60, 1760-67; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1762-65; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1776-80.

LETTER 182.—¹ The Countess of Orford.

most affectionate daughter.' This 'often desired me to return' has never been repeated since the first year of her going away. The poor *Signora-madre* is in a terrible fright, and will not come to town till her daughter is gone again, which all advices agree will be soon. Another letter is to my Lady Townshend, telling her, 'that, as she knows her Ladyship's way of thinking, she does not fear the continuance of her friendship.' Another, a long one, to my Lord Chesterfield; another to Lady Isabella Scot², an old friend of hers; and one to Lady Pomfret. This last says, that she hears from Uguccioni, my Lady O. will stay here very little time, having taken a house at Florence for three years. She is to come to my Lady Denbigh³. My brother is extremely obliged to you for all your notices about her, though he is very indifferent about her motions. If she happens to choose law (though on what foot no mortal can guess), he is prepared; having, from the first hint of her journey, fee'd every one of the considerable lawyers. In short, this jaunt is as simple as all the rest of her actions have been *hardy*. Nobody wonders at her bringing no English servants with her—they know, and consequently might tell too much.

I feel excessively for you, my dear child, on the loss of Mr. Chute⁴!—so sensible and so good-natured a man would be a loss to anybody; but to you, who are so meek and helpless, it is irreparable! who will dry you when you are very *wet brown paper*⁵? Though I laugh, you know how much I pity you: you will want somebody to talk over English letters, and to conjecture with you; in short, I feel your distress in all its lights.

² Second daughter of Anne Scott, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, by her second husband Charles Cornwallis, third Baron Cornwallis; d. unmarried, 1748.

³ Isabella, daughter of Peter de Yonge of Utrecht; m. (circ. 1718)

William Fielding, fourth Earl of Denbigh; d. 1769.

⁴ John Chute had left Florence.

⁵ Mr. Mann was so thin and weak that Mr. W. used to compare him to wet brown paper. *Walpole*.

The citadel of Tournay is gone ; our affairs go ill. Your brother Charles of Lorraine has lost a great battle grossly⁶ ! He was constantly drunk, and had no kind of intelligence. Now he acts from his own head, his head turns out a very bad one. I don't know, indeed, what they can say in defence of the great general to whom we have just given the Garter, the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels ; he is not of so serene a house but that he might have known something of the motions of the Prussians. Last night we heard that the Hungarian insurgents had cut to pieces two Prussian regiments. The King of Prussia and Prince Charles are so near, that we every day expect news of another battle. We don't know yet what is to be the next step in Flanders. Lord Cobham has got Churchill's⁷ regiment, and Lord Dunmore his government of Plymouth. At the Prince's court there is a great revolution : he, or rather Lord Granville, or perhaps the Princess (who, I firmly believe, by all her quiet sense, will turn out a Caroline), have at last got rid of Lady Archibald⁸, who was strongly attached to the coalition. They have civilly asked her, and grossly forced her to ask civilly to go away, which she has done, with a pension of twelve hundred a year. Lady Middlesex⁹ is Mistress of the Robes : she lives with them perpetually, and sits up till five in the morning at their suppers. Don't mistake ! not for her person, which is wondrous plain and little : the town says it is for her friend Miss Granville, one of the Maids of Honour ; but at least yet, that is only scandal. She is a fair, red-haired girl, scarce pretty ; daughter of the

⁶ On June 4, 1745, the Austrians under Prince Charles of Lorraine and the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels were defeated, at Hohenfriedberg in Silesia, by the Prussians under Frederick the Great.

⁷ General Charles Churchill died May 14, 1745.

⁸ Lady Archibald Hamilton,

daughter of Lord Abercorn, and wife of Lord Archibald Hamilton. *Walpole*.

⁹ Daughter of Lord Shannon, and wife of Charles, Earl of Middlesex, eldest son of Lionel, Duke of Dorset. Her favour grew to be thought more than platonic. *Walpole*.

poet, Lord Lansdown. Lady Berkeley is Lady of the Bedchamber, and a Miss Lawson¹⁰ Maid of Honour. Miss Neville¹¹, a charming beauty, and daughter of the pretty, unfortunate Lady Abergavenny¹², is named for the next vacancy.

I was scarce settled in my joy for the Spaniards having taken the opposite route to Tuscany, when I heard of Mr. Chute's leaving you. I long to have no reason to be uneasy about you. I am obliged to you for the *gesse* figures, and beg you will send me the bill in your first letter. Rysbrach has perfectly mended the Ganymede and the model, which to me seemed irrecoverably smashed. . . .¹³

I have just been giving a recommendatory letter for you to Mr. Hobart; he is no particular friend of mine, but is Norfolk, and in the world; so you will be civil to him. He is of the Damon-kind, and not one of whom you will make a Chute. Madame Suares may make something of him. Adieu!

183. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, June 25, 1745.

I have been near three weeks in Essex¹, at Mr. Rigby's², and had left your direction behind me, and could not write

¹⁰ Daughter of Sir Wilfred Lawson, third Baronet, of Isell, Cumberland. She was the object of the early attachment of General Wolfe. She died unmarried in 1759.

¹¹ Hon. Catherine Nevill, daughter of fourteenth Baron Abergavenny.

¹² Catherine, daughter of Lieutenant-General Tatton; m. (1) Edward Nevill, thirteenth Baron Abergavenny; (2) his cousin and successor, William Nevill, fourteenth Baron Abergavenny. She died in childhood in Dec. 1729, shortly after the discovery of her intrigue with one Richard Liddel, against whom her husband brought an action, and

obtained a verdict for damages to the extent of several thousand pounds.

¹³ Passage omitted.

LETTER 183.—¹ At Mistley Hall near Manningtree.

² Richard Rigby (1722–1788), M.P. for Castle Rising. He was Secretary to the Duke of Bedford (when Viceroy of Ireland), 1758; Lord of Trade, 1759; Master of the Rolls for Ireland, 1759; Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1765; Paymaster-General of the Forces, 1768–84. As a politician he was notoriously unscrupulous and corrupt. He was a prominent member of the Duke of Bedford's party.

to you.. It is the charmingest place by nature, and the most trumpery by art, that ever I saw. The house stands on a high hill, on an arm of the sea, which winds itself before two sides of the house. On the right and left, at the very foot of this hill, lie two towns; the one of market quality, and the other with a wharf where ships come up. This last was to have a church, but by a lucky want of religion in the inhabitants, who would not contribute to building a steeple, it remains an absolute antique temple with a portico, on the very strand. Cross this arm of the sea, you see six churches and charming woody hills in Suffolk. All this parent Nature did for this place; but its godfathers and godmothers, I believe, promised it should renounce all the pomps and vanities of this world, for they have patched up a square house, full of windows, low rooms, and thin walls; piled up walls wherever there was a glimpse of prospect; planted avenues that go nowhere, and dug fishponds where there should be avenues. We had very bad weather the whole time I was there; but however I rode about and sailed, not having the same apprehensions of catching cold that Mrs. Kerwood³ had once at Chelsea, when I persuaded her not to go home by water, because it would be damp after the rain.

The town is not quite empty yet. My Lady Fitzwalter⁴, Lady Betty Germain, Lady Granville, and the dowager Strafford⁵ have their at homes, and amass company. Lady Brown has done with her Sundays, for she is changing her house into Upper Brook Street. In the mean time, she

³ Constant, daughter of Mr. Hayes of London; m. (1) Galfridus (d. 1726), brother of Sir Robert Walpole; (2) Mr. Kerwood, or Kyrwood.

⁴ Lady Frederica Schomberg, daughter of third Duke of Schomberg; m. 1. (1715), Robert Darcy, third Earl of Holderness; 2. (1724) Ben-

jamin Mildmay, nineteenth Baron (afterwards first Earl) Fitzwalter; d. 1751.

⁵ Anne, daughter and heir of Sir Henry Johnson, of Bradenham, Bucks; m. (1711) Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Strafford; d. 1754.

goes to Knightsbridge, and Sir Robert to the woman he keeps at Scarborough. . . .⁶ Winnington goes on with the Frasi; so my Lady Townshend is obliged only to lie of people instead of with them. You have heard of the disgrace of the Archibald, and that in future scandal she must only be ranked with the Lady Elizabeth Lucy and Madame Lucy Walters, instead of being historically noble among the Clevelands, Portsmouths, and Yarmouths. It is said Miss Granville has the reversion of her coronet; others say, she won't accept the patent.

Your friend Jemmy Lumley⁷—I beg pardon, I mean your kin, is not he? I am sure he is not your friend; well, he has had an assembly, and he would write all the cards himself, and every one of them was to desire *he's* company and *she's* company, with other pieces of curious orthography. Adieu, dear George! I wish you a merry farm, as the children say at Vauxhall. My compliments to your sisters.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

184. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

MY DEAR HARRY,

Arlington Street, July 1, 1745.

If it were not for that one slight inconvenience, that I should probably be dead now, I should have liked much better to have lived in the last war than in this; I mean as to the pleasantness of writing letters. Two or three battles won, two or three towns taken, in a summer were pretty objects to keep up the liveliness of a correspondence. But now it hurts one's dignity to be talking of English and French armies, at the first period of our history in which

⁶ Passage omitted.

⁷ Hon. James Lumley, seventh son of first Earl of Scarborough; Groom

of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales; d. 1766.

the tables are turned. After having learnt to spell out of the reigns of Edward the Third and Harry the Fifth, and begun lisping with Agincourt and Cressy, one uses one's self but awkwardly to the sounds of Tournay and Fontenoy. I don't like foreseeing the time so near, when all the young orators in Parliament will be haranguing out of Demosthenes upon the imminent danger we are in from the overgrown power of King Philip. As becoming as all that public spirit will be, which to be sure will now come forth, I can't but think we were at least as happy and as great when all the young Pitts and Lytteltons were pelting oratory at my father for rolling out a twenty years' peace, and not envying the trophies which he passed by every day in Westminster Hall. But one must not repine; rather reflect on the glories which they have drove the nation headlong into. One must think all our distresses and dangers well laid out, when they have purchased us Glover's¹ oration for the merchants, the Admiralty for the Duke of Bedford, and the reversion of Secretary at War for Pitt, which he will certainly have, unless the French King should happen to have the nomination; and then I fear, as much obliged as that court is to my Lord Cobham and his nephews, they would be so partial as to prefer some illiterate nephew of Cardinal Tencin's, who never heard of *Leonidas* or the Hanover troops.

With all these reflections, as I love to make myself easy, especially politically, I comfort myself with what St. Évremond a (favourite philosopher of mine, for he thought what he liked, not liked what he thought) said in defence of Cardinal Mazarin, when he was reproached with neglecting the good of the kingdom that he might engross the riches of it: 'Well, let him get all the riches, and then he will think of the good of the kingdom, for it will all be his own.'

LETTER 184.—¹ The author of *Leonidas*. Walpole.

Let the French but have England, and they won't want to conquer it. We may possibly contract the French spirit of being supremely content with the glory of our monarch, and then—why then it will be the first time we ever were contented yet. We hear of nothing but your retiring², and of Dutch treachery: in short, 'tis an ugly scene!

I know of no home news but the commencement of the Gaming Act³, for which they are to put up a scutcheon at White's for the death of play; and the death of Winnington's wife, which may be an unlucky event for my Lady Townshend. As he has no children, he will certainly marry again; and who will give him their daughter, unless he breaks off that affair, which I believe he will now very willingly make a marriage article? We want him to take Lady Charlotte Fermor. She was always his beauty, and has so many charming qualities, that she would make anybody happy. He will make a good husband; for he is excessively good-natured, and was much better to that strange wife than he cared to own.

You wondered at my journey to Houghton; now wonder more, for I am going to Mount Edgecumbe. Now my summers are in my own hands, and I am not obliged to pass great part of them in Norfolk, I find it is not so very terrible to dispose of them up and down. In about three weeks I shall set out, and see Wilton and Dodington's⁴ in my way. Dear Harry, do but get a victory, and I will let off every cannon at Plymouth; reserving two, till I hear particularly that you have killed two more Frenchmen with your own hand⁵. Lady Mary⁶ sends you her compliments;

² Mr. Conway was still with the army in Flanders. *Walpole*.

³ An act had recently passed to prohibit excessive and deceitful gaming. *Wright*.

⁴ At Eastbury in Dorsetshire.

⁵ Alluding to Mr. Conway's having

been engaged with two French grenadiers at once in the battle of Fontenoy. *Walpole*.

⁶ Lady Mary Walpole, youngest daughter of Sir R. Walpole, afterwards married to Charles Churchill, Esq. *Walpole*.

she is going to pass a week with Miss Townshend⁷ at Muffit's; I don't think you will be forgot. Your sister Anne has got a new distemper, which she says feels like something *jumping* in her. You know my style on such an occasion, and may be sure I have not spared this distemper. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

185. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 5, 1745.

ALL yesterday we were in the utmost consternation! an express came the night before from Ostend with an account of the French army in Flanders having seized Ghent and Bruges¹, cut off a detachment of four thousand men, surrounded our army, who must be cut to pieces or surrender themselves prisoners, and that the Duke was gone to the Hague, but that the Dutch had signed a neutrality. You will allow that here was ample subject for confusion! To-day we are a little relieved by finding that we have lost but five hundred men instead of four thousand, and that our army, which is inferior by half to theirs, is safe behind a river. With this came the news of the Great Duke's victory over the Prince of Conti²: he has killed fifteen thousand, and taken six thousand prisoners. Here is already a third great battle this summer! But Flanders is gone! The Dutch have given up all that could hinder the French from overrunning them, upon condition that the French should not overrun them. Indeed, I cannot be so exasperated

⁷ Daughter of Charles Viscount Townshend, afterwards married to Edward Cornwallis, brother to Earl Cornwallis, and Groom of the Bed-chamber to the King. *Walpole*.

the allies was defeated at Mêle in an attempt to relieve Ghent, which surrendered to the French on July 11, 1745.

² An unfounded report.

LETTER 185.—¹ A detachment of

at the Dutch as it is the fashion to be ; they have not forgot the Peace of Utrecht, though we have. Besides, how could they rely on any negotiation with a people whose politics alter so often as ours ? Or why were we to fancy that my Lord Chesterfield's parts would have more weight than my uncle had, whom, ridiculous as he was, they had never known to take a trip to Avignon to confer with the Duke of Ormond ?

Our communication with the army is cut off through Flanders ; and we are in great pain for Ostend : the fortifications are all out of repair. Upon Marshal Wade's reiterated remonstrances, we did cast thirty cannon and four mortars for it—and then the economic ministry would not send them. 'What! fortify the Queen of Hungary's towns? there will be no end of that.' As if Ostend was of no more consequence to *us*, than Mons or Namur ! Two more battalions are ordered over immediately ; and the old pensioners of Chelsea College are to mount guard at home ! Flourishing in a peace of twenty years, we were told that we were trampled upon by Spain and France. Haughty nations, like those, who can trample upon an enemy country, do not use to leave it in such wealth and happiness as we enjoyed ; but when the Duke of Marlborough's old victorious veterans are dug out of their colleges and repose, to guard the King's palace, and to keep up the show of an army which we have buried in America, or in a manner lost in Flanders, we shall soon know the real feel of being trampled upon ! In this crisis, you will hear often from me ; for I will leave you in no anxious uncertainty from which I can free you.

The Countess³ is at Hanover, and, we hear, extremely well received. It is conjectured, and it is not impossible, that the Count⁴ may have procured for her some dirty

³ Lady Orford. *Walpole*.

⁴ Richecourt.

dab of a negotiation about some acre of territory more for Hanover, in order to facilitate her reception. She has been at Hesse Cassel, and fondled extremely Princess Mary's⁵ children; just as you know she used to make a rout about the Pretender's boys. My Lord Chesterfield laughs at her letter to him; and, what would anger her more than the neglect, ridicules the style and orthography. Nothing promises well for her here.

You told me you wished I would condole with Prince Craon on the death of his son⁶; which son? and where was he killed? You don't tell me, and I never heard. Now it would be too late. I should have been uneasy for Prince Beauvau, but that you say he is in Piemont.

Adieu! my dear child: we have much to wish! A *little* good fortune will not re-establish us. I am in pain for your health from the great increase of your business.

186. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 12, 1745.

I AM charmed with the sentiments that Mr. Chute expresses for you; but then you have lost him! Here is an answer to his letter; I send it unsealed, to avoid repeating what I have thought on our affairs. Seal it and send it. Its being open prevented my saying half so much about you as I should have done.

There is no more news: the Great Duke's victory, of which we heard so much last week, is come to nothing! So far from having defeated the Prince of Conti, it is not at all impossible but the Prince may wear the imperial coat of diamonds, though I am persuaded the care of that will be

⁵ Fourth daughter of George II, and wife of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel.

⁶ The son of Prince Craon was killed at Fontenoy.

the chief concern of the Great Duke, (next to his own person,) in a battle. Our army is retreated beyond Brussels ; the French gather laurels and towns, and prisoners, as one would a nosegay. In the mean time you are bullying the King of Naples, in the person of the English fleet ; and I think may possibly be doing so for two months after that very fleet belongs to the King of France ; as astrologers tell one that we should see stars shine for I don't know how long after they were annihilated. But I like your spirit ; keep it up ! Millamant, in *The Way of the World*, tells Mirabel, that she will be solicited to the very last ; nay, and afterwards. He replies, 'What ? after the last !'

I am in great pain about your arrears : it is a bad season for obtaining payment. In the best times, they make a custom of paying foreign ministers ill ; which may be very politic, when they send men of too great fortunes abroad, in order to lessen them : but, my dear child, God knows that is not your case !

I have some extremely pretty dogs of King Charles's breed, if I knew how to convey them to you : indeed they are not Patapans. I can't tell how they would like travelling into Italy, when there is a prospect of the rest of their race returning from thence : besides, you must certify me that none of them shall ever be married below themselves ; for since the affair of Lady Caroline Fox, one durst not hazard the Duke of Richmond's resentment even about a dog and bitch of that breed.

Lord Lempster is taken prisoner in the affair of the detachment to Ghent. My Lady¹, who has heard of Spartan mothers, (though you know she once asserted that nobody knew anything of the Grecian Republics,) affects to bear it with a patriot insensibility. She told me the other day

LETTER 186.—¹ Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, mother of Lord Lempster. *Walpole*.

that the Abbé Niccolini and the eldest Pandolfini are coming to England: is it true? I shall be very glad to be civil to them, especially to the latter, who, you know, was one of my friends.

My Lady Orford is at Hanover, most graciously received by 'the Father of all his people.' It puts me in mind of that text of Scripture, 'for God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.' In the papers of yesterday was this paragraph: 'Lady O., who has spent several years in Italy, arrived here (Hanover) the 3rd, on her return to England, and was graciously received by his Majesty.' Lady Denbigh is gone into the country; so I don't know where she is to lodge—perhaps at St. James's, out of regard to my father's memory.

Trust me, you escaped well in Pigwiggin's not accepting your invitation of living with you: you must have aired your house, as Lady Pomfret was forced to air Lady Mary Wortley's bedchamber. He has a most unfortunate breath: so has the Princess his sister. When I was at their country-house, I used to sit in the library and turn over books of prints: out of good-breeding they would not quit me; nay, would look over the prints with me. A whiff would come from the east, and I turned short to the west, whence the Princess would puff me back with another gale full as richly perfumed as her brother's. Adieu!

187. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, July 13, 1745.

We are all *Cabob'd* and *Cacofogoed*, as my Lord Denbigh says! We, who formerly, you know, could any one of us beat three Frenchmen, are now so degenerated, that three Frenchmen can evidently beat one Englishman. Our army is running away, all that is left to run; for half of it is

picked up by three or four hundred at a time. In short, we must step out of the high *pantoufles* that were made by those cunning shoemakers at Poitiers and Ramillies, and go clumping about perhaps in wooden ones. My Lady Hervey, who you know dotes upon everything French, is charmed with the hopes of these new shoes, and has already bespoke herself a pair of pigeon wood. How did the tapestry at Blenheim look? Did it glow with victory, or did all our glories look overcast?

I remember a very admired sentence in one of my Lord Chesterfield's speeches, when he was haranguing for this war—with a most rhetorical transition, he turned to the tapestry in the House of Lords¹, and said, with a sigh, he feared there were no historical looms at work now!—Indeed, we have reason to bless the good Patriots, who have been for employing our manufactures so historically! The Countess of that wise Earl, with whose two expressive words I began this letter, says, she is very happy now that my Lord had never a place upon the coalition, for then all this bad situation of our affairs would have been laid upon him!

Now I have been talking of remarkable periods in our annals, I must tell you what my Lord Baltimore thinks one: he said to the Prince t'other day, 'Sir, your Royal Highness's marriage will be an *area* in English history.'

If it were not for the life that is put into the town now and then by very bad news from abroad, one should be quite stupefied. There is nobody left but two or three solitary regents; and they are always whisking backwards and forwards to their villas; and about a dozen antediluvian dowagers, whose carcasses have miraculously resisted the

LETTER 187.—¹ The tapestry in the House of Lords, representing the destruction, in 1588, of the Spanish Armada, wrought for the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord High Ad-

miral, and destroyed with the Houses of Parliament, by fire, in 1834. This historical tapestry was well engraved by Pine. *Cunningham*.

wet, and who every Saturday compose a very reverend catacomb at my old Lady Strafford's. She does not take money at the door for showing them, but you pay twelpence a piece under the denomination of card-money. Wit and beauty, indeed, remain in the persons of Lady Townshend and Lady Caroline Fitzroy—but such is the want of taste of this age, that the former is very often forced to wrap up her wit in plain English before it can be understood; and the latter is almost as often obliged to have recourse to the same artifices to make her charms be taken notice of. . . .²

Of beauty, I can tell you an admirable story. One Mrs. Comyns, an elderly gentlewoman, has lately taken a house in St. James's Street: some young gentlemen went thither t'other night:—'Well, Mrs. Comyns, I hope there won't be the same disturbances here that were at your other house in Air Street.'—'Lord, Sir, I never had any disturbances there: mine was as quiet a house as any in the neighbourhood, and a great deal of good company came to me: it was only the ladies of quality that envied me.'—'Envied you! why, your house was pulled down about your ears.'—'Oh, dear Sir! don't you know how that happened?'—'No; pray how?'—'Why, dear Sir, it was my Lady Caroline Fitzroy, who gave the mob ten guineas to demolish my house, because her ladyship fancied I got women for Colonel Conway.'

My dear George, don't you delight in this story? If poor Harry comes back from Flanders, I intend to have infinite fun with his prudery about this anecdote, which is full as good as if it was true. I beg you will visit Mrs. Comyns when you come to town: she has infinite humour.

Adieu! dear George,

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

² Passage omitted.

188. TO HORACE MANN.

July 15, 1745.

You will be surprised at another from me so soon, when I wrote to you but four days ago. This is not with any news, but upon a private affair. You have never said anything to me about the extraordinary procedure of Marquis Riccardi, of which I wrote you word. Indeed, as his letter came just upon my father's death, I had forgot it too; so much so, that I have lost the catalogue which he sent me. Well, the other day I received his cargo. Now, my dear child, I don't write to him upon it, because, as he sent the things without asking my leave, I am determined never to acknowledge the receipt of them, because I will in no manner be liable to pay for them if they are lost, which I think highly probable; and as I have lost the catalogue, I cannot tell whether I have received all or not.

I beg you will say just what follows to him. That I am extremely amazed he should think of employing me to sell his goods for him, especially without asking my consent: that an English gentleman, just come from France, has brought me a box of things, of which he himself had no account; nor is there any letter or catalogue with them: that I suppose they may be the Marquis's collection, but that I have lost the catalogue, and consequently cannot tell whether I have received all or not, nor whether they are his: that as they came in so blind a manner, and have been opened at several custom-houses, I will not be answerable, especially having never given my consent to receive them, and having opened the box ignorantly, without knowing the contents: that when I did open it, I concluded it came from Florence, having often refused to buy most of the things, which had long lain upon the jeweller's hands on the Old

Bridge¹, and which are very improper for sale here, as all the English for some years have seen them, and not thought them worth purchasing: that I remember in the catalogue the price for the whole was fixed at two thousand pistoles; that they are full as much worth two-and-twenty thousand; and that I have been laughed at by people to whom I have showed them for naming so extravagant a price: that nobody living would think of buying all together: that for myself, I have entirely left off making any collection; and if I had not, would not buy things dear now which I have formerly refused at much lower prices. That, after all, though I cannot think myself at all well used by Marquis Riccardi, either in sending me the things, in the price he has fixed on them, or in the things themselves, which to my knowledge he has picked up from the shops on the Old Bridge, and were no family collection, yet, as I received so many civilities at Florence from the nobility, and in particular from his wife, Madame Riccardi, if he will let me do anything that is practicable, I will sell what I can for him. That if he will send me a new and distinct catalogue, with the price of each piece, and a price considerably less than what he has set upon the whole, I will endeavour to dispose of what I can for him. But as most of them are very indifferent, and the total value most unreasonable, I absolutely will not undertake the sale of them upon any other terms, but will pack them up, and send them away to Leghorn by the first ship that sails; for as we are at war with France, I cannot send them that way, nor will I trouble any gentleman to carry them, as he might think himself liable to make them good if they met with any accident; nor will I answer for them by whatever way they go, as I did not consent to receive them, nor am sure that I have received the Marquis's collection.

My dear Sir, translate this very distinctly for him, for he

never shall receive any other notice from me ; nor will I give them up to Wasner or Pucci², or anybody else, though he should send me an order for it ; for nobody saw me open them, nor shall anybody be able to say I had them, by receiving them from me. In short I think I cannot be too cautious in such a negotiation. If a man will send me things to the value of two thousand pistoles, whether they are really worth it or not, he shall take his chance for losing them, and shall certainly never come upon me for them. He must absolutely take his choice, of selling them at a proper price and separately, or of having them directly sent back by sea ; for whether he consents to either or not, I shall certainly proceed in my resolution about them the very instant I receive an answer from you ; for the sooner I am clear of them the better. If he will let me sell them without setting a price, he may depend upon my taking the best method for his service ; though really, my dear child, it will be for my own honour, not for his sake, who has treated me so impertinently. I am sorry to give you this trouble, but judge how much the fool gives me ! Adieu !

189. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 26, 1745.

It is a pain to me to write to you, when all I can tell you will but distress you. How much I wish myself with you ! anywhere, where I should have my thoughts detached in some degree by distance and by length of time from England ! With all the reasons that I have for not loving great part of it, it is impossible not to feel the shock of living at the period of all its greatness ! to be one of the *Ultimi Romanorum* ! I will not proceed upon the chapter of reflections, but mention some facts, which will supply your thoughts with all I should say.

² Ministers of the Queen of Hungary and the Great Duke. Walpole.

The French make no secret of their intending to come hither; the letters from Holland speak of it as a notoriety. Their Mediterranean fleet is come to Rochfort, and they have another at Brest. Their immediate design is to attack our army, the very lessening which will be victory for them. Our six hundred men, which have lain cooped up in the river till they had contracted diseases, are at last gone to Ostend. Of all this our notable ministry still make a secret: one cannot learn the least particulars from them. This anxiety for my friends in the army, this uncertainty about ourselves, if it can be called uncertain that we are undone, and the provoking folly that one sees prevail, have determined me to go to the Hague. I shall at least hear sooner from the army, and shall there know better what is likely to happen here. The moment the crisis is come I shall return hither, which I can do from Helvoetsluys in twelve hours. At all events, I shall certainly not stay there above a month or six weeks: it thickens too fast for something important not to happen by that time.

You may judge of our situation by the conversation of Marshal Belleisle: he has said for some time, that he saw we were so little capable of making any defence, that he would engage, with five thousand scullions of the French army, to conquer England—yet, just now, they choose to release him! he goes away in a week¹. When he was told of the taking Cape Breton², he said, ‘he could believe that, because the ministry had no hand in it.’ We are making bonfires for Cape Breton, and thundering over Genoa³, while our army in Flanders is running away, and dropping to pieces

LETTER 189.—¹ Belleisle left England on August 13, 1745.

² On June 16 the island of Cape Breton surrendered to a body of the Maine militia, commanded by William Pepperel (afterwards a

Baronet and Lieutenant-General in the English army), and supported by a squadron under Admiral Warren.

³ Admiral Rowley had attacked and burned some towns on the Genoese coast.

by detachments taken prisoners every day ; while the King is at Hanover, the Regency at their country-seats, not five thousand men in the island, and not above fourteen or fifteen ships at home ! Allelujah !

I received yours yesterday, with the bill of lading for the *gesse* figures, but you don't tell me their price ; pray do in your next. I don't know what to say to Mr. Chute's eagle⁴ ; I would fain have it ; I can depend upon his taste—but would not it be folly to be buying curiosities now ? how can I tell that I shall have anything in the world to pay for it, by the time it is bought ? You may present these reasons to Mr. Chute ; and if he laughs at them, why then he will buy the eagle for me ; if he thinks them of weight, not.

Adieu ! I have not time or patience to say more.

190. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

I cannot help thinking you laugh at me when you say such very civil things of my letters, and yet, coming from you, I would fain not have it all flattery :

So much the more, as, from a little elf,
I've had a high opinion of myself,
Though, sickly, slender, and not large of limb.

With this modest prepossession, you may be sure I like to have you commend me, whom, after I have done with myself, I admire of all men living.—I only beg that you will commend me no more : it is very ruinous, and praise, like other debts, ceases to be due on being paid—one comfort indeed is, that it is as seldom paid as other debts.

I have been very fortunate lately ; have met with an

⁴ This eagle was 'found in the gardens of Boccapadugli, within the precinct of Caracalla's baths at Rome, in 1742.' It was purchased

for Horace Walpole, and was one of the gems of his collection at Strawberry Hill.

extreme good print of Monsieur de Grignan¹; I am persuaded, very like; and then it has his *touffe ébouriffée*; I don't, indeed, know what that was, but I am sure it is in the print. None of the critics could ever make out what Livy's Patavinity is; though they are all confident it is in his writings. I have heard within these few days what, for your sake, I wish I could have told you sooner, that there is in Belleisle's suite the Abbé Perrin², who published Madame Sévigny's letters, and who has the originals in his hands. How one should have liked to have known him! The Marshal was privately in London last Friday—he is entertained to-day at Hampton Court by the Duke of Grafton—don't you believe it was to settle the *binding the scarlet thread in the window, when the French shall come in unto the land to possess it?* I don't at all wonder at any shrewd observations the Marshal has made on our situation—the bringing him here at all, the sending him away now, in short, the whole series of our conduct convinces me, that we shall soon see as silent a change as that in *The Rehearsal*, of King Usher and King Physician. It may well be so, when the disposition of the drama is in the hands of the Duke of Newcastle! Those hands that are always groping and sprawling, and fluttering, and hurrying on the rest of his precipitate person—but there is no describing them but as Monsieur Courcelle, a French prisoner, did t'other day: '*Je ne sçais pas,*' dit-il, '*je ne sçaurois l'exprimer, mais il a un certain tatillonnage.*' If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains, always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one should have a comparative idea of him.

For my own part, I comfort myself with the humane reflection of the Irishman in the ship that was on fire—I am

LETTER 190.—¹ François Adhémar de Monteil, Comte de Grignan (d. 1714), son-in-law of Madame de

Sévigné.

² Denis Marius de Perrin (1682-1754).

but a passenger! If I was not so indolent, I think I should rather put in practice the late Duchess of Bolton's³ geographical resolution of going to China, when Whiston⁴ told her the world would be burnt in three years—Have you any philosophy? Tell me what you think. It is quite the fashion to talk of the French coming here.—Nobody sees it in any other light but as a thing to be talked of, not to be precautioned against. Don't you remember a report of the plague's being in the City, and everybody went to the house where it was to see it? You see I laugh about it, for I would not for the world be so un-English as to do otherwise. I am persuaded that when Count Saxe, with ten thousand men, is within a day's march of London, people will be hiring windows at Charing Cross and Cheapside to see them pass by. 'Tis our characteristic to take dangers for sights, and evils for curiosities.

Adieu! dear George: I am laying in scraps of *Cato* against it may be necessary to take leave of one's correspondents *à la Romaine*, and before the play itself is suppressed by a *lettre de cachet* to the booksellers.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Lord! 'tis the first of August, 1745, a holiday that is going to be turned out of the almanack⁵!

191. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 7, 1745.

I HAVE no new news to tell you: Ostend is besieged, and must be gone in a few days. The Regency are all come to

³ Henrietta Crofts, natural daughter of Duke of Monmouth; m. (1697) Charles Paulet, second Duke of Bolton; d. 1730. (See *Walpoliana*, vol. i. p. 16.)

⁴ William Whiston (1667–1752).

⁵ The anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover to the English throne.

town to prevent an invasion—I should as soon think them able to make one—not but old Stair¹, who still exists upon the embers of an absurd fire that warmed him ninety years ago, thinks it still practicable to march to Paris, and the other day in council prevented a resolution of sending for our army home; but as we always do half of a thing, when even the whole would scarce signify, they seemed determined to send for ten thousand—the other ten will remain in Flanders, to keep up the bad figure that we have been making there all this summer. Count Saxe has been three times tapped since the battle of Fontenoy; but if we get rid of his enmity, there is Belleisle gone, amply to supply and succeed to his hatred! Van Hoey, the ingenious Dutchman at Paris, wrote to the States, to know if he should make new liveries against the rejoicings for the French conquests in Flanders. I love the governor of Sluys; when the States sent him a reprimand, for not admitting our troops that retreated thither from the affair of Ghent, asking him if he did not know that he ought to admit their allies? he replied, ‘Yes; and would they have him admit the French too as their allies?’

There is a proclamation come out for apprehending the Pretender’s son; he was undoubtedly on board the frigate² attendant on the *Elizabeth*, with which Captain Brett³ fought so bravely: the boy is now said to be at Brest⁴.

I have put off my journey to the Hague, as the sea is full

LETTER 191.—¹ John, Earl of Stair, Field Marshal, formerly Ambassador in France. *Walpole*.

² The *Doutelle*, on which Charles Edward left St. Nazaire on July 2, 1745.

³ Afterwards Admiral Sir Piercy Brett (1709–1781), one of the companions of Anson on his voyage round the world; Brett commanded the attack on Païta (Nov. 1741). He was at this time in command of the

Lion of 60 guns. On July 9 he encountered the *Elizabeth*, acting as escort to the *Doutelle*. After a severe action the *Lion* was reduced to a wreck, and the *Elizabeth* (carrying the stores, arms, and money for the intended campaign) was too much injured to continue the voyage.

⁴ Charles Edward continued his voyage, and landed in Moidart on July 25, O.S.

of ships, and many French ones about the siege of Ostend : I go to-morrow to Mount Edgecumbe. I don't think it impossible but you may receive a letter from me on the road, with a paragraph like that in Cibber's life, 'Here I met the revolution.'

My Lady O. is set out for Hanover : her gracious sovereign does not seem inclined to leave it. Mrs. Chute⁵ has sent me this letter, which you will be so good as to send to Rome. We have taken infinite riches ; vast wealth in the East Indies⁶, vast from the West ; in short, we grow so fat, that we shall very soon be fit to kill.

Your brother has this moment brought me a letter from you, full of your good-natured concern for the Genoese. I have not time to write you anything but short paragraphs, as I am in the act of writing all my letters and doing my business before my journey. I can say no more now about the affair of your secretary. Poor Mrs. Gibberne has been here this morning almost in fits about her son. She brought me a long letter to you, but I absolutely prevented her sending it, and told her I would let you know that it was my fault if you don't hear from her, but that I would take the answer upon myself. My dear Sir, for her sake, for the silly boy's, who is ruined if he follows his own whims, and for your own sake, who will have so much trouble to get and form another, I must try to prevent your parting. I am persuaded, that neither the fatigue of writing, nor the inclination of going to sea, are the boy's true motives. They are, the smallness of his allowance, and his aversion to waiting at table. For the first, the poor woman does not expect that you should put yourself to any inconvenience ; she only begs that you will be so good as to pay him twenty

⁵ Widow of Francis Chute, Esq. *Walpole*.

⁶ The *Gazette* of August 10, 1745, records the capture of several home-

ward-bound French merchantmen with rich cargoes valued at sums varying from £12,000 to £100,000.

pounds a year more, which she herself will repay to your brother; and not let her son know that it comes from her, as he would then refuse to take it. For the other point, I must tell you, my dear child, fairly, that in goodness to the poor boy, I hope you will give it up. He is to make his fortune in your way of life, if he can be so lucky. It will be an insuperable obstacle to him that he is with you in the light of a menial servant. When you reflect that his fortune may depend upon it, I am sure you will free him from this servitude. Your brother and I, you know, from the very first, thought that you should not insist upon it. If he will stay with you upon the terms I propose, I am sure, from the trouble it will save yourself, and the ruin from which it will save him, you will yield to this request; which I seriously make to you, and advise you to comply with. Adieu!

192. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 6, 1745.

It would have been inexcusable in me, in our present circumstances, and after all I have promised you, not to have written to you for this last month, if I had been in London; but I have been at Mount Edgecumbe, and so constantly upon the road, that I neither received your letters, had time to write, or knew what to write. I came back last night, and found three packets from you, which I have no time to answer, and but just time to read. The confusion I have found, and the danger we are in, prevent my talking of anything else. The young Pretender, at the head of three thousand men, has got a march on General Cope¹, who is not eighteen hundred strong; and when the last accounts came away, was fifty miles nearer Edinburgh than Cope,

LETTER 192.—¹ General Sir John Cope, K.B.; d. 1760.

and by this time is there. The clans will not rise for the government: the Dukes of Argyll and Athol² are come post to town, not having been able to raise a man³. The young Duke of Gordon⁴ sent for his uncle, and told him he must arm their clan. 'They are in arms.'—'They must march against the rebels.'—'They will wait on the Prince of Wales.'—The Duke flew in a passion; his uncle pulled out a pistol, and told him it was in vain to dispute. Lord Loudon⁵, Lord Fortrose⁶, and Lord Panmure⁷ have been very zealous, and have raised some men; but I look upon Scotland as gone! I think of what King William said to Duke Hamilton⁸, when he was extolling Scotland: 'My Lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it!'

There are two manifestoes published, signed Charles Prince, Regent for his father, King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland. By one, he promises to preserve everybody in their just rights; and orders all persons who have public monies in their hands to bring it to him; and by the other dissolves the union between England and Scotland. But all this is not the worst! Notice came yesterday, that there are ten thousand men, thirty transports, and ten men-of-war at Dunkirk. Against this force we have—I don't know what—scarce fears! Three thousand Dutch we hope are by this time landed in Scotland; three more are coming hither.

² James Murray, second Duke of Athol; d. 1764.

³ This was not true of the Duke of Argyll, for he did not attempt to raise any men, but pleaded a Scotch Act of Parliament against arming without authority. *Walpole*.

⁴ Cosmo George Gordon, third Duke of Gordon (circ. 1720–1752).

⁵ John Campbell (1705–1782), fourth Earl of Loudoun; Governor of Stirling Castle, 1741; Governor of Virginia and Commander-in-Chief in

America, 1756; General, 1770. He raised a regiment of Highlanders.

⁶ Kenneth Mackenzie (circ. 1718–1761), styled Lord Fortrose. His father's attainder prevented him from succeeding to the earldom of Seaforth.

⁷ William Maule, first Earl of Panmure (1700–1782).

⁸ James Hamilton (1658–1712), fourth Duke of Hamilton, killed in a duel with Lord Mohun.

We have sent for ten regiments from Flanders, which may be here in a week, and we have fifteen men-of-war in the Downs. I am grieved to tell you all this; but when it is so, how can I avoid telling you? Your brother is just come in, who says he has written to you—I have not time to expatiate.

My Lady O. is arrived; I hear she says, only to endeavour to get a certain allowance. Her mother has sent to offer her the use of her house. She is a poor weak woman. I can say nothing to Marquis Riccardi, nor think of him; only tell him that I will when I have time.

My sister⁹ has married herself, that is, declared she will, to young Churchill. It is a foolish match; but I have nothing to do with it. Adieu! my dear Sir; excuse my haste, but you must imagine that one is not much at leisure to write long letters—hope if you can!

193. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1745.

THE Rebellion goes on; but hitherto there is no rising in England, nor landing of troops from abroad; indeed not even of ours or the Dutch. The best account I can give you is, that if the boy has apparently no enemies in Scotland, at least he has openly very few friends. Nobody of note has joined him, but a brother¹ of the Duke of Athol, and another of Lord Dunmore². For cannon, they have nothing but one-pounders: their greatest resource is money; they have *force Louis-d'ors*. The last accounts left them at

⁹ Lady Maria Walpole, daughter of Lord Orford, married Ch. Churchill, Esq., son of the General. *Walpole*.

LETTER 193.—¹ William Murray (d. 1746), Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest surviving son of first Duke of

Atholl.

² Hon. William Murray (circ. 1687–1756), second son of first Earl of Dunmore; succeeded his brother as third Earl of Dunmore in 1752, having been pardoned for his part in the Rebellion.

Perth, making shoes and stockings. It is certain that a serjeant of Cope's, with twelve men, put to flight two hundred, on killing only six or seven. Two hundred of the Monroe clan have joined our forces. Spirit seems to rise in London, though not in the proportion it ought; and then the *person*³ most concerned does everything to check its progress: when the ministers propose anything with regard to the Rebellion, he cries, 'Pho! don't talk to me of that stuff.' Lord Granville has persuaded him that it is of no consequence. Mr. Pelham talks every day of resigning: he certainly will as soon as this is got over!—if it is got over. So, at least we shall see a restoration of Queen Sophia⁴. She has laid-in of a girl; though she had all the pretty boys in town brought to her for patterns.

The young Chevalier has set a reward on the King's head: we are told that his brother is set out for Ireland. However, there is hitherto little countenance given to the undertaking by France or Spain. It seems an effort of despair and weariness of the manner in which he has been kept in France. On the grenadiers' caps is written 'a grave or a throne.' He stayed some time at the Duke of Athol's⁵, whither old Marquis Tullibardine⁶ sent to bespeak dinner; and has since sent his brother word, that he likes the alterations made there. The Pretender found pine-apples there, the first he ever tasted. Mr. Breton⁷, a great favourite of the Southern Prince of Wales, went the other day to visit the Duchess of Athol⁸, and happened not to know that she is parted from her husband: he asked how the Duke did?

³ The King. *Walpole*.

⁴ Lady Granville. *Walpole*.

⁵ At Blair Atholl.

⁶ Elder brother of the Duke of Athol, but outlawed for the last rebellion. He was taken prisoner after the battle of Culloden, and died in the Tower. *Walpole*.

⁷ Afterwards Sir William Breton. He held an office in the household of Frederick, Prince of Wales. *Dover*.

⁸ Jane, daughter of Sir John Frederick, Baronet, and widow of James Lannoy; m. James Murray, second Duke of Atholl; d. 1748.

'Oh,' said she, 'he turned me out of his house, and now he is turned out himself.' Every now and then a Scotchman comes and pulls the boy by the sleeve; 'Prence, here is another mon taken!' then with all the dignity in the world, the booy hopes nobody was killed in the action! Lord Bath has made a piece of a ballad, the Duke of Newcastle's speech to the Regency; I have heard but these two lines of it:

'Pray consider, my Lords, how disastrous a thing,
To have two Prince of Wales's and never a King!'

The merchants are very zealous, and are opening a great subscription for raising troops. The other day, at the City meeting to draw up the address, Alderman Heathcote⁹ proposed a petition for a redress of grievances, but not one man seconded him. In the midst of all this, no Parliament is called! The ministers say they have nothing ready to offer; but they have nothing to notify!

I must tell you a ridiculous accident: when the magistrates of Edinburgh were searching houses for arms, they came to Mr. Maule's¹⁰, brother of Lord Panmure, and a great friend of the Duke of Argyll. The maid would not let them go into one room, which was locked, and, as she said, full of arms. They now thought they had found what they looked for, and had the door broke open—where they found an ample collection of coats of arms!

The deputy governor¹¹ of Edinburgh Castle has threatened the magistrates to beat their town about their ears, if they admit the rebels. Perth is twenty-four miles from Edinburgh, so we must soon know whether they will go thither; or leave it, and come into England. We have great hopes that the Highlanders will not follow him so far. Very few

⁹ George Heathcote, M.P. for the City of London. d. 1781.

¹⁰ Hon. John Maule, Baron of Guest (1660-1747).

the Scotch Court of Exchequer;

¹¹ Lieutenant-General Joshua Guest (1660-1747).

of them could be persuaded the last time to go to Preston; and several refused to attend King Charles II when he marched to Worcester. The *Caledonian Mercury* never calls them 'the rebels,' but 'the Highlanders.'

Adieu! my dear child: thank Mr. Chute for his letter, which I will answer soon. I don't know how to define my feeling: I don't despair, and yet I expect nothing but bad!

Yours, &c.

P.S. Is not my Princess very happy with hopes of the restoration of her old tenant¹²?

194. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, Sept. 17, 1745.

How could you ask me such a question, as whether I should be glad to see you? Have you a mind I should make you a formal speech, with *honour, and pleasure, and satisfaction*, &c.? I will not, for that would be telling you I should not be glad. However, do come soon, if you should be glad to see me; for we, I mean we old folks that came over with the Prince of Orange in eighty-eight, have had notice to remove by Christmas Day. The moment I have smuggled up a closet or a dressing-room, I have always warning given me that my lease is out. Four years ago I was mightily at my ease in Downing Street, and then the good woman, Sandys, took my lodgings over my head, and was in such a hurry to junket her neighbours, that I had scarce time allowed me to wrap up my old china in a little hay. Now comes the Pretender's boy, and promises all my comfortable apartments in the Exchequer and Custom House to some forlorn Irish peer, who chooses to remove his pride

¹² When the Old Pretender was in Lorrain, he lived at Prince Craon's. *Walpole*.

and poverty out of some large old unfurnished gallery at St. Germain's. Why really, Mr. Montagu, this is not pleasant ! I shall wonderfully dislike being a loyal sufferer in a threadbare coat, and shivering in an ante-chamber at Hanover, or reduced to teach Latin and English to the young princes at Copenhagen. The Dowager Strafford has already wrote cards for my Lady Nithisdale¹, my Lady Tullibardine, the Duchess of Perth² and Berwick³, and twenty more revived peeresses, to invite them to play at whisk, Monday three months : for your part, you will divert yourself with their old taffeties, and tarnished slippers, and their awkwardness, the first day they go to Court in shifts and clean linen. Will you ever write to me at my garret at Herenhausen⁴ ? I will give you a faithful account of all the promising speeches that Prince George and Prince Edward⁵ make whenever they have a new sword, and intend to reconquer England—At least write to me, while you may with acts of Parliament on your side : but I hope you are coming. Adieu !

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

195. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 20, 1745.

ONE really don't know what to write to you : the accounts from Scotland vary perpetually, and at best are never very certain. I was just going to tell you that the rebels are in England ; but my uncle is this moment come in, and says,

LETTER 194.—¹ Lady Winifred Herbert (d. 1749), daughter of first Marquis of Powis ; m. William Maxwell, fifth Earl of Nithsdale. In 1716 she effected her husband's escape from the Tower.

² Lady Jean Gordon, daughter of first Duke of Gordon ; m. James Drummond, second titular Duke of

Perth ; d. 1773.

³ Anne Bulkeley ; m. (1699) James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick ; d. 1751.

⁴ The electoral palace at Hanover.

⁵ Prince Edward Augustus (1739–1767), second son of Frederick, Prince of Wales ; cr. Duke of York, 1760 ; d. (unmarried) at Monaco.

that an express came last night with an account of their being at Edinburgh to the number of five thousand¹. This sounds great, to have walked through a kingdom, and taken possession of the capital! But this capital is an open town; and the Castle impregnable, and in our possession. There never was so extraordinary a sort of rebellion! One can't tell what assurances of support they may have from the Jacobites in England, or from the French²; but nothing of either sort has yet appeared—and if there does not, never was so desperate an enterprise. One can hardly believe that the English are more disaffected than the Scotch; and among the latter, no persons of property have joined them: both nations seem to profess a neutrality. Their money is all gone, and they subsist merely by levying contributions. But, sure, banditti can never conquer a kingdom! On the other hand, what cannot any number of men do, who meet no opposition? They have hitherto taken no place but open towns, nor have they any artillery for a siege but one-pounders. Three battalions of Dutch are landed at Gravesend, and are ordered to Lancashire: we expect every moment to hear that the rest are got to Scotland; none of our own are come yet. Lord Granville and his faction persist in persuading the King, that it is an affair of no consequence; and for the Duke of Newcastle, he is glad when the rebels make any progress, in order to confute Lord Granville's assertions. The best of our situation is, our strength at sea: the Channel is well guarded, and twelve men-of-war more are arrived from Rowley. Vernon, that simple noisy creature, has hit upon a scheme that is of great service; he has laid Folkestone cutters all round the coast, which

LETTER 195.—¹ The rebels entered Edinburgh on Sept. 17, 1745.

² The English Jacobites remained, for the most part, passive. Preparations had been made at Dunkirk

with a view of assisting the rebels, but owing to political intrigues at the French court, the departure of the expedition was delayed and finally abandoned.

are continually relieved, and bring constant notice of everything that stirs. I just now hear that the Duke of Bedford declares he will be amused no longer, but will ask the King's leave to raise a regiment. The Duke of Montagu has a troop of horse ready, and the Duke of Devonshire is raising men in Derbyshire. The Yorkshiremen, headed by the Archbishop³ and Lord Malton⁴, meet the gentlemen of the county the day after to-morrow, to defend that part of England. Unless we have more ill fortune than is conceivable, or the general supineness continues, it is impossible but we must get over this. You desire me to send you good news: I confine myself to tell you nothing but what you may depend upon; and leave you in a fright rather than deceive you. I confess my own apprehensions are not near so strong as they were; and if we get over this, I shall believe that we never can be hurt; for we never can be more exposed to danger. Whatever disaffection there is to the present family, it plainly does not proceed from love to the other.

My Lady O. makes little progress in popularity. Neither the protection of my Lady Pomfret's prudery, nor of my Lady Townshend's libertinism, do her any service. The women stare at her, think her ugly, awkward, and disagreeable; and what is worse, the men think so too. For the height of mortification, the King has declared publicly to the ministry, that he has been told of the great civilities which he was said to show her at Hanover; that he protests he showed her only the common civilities due to any English lady that comes thither; that he never intended to take any particular notice of her; nor had, nor would let my Lady Yarmouth. In fact, my Lady Yarmouth peremptorily refused to carry her to court here; and when

³ Thomas Herring.

(circ. 1690-1750), first Earl of Malton;

⁴ Thomas Watson-Wentworth

cr. Marquis of Rockingham, 1746.

she did go with my Lady Pomfret, the King but just spoke to her. She declares her intention of staying in England, and protests against all lawsuits and violences; and says she only asks articles of separation, and to have her allowance settled by any two arbitrators chosen by my brother and herself. I have met her twice at my Lady Townshend's, just as I used at Florence. She dresses English and plays at whisk. I forgot to tell you a *bon mot* of Leheup⁵ on her first coming over; he was asked if he would not go and see her? He replied, 'No, I never visit modest women.' Adieu! my dear child! I flatter myself you will collect hopes from this letter.

196. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 27, 1745.

I CAN'T doubt but the joy of the Jacobites has reached Florence before this letter. Your two or three Irish priests, I forget their names, will have set out to take possession of abbey-lands here. I feel for what you will feel, and for the insulting things that will be said to you upon the battle¹ we have lost in Scotland; but all this is nothing to what it prefaces. The express came hither on Tuesday morning, but the Papists knew it on Sunday night. Cope lay in face of the rebels all Friday; he scarce two thousand strong, they vastly superior, though we don't know their numbers. The military people say that he should have attacked them. However, we are sadly convinced that they are not such raw ragamuffins as they were represented. The rotation that has been established in that country, to give all the

⁵ Isaac Leheup, brother-in-law of Horace Walpole the elder. He was a man of great wit, and greater brutality, and being minister at Hanover, was recalled for very in-

decent behaviour there. *Walpole*.

LETTER 196.—¹ At Preston Pans, near Edinburgh. *Walpole*.—Where Sir John Cope was completely defeated (Sept. 21, 1745).

Highlanders the benefit of serving in the independent companies, has trained and disciplined them. Macdonald (I suppose, he from Naples)², who is reckoned a very experienced able officer, is said to have commanded them, and to be dangerously wounded. One does not hear the boy's personal valour cried up; by which I conclude he was not in the action³. Our dragoons most shamefully fled without striking a blow, and are with Cope, who escaped in a boat to Berwick. I pity poor him⁴, who with no shining abilities, and no experience, and no force, was sent to fight for a crown! He never saw a battle but that of Dettingen, where he got his red ribbon: Churchill, whose led-captain he was, and my Lord Harrington, had pushed him up to this misfortune. We have lost all our artillery, five hundred men taken—and *three* killed, and several officers, as you will see in the papers. This defeat has frightened everybody but those it rejoices, and those it should frighten most; but my Lord Granville still buoys up the King's spirits, and persuades him it is nothing. He uses his ministers as ill as possible, and discourages everybody that would risk their lives and fortunes with him. Marshal Wade is marching against the rebels; but the King will not let him take above eight thousand men; so that if they come into England, another battle, with no advantage on our side, may determine our fate. Indeed, they don't seem so unwise as to risk their cause upon so precarious an event; but rather to design to establish themselves in Scotland, till they can be supported from France, and be set up with taking Edinburgh Castle, where there is to the value of a million, and which

² Probably 'Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service' mentioned by Lord Stanhope (*History*, ed. 1853, vol. iii. p. 208).

³ He charged at the head of the second line.

⁴ General Cope was tried after-

wards for his behaviour in this action, and it appeared very clearly, that the ministry, his inferior officers, and his troops, were greatly to blame; and that he did all he could, so ill-directed, so ill-supplied, and so ill-obeyed. *Walpole*.

they would make a stronghold. It is scarcely victualled for a month, and must surely fall into their hands. Our coasts are greatly guarded, and London kept in awe by the arrival of the Guards. I don't believe what I have been told this morning, that more troops are sent for from Flanders, and aid asked of Denmark.

Prince Charles has called a Parliament in Scotland for the 7th of October; ours does not meet till the 17th, so that even in the show of liberty and laws they are beforehand with us. With all this, we hear of no men of quality or fortune having joined him but Lord Elcho⁵, whom you have seen at Florence; and the Duke of Perth⁶, a silly race-horsing boy, who is said to be killed in this battle. But I gather no confidence from hence: my father always said, 'If you see them come again, they will begin by their lowest people; their chiefs will not appear till the end.' His prophecies verify every day!

The town is still empty; in this point only the English act contrary to their custom, for they don't throng to see a Parliament, though it is likely to grow a curiosity!

I have so trained myself to expect this ruin, that I see it approach without any emotion. I shall suffer with fools, without having any malice to our enemies, who act sensibly from principle and from interest. Ruling parties seldom have caution or common sense. I don't doubt but Whigs and Protestants will be alert enough in trying to recover what they lose so supinely.

I know nothing of my Lady O. In this situation I dare

⁵ Eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss. *Walpole*.—David Wemyss, Baron Elcho; d. 1787. After the battle of Culloden he escaped to France. In consequence of the attainder, he did not succeed to the earldom of Wemyss on his father's death.

⁶ James Drummond (1713-1746), third titular Duke of Perth. He was not killed at Preston Pans. After the battle of Culloden he escaped, but died on board the frigate on which he had embarked for France.

say she will exert enough of the spirit of her Austrian party, to be glad the present government is oppressed; her piques and the Queen of Hungary's bigotry will draw satisfaction from what ought to be so contrary to each of their wishes. I don't wonder my Lady hates you so much, as I think she meant to express by her speech to Blair—

*Quem non credit Cleopatra nocentem,
A quo casta fuit?*

She lives chiefly with my Lady Townshend: the latter told me last night, that she had seen a new fat player, who looked like everybody's husband. I replied, 'I could easily believe that, from seeing so many women who looked like everybody's wives.' Adieu! my dear Sir; I hope your spirits, like mine, will grow calm, from being callous with ill news.

197. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 4, 1745.

I AM still writing to you as *Résident de sa Majesté Britannique*; and without the apprehension of your suddenly receiving letters of recall, or orders to notify to the Council of Florence the new accession. I dare say your fears made you think that the young Prince (for he is at least Prince of Scotland) had vaulted from Cope's neck into St. James's House; but he is still at Edinburgh; and his cousin Grafton, the Lord Chamberlain, has not even given orders for fitting up this palace for his reception. The good people of England have at last rubbed their eyes and looked about them. A wonderful spirit is arisen in all counties, and among all sorts of people. The nobility are raising regiments, and everybody else is—being raised. Dr. Herring, the Archbishop of York, has set an example that would rouse the most indifferent: in two days after the

news arrived at York of Cope's defeat, and when they every moment expected the victorious rebels at their gates, the Bishop made a speech to the assembled county, that had as much true spirit, honesty, and bravery in it, as ever was penned by an historian for an ancient hero.

The rebels returned to Edinburgh, where they have no hopes of taking the Castle, for old Preston¹, the deputy-governor, and General Guest, have obliged them to supply the Castle constantly with fresh provisions, on pain of having the town fired with red-hot bullets. They did fling a bomb on Holyrood House, and obliged the boy to shift his quarters. Wade is marching against them, and will have a great army: all the rest of our troops are ordered from Flanders, and are to meet him in Yorkshire, with some Hessians too. That county raises four thousand men, besides a body of foxhunters, whom Oglethorpe has converted into hussars. I am told that old Stair, who certainly does not want zeal, but may not want envy neither, has practised a little Scotch art to prevent Wade from having an army, and consequently the glory of saving this country. This I don't doubt he will do, if the rebels get no foreign aid; and I have great reason to hope they will not, for the French are privately making us overtures of peace. My dear child, dry your *wet-brown-paperness*, and be in spirits again!

It is not a very civil joy to send to Florence, but I can't help telling you how glad I am of news that came two days ago, of the King of Prussia having beat Prince Charles², who attacked him just after we could have obtained for them a peace with that King³. That odious house of

LETTER 197.—¹ Colonel George Preston, Lieutenant-Governor of Edinburgh Castle; d. 1748.

² On Sept. 30, 1745, at Sohr in Bohemia.

³ George II had made his own

peace with the King of Prussia by a Convention signed at Hanover (Aug. 26, 1745), but could not prevail on Austria and Saxony to follow his example.

Austria! It will not be decent for *you* to insult Richcourt, but I *would*, were I at Florence.

Pray let Mr. Chute have ample accounts of our zeal to figure *à* with at Rome; of the merchants of London undertaking to support the public credit; of universal associations; of regiments raised by the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, Rutland, Montagu; Lords Herbert, Halifax, Cholmondeley, Falmouth, Malton, Derby⁴, &c.; of Wade with an army of twenty thousand men; of another about London of near as many—*and* lastly, of Lord Gower having in person assured the King that he is no Jacobite, but ready to serve him with his life and fortune. Tell him of the whole coast so guarded, that nothing can pass unvisited; and in short, send him this advertisement out of to-day's paper, as an instance of more spirit *et* wit than there is in all Scotland:

TO ALL JOLLY BUTCHERS.

MY BOLD HEARTS,

These Papists eat no *meat* on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, nor during Lent.

Your friend,

JOHN STEEL.

Just as I wrote this, a person is come in, who tells me that the rebels have cut off the communication between Edinburgh and the Castle: the commanders renewed their threats; and the good magistrates have sent up hither to beg orders may be sent to forbid this execution⁵. It is modest! it is Scotch!—and, I dare say, will be granted. Ask a government to spare your town, which you yourself have given up to rebels; and the consequence of saving which will be the loss of your Castle!—but they knew to

⁴ Edward Stanley (1689–1776), eleventh Earl of Derby.

⁵ In a consequence of General

Guest's threatened destruction of the city, the blockade ceased.

what government they applied! You need not be in haste to have this notified at Rome. Tell it not in Gath!

Adieu! my dear Sir. This account has put me so out of humour, and has so altered the strain of my letter, that I must finish.

198. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 11, 1745.

THIS is likely to be a very short letter; for I have nothing to tell you, nor anything to answer. I have not had one letter from you this month, which I attribute to the taking of the packet-boat by the French, with two mails in it. It was a very critical time for our negotiations; the ministry will say, it puts their transactions out of order.

Before I talk of any public news, I must tell you what you will be very sorry for—Lady Granville is dead. She had a fever for six weeks before her lying-in, and could never get it off. Last Saturday they called in another physician, Dr. Oliver: on Monday he pronounced her out of danger. About seven in the evening, as Lord Pomfret and Lady Charlotte were sitting by her, the first notice they had of her immediate danger, was her sighing and saying, ‘I feel death come very fast upon me!’ She repeated the same words frequently—remained perfectly in her senses and calm, and died about eleven at night. Her mother and sister sat by her till she was cold. It is very shocking for anybody so young, so handsome, so arrived at the height of happiness, so sensible of it, and on whom all the joy and grandeur of her family depended, to be so quickly snatched away! Poor Uguccioni! he will be very sorry and simple about it.

For the rebels, they have made no figure since their victory. The Castle of Edinburgh has made a sally, and

taken twenty head of cattle, and about thirty head of Highlanders. We heard yesterday, that they are coming this way¹. The troops from Flanders are expected to land in Yorkshire to-morrow. A privateer of Bristol has taken a large Spanish ship, laden with arms and money for Scotland². A piece of a plot has been discovered in Dorsetshire, and one Mr. Weld³ taken up. The French have declared to the Dutch, that the House of Stuart is their ally, and that the Dutch troops must not act against them; but we expect they shall. The Parliament meets next Thursday, and by that time, probably, the armies will too. The rebels are not above eight thousand, and have little artillery; so you may wear what ministerial spirits you will.

The Venetian ambassador has been making his entries this week: he was at Leicester Fields to-day with the Prince, and very pretty compliments passed between them in Italian.

Do excuse this letter: I really have not a word more to say; the next shall be all *arma virumque cano*!

199. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 21, 1745.

I HAD been almost as long without any of your letters as you had without mine; but yesterday I received one, dated the 5th of this month, N.S.

The rebels have not left their camp near Edinburgh, and, I suppose, will not now, unless to retreat into the Highlands. General Wade was to march yesterday from Doncaster for Scotland. By their not advancing, I conclude that either the boy and his council could not prevail on the Highlanders

LETTER 198.—¹ Charles Edward did not leave Edinburgh until Oct. 31.

captured by the *Trial* of Bristol.
³ Edward Weld of Lulworth; d. 1761.

² The *San Zirioco* from Corunna,

to leave their own country, or that they were not strong enough, and still wait for foreign assistance, which, in a new declaration, he intimates that he still expects. One only ship, I believe, a Spanish one, is got to them with arms, and Lord John Drummond¹ and some people of quality on board. We don't hear that the younger boy is of the number. Four ships sailed from Corunna; the one that got to Scotland, one taken by a privateer of Bristol, and one lost on the Irish coast; the fourth is not heard of. At Edinburgh and thereabouts they commit the most horrid barbarities. We last night expected as bad here: information was given of an intended insurrection and massacre by the Papists; all the Guards were ordered out, and the Tower shut up at seven. I cannot be surprised at anything, considering the supineness of the ministry—nobody has yet been taken up!

The Parliament met on Thursday. I don't think, considering the crisis, that the House was very full. Indeed, many of the Scotch members cannot come if they would. The young Pretender had published a declaration, threatening to confiscate the estates of the Scotch that should come to Parliament, and making it treason for the English. The only points that have been before the House, the address and the suspension of the Habeas corpus, met with obstructions from the Jacobites. By this we may expect what spirit they will show hereafter. With all this, I am far from thinking that they are so confident and sanguine as their friends at Rome. I blame the Chutes extremely for cockading themselves: why take a part, when they are only travelling? I should certainly retire to Florence on this occasion.

You may imagine how little I like our situation; but I don't despair. The little use they made, or could make of

LETTER 199.—¹ Lord John Drummond (circ. 1716–1747). He suc-

ceeded his brother as fourth titular Duke of Perth in 1746.

their victory; their not having marched into England; their miscarriage at the Castle of Edinburgh; the arrival of our forces, and the non-arrival of any French or Spanish, make me conceive great hopes of getting over this ugly business. But it is still an affair wherein the chance of battles, or perhaps of one battle, may decide.

I write you but short letters, considering the circumstances of the time; but I hate to send you paragraphs only to contradict them again: I still less choose to forge events; and, indeed, am glad I have so few to tell you.

My Lady O. has forced herself upon her mother, who receives her very coolly: she talks highly of her demands, and quietly of her methods: the fruitlessness of either will, I hope, soon send her back—I am sorry it must be to you!

You mention Holdisworth²: he has had the confidence to come and visit me within these ten days; and (I suppose, from the overflowing of his joy) talked a great deal and quick—with as little sense as when he was more tedious.

Since I wrote this, I hear the Countess has told her mother, that she thinks her husband the best of our family, and me the worst—nobody so bad, except you! I don't wonder at my being so ill with her; but what have you done? or is it, that we are worse than anybody, because we know more of her than anybody does? Adieu!

200. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1745.

It is just a fortnight since I wrote to you last: in all that time the Rebellion has made no progress, nor produced any incidents worth mentioning. They have intrenched them-

² A nonjuror, who travelled with Mr. G. Pitt. *Walpole*. — Edward

Holdisworth (1688-1747), a classical scholar.

selves very strongly in the Duke of Buccleuch's park¹, whose seat, about seven miles from Edinburgh, they have seized. We had an account last week of the boy's being retired to Dunkirk, but it was not true. Kelly², who is gone to solicit succour from France, was seized at Helvoet, but by a stupid burgher released. Lord Loudon is very brisk in the north of Scotland, and has intercepted and beat some of their parties. Marshal Wade was to march from Newcastle yesterday.

But the Rebellion does not make half the noise here that one of its consequences does. Fourteen lords (most of them I have named to you), at the beginning, offered to raise regiments; these regiments, so handsomely tendered at first, have been since put on the regular establishment; not much to the honour of the undertakers or of the firmness of the ministry, and the King is to pay them. One of the great grievances of this is, that these most disinterested colonels have named none but their own relations and dependents for the officers, who are to have rank; and consequently both colonels and subalterns will interfere with the brave old part of the army, who have served all the war. This has made great clamour. The King was against their having rank, but would not refuse it; yet wished that the House of Commons would address him not to grant it. This notification of his royal mind encouraged some of the old part of the ministry, particularly Winnington and Fox, to undertake to procure this address. Friday it came on in the committee; the Jacobites and Patriots (such as are not included in the coalition) violently opposed the regiments themselves; so did Fox, in a very warm speech, levelled particularly at the Duke of Montagu, who, besides his old

LETTER 200.—¹ Dalkeith; but the rebels were at Duddingston, several miles nearer Edinburgh.

² He had been confined in the

Tower ever since the assassination-plot in the reign of King William, but at last made his escape. *Walpole*.

regiment, has one of horse and one of foot on this new plan. Pitt defended them as warmly: the Duke of Bedford, Lord Gower, and Lord Halifax, being at the head of this job. At last, at ten at night, the thirteen regiments of foot were voted without a division, and the two of horse carried by 192 to 82. Then came the motion for the address, and in an hour and half more, was rejected by 126 to 124. Of this latter number were several of the old corps; I among the rest. It is to be reported to the House to-morrow, and will, I conclude, be at least as warm a day as the former. The King is now against the address, and all sides are using their utmost efforts. The fourteen lords threaten to throw up, unless their whole terms are complied with; and the Duke of Bedford is not moderately insolent against such of the King's servants as voted against him. Mr. Pelham espouses him; not recollecting, that at least twice a week all his new allies are suffered to oppose him as they please. I should be sorry, for the appearance, to have the regiments given up; but I am sure our affair is over, if our two old armies are beaten and we should come to want these new ones; four only of which are pretended to be raised³. Pitt, who has alternately bullied and flattered Mr. Pelham, is at last to be Secretary at War⁴; Sir William Yonge to be removed to Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, and Lord Torrington⁵

³ 'At the time of the Rebellion thirteen lords had offered to raise regiments of their own dependents, and were allowed. Had they paid them too, the service had been noble. Being paid by the government obscured a little of the merit—being paid without raising them would deserve too coarse a term. It is certain that not six of the thirteen regiments ever were raised—not four were employed. . . The chief persons at the head of this scheme were the Dukes of Bedford and Montagu. The former raised and served with his regiment. The Duke of Montagu,

who thought he could never get too much from the government, or give away enough to the poor, had the profit of two regiments.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i, pp. 446-7.) A ballad (*The Heroes*) by Sir C. H. Williams also commemorates this scheme.

⁴ This appointment did not take place.

⁵ Pattee Byng (1699-1747), second Viscount Torrington; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1734-46; Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, 1744; Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, 1746-47.

to have a pension in lieu of it. An ungracious parallel between the mercenary views of these Patriot heroes, the regiment factors, and of their acquiescent agents, the ministry, with the disinterested behaviour of my Lord Kildare⁶, was drawn on Friday by Lord Doneraile; who read the very proposals of the latter for raising, clothing, and arming a regiment at his own expense, and for which he had been told, but the very day before this question, that the King had no occasion.—‘And how,’ said Lord Doneraile, ‘can one account for this, but by saying, that we have a ministry who are either too good-natured to refuse a wrong thing, or too irresolute to do a right one!’

I am extremely pleased with the purchase of the eagle and altar, and think them cheap: I even begin to believe that I shall be able to pay for them. The *gesse* statues are all arrived safe. Your last letter was dated Oct. 19, N.S., and left you up to the chin in water⁷, just as we were drowned five years ago. Good night, if you are alive still!

201. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1745.

I TOLD you in my last what disturbance there had been about the new regiments; the affair of rank was again disputed on the report till ten at night, and carried by a majority of 23. The King had been persuaded to appear for it, though Lord Granville made it a party point against Mr. Pelham. Winnington did not speak. I was not there, for I could not vote for it, and yielded not to give any hindrance to a public measure (or at least what was called so) just now. The Prince acted openly, and influenced his

⁶ James Fitzgerald (1722-1773), twentieth Earl of Kildare, cr. Marquis of Kildare in 1761, Duke of Leinster in 1766; Master General of

the Ordnance in Ireland, 1760-66; Lieutenant-General, 1770.

⁷ By an inundation of the Arno. *Walpole*.

people against it ; but it only served to let Mr. Pelham see, what, like everything else, he did not know, how strong he is. The King will scarce speak to him, and he cannot yet get Pitt into place.

The rebels are come into England: for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle. Some think they will besiege that town, which has an old wall, and all the militia in it of Cumberland and Westmoreland ; but as they can pass by it, I don't see why they should take it ; for they are not strong enough to leave garrisons. Several desert them as they advance south ; and altogether, good men and bad, nobody believes them ten thousand. By their marching westward to avoid Wade, it is evident that they are not strong enough to fight him. They may yet retire back into their mountains, but if once they get to Lancaster, their retreat is cut off ; for Wade will not stir from New-castle, till he has embarked them deep into England, and then he will be behind them. He has sent General Handasyde from Berwick with two regiments to take possession of Edinburgh. The rebels are certainly in a very desperate situation: they dared not meet Wade ; and if they had waited for him, their troops would have deserted. Unless they meet with great risings in their favour in Lancashire, I don't see what they can hope, except from a continuation of our neglect. That, indeed, has nobly exerted itself for them. They were suffered to march the whole length of Scotland, and take possession of the capital, without a man appearing against them. Then two thousand men *sailed* to them, to run from them. Till the flight of Cope's army, Wade was not sent. Two roads still lay into England, and till they had chosen that which Wade had not taken, no army was thought of being sent to secure the other. Now Ligonier, with seven old regiments, and six of the new, is

ordered to Lancashire: before this first division of the army could get to Coventry, they are forced to order it to halt, for fear the enemy should be up with it before it was all assembled. It is uncertain if the rebels will march to the north of Wales, to Bristol, or towards London. If to the latter, Ligonier must fight them: if to either of the other, which I hope, the two armies may join and drive them into a corner, where they must all perish. They cannot subsist in Wales, but by being supplied by the Papists in Ireland. The best is, that we are in no fear from France; there is no preparation for invasions in any of their ports. Lord Clancarty¹, a Scotchman of great parts, but mad and drunken, and whose family forfeited 90,000*l.* a year, for King James, is made vice-admiral at Brest. The Duke of Bedford goes in his little round person with his regiment; he now takes to the land, and says he is tired of being a pen and ink man. Lord Gower insisted, too, upon going with his regiment, but is laid up with the gout.

With the rebels in England, you may imagine we have no private news, nor think of foreign. From this account you may judge, that our case is far from desperate, though disagreeable. The Prince, while the Princess lies-in, has taken to give dinners, to which he asks two of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, two of the Maids of Honour, &c., by turns, and five or six others. He sits at the head of the table, drinks and harangues to all this medley till nine at night; and the other day, after the affair of the regiments, drank Mr. Fox's health in a bumper, with three huzzas, for opposing Mr. Pelham—

*Si quà fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!*

You put me in pain for my eagle, and in more for the

LETTER 201.—¹ Robert Maccarty (1685–1769), fifth Earl of Clancarty; Governor of Newfoundland, 1733–35.

Chutes, whose zeal is very heroic, but very ill-placed. I long to hear that all my Chutes and eagles are safe out of the Pope's hands! Pray wish the Suares's joy of all their espousals. Does the Princess pray abundantly for her friend the Pretender? Is she extremely *abattue* with her devotion? and does she fast till she has got a violent appetite for supper? And then, does she eat so long, that old Sarrasin is quite impatient to go to cards again? Good night! I intend you shall still be Resident from King George.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that the other day I concluded the ministry knew the danger was all over; for the Duke of Newcastle ventured to have the Pretender's declaration burnt at the Royal Exchange.

202. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1745.

For these two days we have been expecting news of a battle. Wade marched last Saturday from Newcastle, and must have got up with the rebels if they stayed for him, though the roads are exceedingly bad and great quantities of snow have fallen. But last night there was some notice of a body of rebels being advanced to Penryth. We were put into great spirits by an heroic letter from the mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the rebels and made them retire; he concluded with saying, 'And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his Majesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together.' But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four-and-twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The King spoke of him at his *levée* with great encomiums; Lord Stair said, 'Yes, sir, Mr. Patterson has behaved very bravely.' The Duke of Bedford interrupted him; 'My Lord,

his name is not *Paterson* ; that is a Scotch name ; his name is *Patinson*.' But, alack ! the next day the rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in waggons in the front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling-ladders. The great Mr. Pattinson, or Patterson (for now his name may be which one pleases), instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillage. Well ! then we were assured that the citadel could hold out seven or eight days ; but did not so many hours¹. On mustering the militia, there were not found above four men in a company ; and for four companies, which the ministry, on a report of Lord Albemarle, who said they were to be sent from Wade's army, thought were there, and did not know were not there, there was nothing but two, but of invalids. Colonel Durand, the governor, fled, because he would not sign the capitulation, by which the garrison, it is said, has sworn never to bear arms against the house of Stuart. The Colonel sent two expresses, one to Wade, and another to Ligonier at Preston ; but the latter was playing at whisk with Lord Harrington at Petersham². Such is our diligence and attention ! All my hopes are in Wade, who was so sensible of the ignorance of our governors, that he refused to accept the command, till they consented that he should be subject to no kind of orders from hence. The rebels are reckoned up to thirteen thousand ; Wade marches with about twelve ; but if they come southward, the other army will probably be to fight them ; the Duke is to command it, and sets out next week with another brigade of Guards, and Ligonier under him. There are great apprehensions for Chester from the Flintshire men, who are ready to rise.

LETTER 202.—¹ Carlisle surrendered on Nov. 15.

² Petersham Lodge, Lord Har-

ington's seat at Richmond in Surrey.

A quarter-master, first sent to Carlisle, was seized and carried to Wade; he behaved most insolently; and being asked by the General, how many the rebels were, replied, 'Enough to beat any army you have in England.' A Mackintosh has been taken, who reduces their formidability, by being sent to raise two clans, and with orders, if they would not rise, at least to give out they had risen, for that three clans would leave the Pretender, unless joined by those two. Five hundred new rebels are arrived at Perth, where our prisoners are kept.

I had this morning a subscription-book brought me for our parish; Lord Granville had refused to subscribe. This is in the style of his friend Lord Bath, who has absented himself whenever any act of authority was to be executed against the rebels.

Five Scotch lords are going to raise regiments à l'Angloise! Resident in London, while the rebels were in Scotland, they are to receive military emoluments for their neutrality!

The *Fox* man-of-war of 20 guns is lost off Dunbar. One Beavor, the captain, had done us notable service: the Pretender sent to commend his zeal and activity, and to tell him, that if he would return to his allegiance, he should soon have a flag. Beavor replied, 'He never treated with any but principals; that if the Pretender would come on board him, he would talk with him.' I must now tell you of our great Vernon: without once complaining to the ministry, he has written to Sir John Philipps, a distinguished Jacobite, to complain of want of provisions; yet they do not venture to recall him! Yesterday they had another baiting from Pitt, who is ravenous for the place of Secretary at War: they would give it him; but as a preliminary, he insists on a declaration of our having nothing to do with the continent. He mustered his forces, but did

not notify his intention ; only at two o'clock Lyttelton said at the Treasury, that there would be business at the House. The motion was, to augment our naval force, which, Pitt said, was the only method of putting an end to the rebellion. Ships built a year hence to suppress an army of Highlanders, now marching through England ! My uncle attacked him, and congratulated his country on the wisdom of the modern young men ; and said he had a son of two-and-twenty, who, he did not doubt, would come over wiser than any of them. Pitt was provoked, and retorted on his negotiations and *grey-headed* experience. At those words, my uncle, as if he had been at Bartholomew Fair, snatched off his wig, and showed his grey hairs, which made the *august senate* laugh, and put Pitt out, who, after laughing himself, diverted his venom upon Mr. Pelham. Upon the question, Pitt's party amounted but to thirty-six : in short, he has nothing left but his words, and his haughtiness, and his Lytteltons, and his Grenvilles. Adieu !

203. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 29, 1745.

WE have had your story here this week of the *pretended* Pretender, but with the unlucky circumstance of its coming from the Roman Catholics. With all the faith you have in your little spy, I cannot believe it ; though, to be sure, it has a Stuart-air, the not exposing the real boy to danger. The Duke of Newcastle mentioned your account this morning to my uncle ; but they don't give any credit to the courier's relation. It grows so near being necessary for the young man to get off by any evasion, that I am persuaded all that party will try to have it believed. We are so far from thinking that they have not sent us one son, that two days ago we believed we had got the other too. A small ship

has taken the *Soleil* privateer from Dunkirk, going to Montrose, with twenty French officers, sixty others, and the brother¹ of the beheaded Lord Derwentwater² and his son³, who at first was believed to be the second boy. News came yesterday of a second privateer, taken with arms and money; of another lost on the Dutch coast, and of Vernon being in pursuit of two more. All this must be a great damp to the party, who are coming on fast—fast to their destruction. Last night they were to be at Preston, but several repeated accounts make them under five thousand—none above seven; they must have diminished greatly by desertion. The country is so far from rising for them, that the towns are left desolate on their approach, and the people hide and bury their effects, even to their pewter. Warrington bridge is broken down, which will turn them some miles aside. The Duke, with the flower of that brave army which stood all the fire at Fontenoy, will rendezvous at Stone, beyond Litchfield, the day after to-morrow: Wade is advancing behind them, and will be at Wetherby in Yorkshire to-morrow. In short, I have no conception of their daring to fight either army, nor see any visible possibility of their not being very soon destroyed. My fears have been great, for the greatness of our stake; but I now write in the greatest confidence of our getting over this ugly business. We have another very disagreeable affair, that may have fatal consequences: there rages a murrain among the cows; we dare not eat milk, butter, beef, nor anything from that

LETTER 203.—¹ Charles Radcliffe (1693-1746), who but for the attainder would have been fifth Earl of Derwentwater. He was sentenced to death after the rebellion of 1715, but escaped from Newgate. He was now sent to the Tower, was tried, and condemned to death, under his former sentence. He was beheaded on Tower Hill on Dec. 8, 1746.

² James Radcliffe (1689-1716), third Earl of Derwentwater.

³ James Bartholomew Radcliffe (1725-1786), Viscount Kinnaird; succeeded his mother as third Earl of Newburgh in 1755. He does not appear to have been known as Viscount Kinnaird, as Horace Walpole mentions him (after his release from imprisonment) as Mr. Radcliffe.

species. Unless there is snow or frost soon, it is likely to spread dreadfully; though hitherto it has not reached many miles from London. At first, it was imagined that the Papists had empoisoned the pools; but the physicians have pronounced it infectious, and brought from abroad.

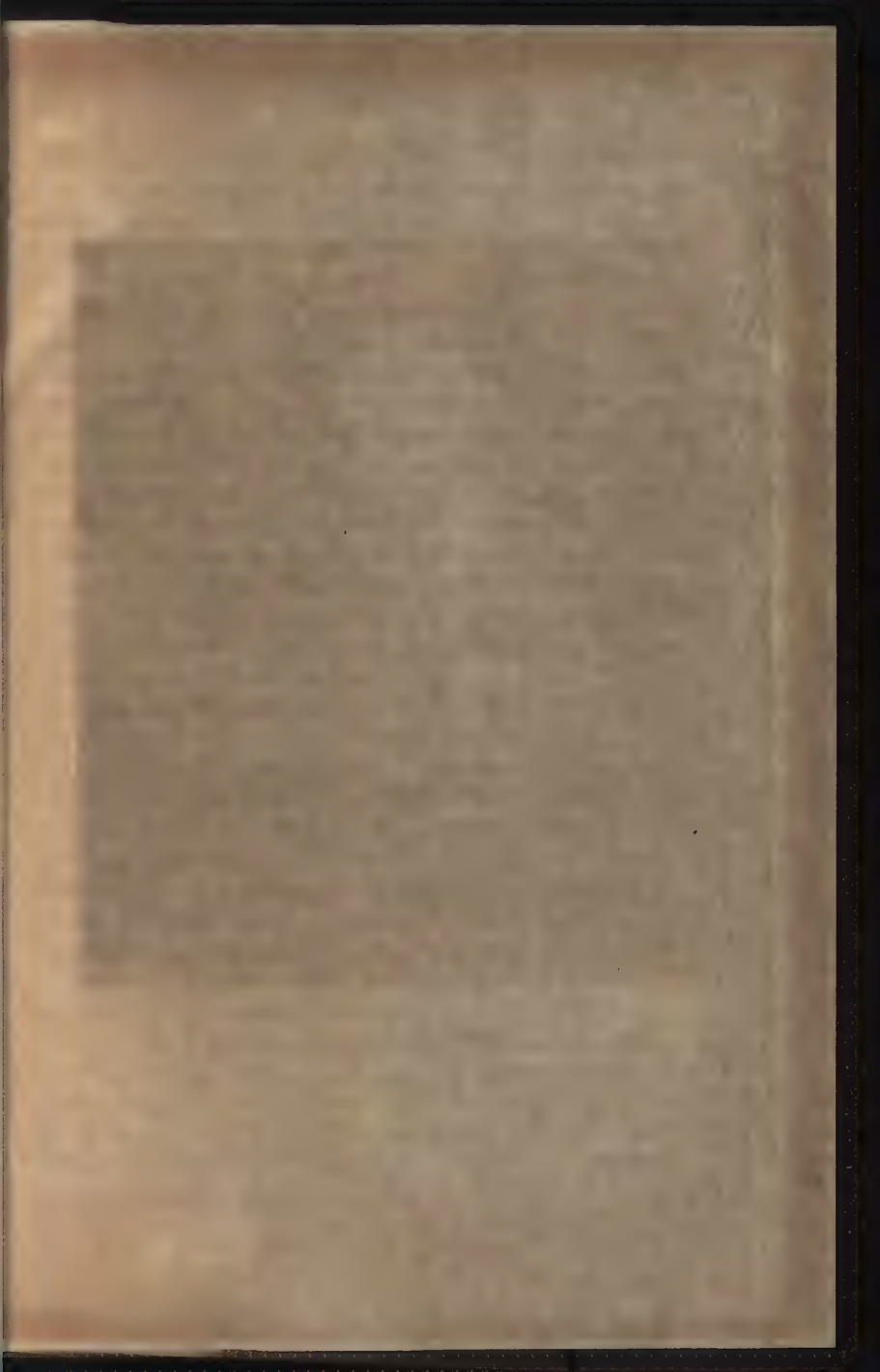
I forgot to tell you, that my uncle begged the Duke of Newcastle to stifle this report of the sham Pretender, lest the King should hear it and recall the Duke, as too great to fight a counterfeit. It is certain that the army adore the Duke, and are gone in the greatest spirits; and on the parade, as they began their march, the Guards vowed that they would neither give nor take quarter. For bravery, his Royal Highness is certainly no Stuart, but literally loves to be in the act of fighting. His brother has so far the same taste, that the night of his new son's⁴ christening, he had the citadel of Carlisle in sugar at supper, and the company besieged it with sugar plums. It was well imagined, considering the time and the circumstances. One thing was very proper; old Marshal Stair was there, who is grown child enough to be fit to war only with such artillery. Another piece of ingenuity of that court was on the report of Pitt being named Secretary at War. The Prince hates him, since the fall of Lord Granville: he said, Miss Chudleigh⁵, one of the Maids, was fitter for the employment; and dictated a letter, which he made her write to Lord Harrington, to desire he would draw the warrant for her. There were fourteen people at table, and all were to sign it: the Duke of Queensberry⁶ would not, as being a friend of

⁴ Prince Henry Frederick (1745-1790); cr. Duke of Cumberland, 1766.

⁵ Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, Governor of Chelsea Hospital; m. 1. (privately, in 1744), the Hon. Augustus John Hervey (afterwards third Earl of Bristol); 2. (1769, during the lifetime of her first husband), Evelyn

Pierrepont, second Duke of Kingston. She was tried for bigamy in 1776, and found guilty. After her trial she left England. She died abroad in 1788.

⁶ Charles Douglas (1698-1778), third Duke of Queensberry; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1720; Vice-Admiral of Scotland, 1722-30; Lord of







William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland

William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland
from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.



Pitt, nor Mrs. Layton, one of the dressers: however, it was actually sent, and the footman ordered not to deliver it till Sir William Yonge was at Lord Harrington's—alas! it would be endless to tell you all his *Caligulisms*! A ridiculous thing happened when the Princess saw company: the new-born babe was shown in a mighty pretty cradle, designed by Kent, under a canopy in the great drawing-room. Sir William Stanhope went to look at it; Mrs. Herbert⁷, the governess, advanced to unmantle it: he said, 'In wax, I suppose.'—'Sir!'—'In wax, Madam?'—'The young Prince, Sir.'—'Yes, in wax, I suppose.' This is his odd humour: when he went to see this Duke at his birth, he said, 'Lord: it sees!'

The good Provost of Edinburgh has been with Marshal Wade at Newcastle, and it is said is coming to London—he must trust hugely to the inactivity of the ministry! They have taken an agent there going with large contributions from the Roman Catholics, who have pretended to be so quiet! The Duchess of Richmond, while her husband is at the army, was going to her Grace of Norfolk: when he was very uneasy at her intention, she showed him letters from the Norfolk, 'wherein she prays God that this wicked rebellion may be soon suppressed, lest it hurt the poor Roman Catholics.' But this wise jaunt has made such a noise that it is laid aside.

Your friend Lord Sandwich has got one of the Duke of Montagu's regiments; he stayed quietly till all the noise was over. He is now Lord of the Admiralty, lieutenant-colonel to the Duke of Bedford, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Richmond, and colonel of a regiment!

the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, 1748–51; Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, 1761–63; Lord Justice General of Scotland, 1763–78.

⁷ Mary, daughter of John Smith (Speaker of the House of Commons in 1705); m. Hon. Robert Sawyer Herbert, second son of eighth Earl of Pembroke; d. 1757.

A friend of mine, Mr. Talbot, who has a good estate in Cheshire, with the great tithes, which he takes in kind, and has generally fifteen hundred pounds stock, has expressly ordered his steward to burn it, if the rebels come that way: I don't think this will make a bad figure in Mr. Chute's brave gazette. As we go on prospering, I will take care to furnish him with paragraphs, till he kills Riviera⁸ and all the faction. When my lovely eagle comes, I will consecrate it to his Roman memory; don't think I want spirits more than he, when I beg you to send me a case of drams: I remember your getting one for Mr. Trevor.

I guessed at having lost two letters from you in the packet-boat that was taken: I have received all you mention, but those of the 21st and 28th of September, one of which I suppose was about Gibberne: his mother has told me how happy you have made her and him, for which I much thank you and your usual good-nature. Adieu! I trust all my letters will grow better and better. You must have passed a lamentable scene of anxiety; we have had a good deal; but I think we grow in spirits again. There never was so melancholy a town; no kind of public place but the play-houses, and they look as if the rebels had just driven away the company. Nobody but has some fear for themselves, for their money, or for their friends in the army: of this number am I deeply; Lord Bury⁹ and Mr. Conway, two of the first in my list, are aide-de-camps to the Duke, and another, Mr. Cornwallis¹⁰, is in the same army, and my

⁸ Cardinal Riviera, promoted to the purple by the interest of the Pretender. *Walpole*. — *Respectable, d'une grande probité; jadis un peu galant, aujourd'hui d'une grande régularité; l'un de leurs meilleurs sujets.* (De Brosses, *Lettres d'Italie*, li.)

⁹ George Keppel, eldest son of the

Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title in 1754. *Walpole*.

¹⁰ Edward, brother of Earl Cornwallis, Groom of the Bedchamber to the King, and afterwards Governor of Nova Scotia. *Walpole*—Sixth son of third Baron Cornwallis; d. 1776.

nephew, Lord Malpas¹¹—so I still fear the rebels beyond my reason. Good night.

P.S. It is now generally believed from many circumstances, that the youngest Pretender is actually among the prisoners taken on board the *Soleil*: pray wish Mr. Chute joy for me.

204. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1745.

I AM glad I did not write to you last post as I intended ; I should have sent you an account that would have alarmed you, and the danger would have been over before the letter had crossed the sea. The Duke, from some strange want of intelligence, lay last week for four-and-twenty hours under arms at Stone, in Staffordshire, expecting the rebels every moment, while they were marching in all haste to Derby. The news of this threw the town into great consternation¹; but his Royal Highness repaired his mistake, and got to Northampton, between the Highlanders and London. They got nine thousand pounds at Derby, and had the books brought to them, and obliged everybody to give them what they had subscribed against them. Then they retreated a few miles, but returned again to Derby, got ten thousand pounds more, plundered the town, and burnt a house of the Countess of Exeter². They are gone again, and got back to Leake, in Staffordshire, but miserably harassed, and, it is said, have left all their cannon behind them, and twenty waggons of sick. The Duke has sent General Hawley³ with

¹¹ George, eldest son of George Earl of Cholmondeley, and of Mary, second daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole*.—He died in 1764, during his father's lifetime.

LETTER 204.—¹ The consternation was so great as to occasion that day

being called *Black Friday*. *Walpole*.

² Hannah Sophia, daughter of Thomas Chambers, of Derby and London; m. (1724) Brownlow Cecil, eighth Earl of Exeter; d. 1765.

³ Lieutenant-General Henry Hawley, 'an indifferent officer, but a

the dragoons to harass them in their retreat, and dispatched Mr. Conway to Marshal Wade, to hasten his march upon the back of them. They must either go to North Wales, where they will probably all perish, or to Scotland, with great loss. We dread them no longer. We are threatened with great preparations for a French invasion, but the coast is exceedingly guarded; and for the people, the spirit against the rebels increases every day. Though they have marched thus into the heart of the kingdom, there has not been the least symptom of a rising, not even in the great towns of which they possessed themselves. They have got no recruits since their first entry into England, excepting one gentleman⁴ in Lancashire, one hundred and fifty common men, and two parsons, at Manchester, and a physician from York. But here in London, the aversion to them is amazing: on some thoughts of the King's going to an encampment at Finchley, the weavers not only offered him a thousand men, but the whole body of the Law formed themselves into a little army, under the command of Lord Chief-Justice Willes, and were to have done duty at St. James's, to guard the royal family in the King's absence.

But the greatest demonstration of loyalty appeared on the prisoners being brought to town from the *Soleil* prize: the young man is certainly Mr. Radcliffe's son; but the mob, persuaded of his being the youngest Pretender, could scarcely be restrained from tearing him to pieces all the way on the road, and at his arrival. He said he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful, and wished he had been shot at the battle of Dettingen, where he had been engaged. The father, whom they call Lord

very harsh disciplinarian' (*D. N. B.*). He was in command when the English troops were defeated at Falkirk (Jan. 1746). He died in 1759. His eccentric will was printed in the *Annual Register* for that year

(p. 348).

⁴ Francis, fifth son of Charles Townley of Townley. He was taken prisoner and executed in 1746, when his head was placed on Temple Bar.

Derwentwater, said, on entering the Tower, that he had never expected to arrive there alive. For the young man, he must only be treated as a French captive; for the father, it is sufficient to produce him at the Old Bailey, and prove that he is the individual person condemned for last Rebellion, and so to Tyburn.

We begin to take up people, but it is with as much caution and timidity as women of quality begin to pawn their jewels; we have not ventured upon any great stone yet! The Provost of Edinburgh is in custody of a messenger; and the other day they seized an odd man, who goes by the name of Count St. Germain⁵. He has been here these two years, and will not tell who he is, or whence, but professes two very wonderful things, the first, that he does not go by his right name, and the second, that he never had any dealings with any woman . . .⁶ He sings, plays on the violin wonderfully, composes, is mad, and not very sensible. He is called an Italian, a Spaniard, a Pole; a somebody that married a great fortune in Mexico, and ran away with her jewels to Constantinople; a priest, a fiddler, a vast nobleman. The Prince of Wales has had unsatiated curiosity about him, but in vain. However, nothing has been made out against him; he is released; and, what convinces me that he is not a gentleman, stays here, and talks of his being taken up for a spy⁷.

I think these accounts, upon which you may depend, must raise your spirits, and figure in Mr. Chute's loyal

⁵ An adventurer, whose name and origin are unknown. He died at Schleswig in 1784.

⁶ Passage omitted.

⁷ In the beginning of the year 1755, on rumours of a great armament at Brest, one Virrette, a Swiss, who had been a kind of toad-eater to this St. Germain, was denounced to Lord Holderness for a spy; but

Mr. Stanley going pretty surlily to his Lordship on his suspecting a friend of his, Virrette was declared innocent, and the penitent Secretary of State made him the *amende honorable* of a dinner in form. About the same time a spy of ours was seized at Brest, but not happening to be acquainted with Mr. Stanley, was broken upon the wheel. *Walpole*,

journal.—But you don't get my letters: I have sent you eleven since I came to town; how many of these have you received? Adieu!

205. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1745.

I HAVE at last got your great letter by Mr. Gambier, and the views of the villas¹, for which I thank you much. I can't say I think them too well done, nor the villas themselves pretty, but the prospects are charming. I have since received two more letters from you, of November 30th and December 7th. You seem to receive mine at last, though very slowly.

We have at last got a spring-tide of good luck. The rebels turned back from Derby, and have ever since been flying with the greatest precipitation. The Duke, with all his horse, and a thousand foot mounted, has pursued them with astonishing rapidity; and General Oglethorpe, with part of Wade's horse, has crossed over upon them. There has been little prospect of coming up with their entire body, but it dismayed them; their stragglers were picked up, and the towns in their way preserved from plunder, by their not having time to do mischief. This morning an express is arrived from Lord Malton² in Yorkshire, who has had an account of Oglethorpe's cutting a part of them to pieces, and of the Duke's overtaking their rear and entirely demolishing it³. We believe all this; but, as it is not yet confirmed, don't depend upon it too much. The fat East Indian ships are arrived safe from Ireland—I mean

LETTER 205.—¹ Villas of the Florentine nobility. *Walpole*.

² Sir Thomas Watson Wentworth, Knight of the Bath and Earl of Malton; afterwards created Marquis

of Rockingham. *Walpole*.

³ A false report—the royal troops were repulsed on Dec. 17 at Clifton Moor, with considerable loss.

the prizes; and yesterday a letter arrived from Admiral Townshend in the West Indies, where he has fallen in with the Martinico fleet (each ship valued at eight thousand pounds), taken twenty, sunk ten, and driven ashore two men-of-war, their convoy, and battered them to pieces⁴. All this will raise the pulse of the stocks, which have been exceedingly low this week, and the bank itself in danger. The private rich are making immense fortunes out of the public distress: the dread of the French invasion has occasioned this. They have a vast embarkation at Dunkirk; the Duc de Richelieu⁵, Marquis Fimarcon, and other general officers, are named in form to command. Nay, it has been notified in form by the insolent Lord John Drummond⁶, who has got to Scotland, and sent a drum to Marshal Wade, to announce himself commander for the French King in the war he designs to wage in England, and to propose a cartel for the exchange of prisoners. No answer has been made to this rebel; but the King has acquainted the Parliament with this audacious message. We have a vast fleet at sea; and the main body of the Duke's army is coming down to the coast to prevent their landing, if they should slip our ships. Indeed, I can't believe they will attempt coming hither, as they must hear of the destruction of the rebels in England; but they will, probably, dribble away to Scotland, where the war may last considerably. Into England, I scarce believe the Highlanders will be drawn again:—to have come as far as Derby—to have found no rising in their favour, and to find themselves not strong enough to fight either army, will make lasting impressions!

⁴ Off Martinique, on Oct. 31, 1745. (See *Gent. Mag.*, 1745, p. 629.)

⁵ Louis François Armand du Plessis (1706–1788), Duc de Richelieu, Maréchal de France, Ambassador at Vienna in 1725. He was present at the battle of Fontenoy, and captured

Minorca in 1756. In 1758 he commanded the army which devastated Hanover. He took a prominent part in the disgraceful intrigues of the latter part of the reign of Louis XV.

⁶ Brother of the titular Duke of Perth. *Walpole*.

Vernon, I hear, is recalled for his absurdities, and at his own request, and Martin named for his successor. We had yesterday a very remarkable day in the House: the King notified his having sent for six thousand Hessians into Scotland. Mr. Pelham for an address of thanks. Lord Cornbury⁷ (indeed, an exceedingly honest man) was for thanking for the notice, not for the sending for the troops; and proposed to add a representation of the national being the only constitutional troops, and to hope we should be exonerated of these foreigners as soon as possible. Pitt, and that clan, joined him; but the voice of the House, and the desires of the whole kingdom for all the troops we can get, were so strong, that, on the division, we were 190 to 44: I think and hope this will produce some Hanoverians too. That it will produce a dismissal of the Cobhamites is pretty certain; the Duke of Bedford and Lord Gower are warm for both points. The latter has certainly renounced Jacobitism.

Boetslaar is come again from Holland, but his errand not yet known. You will have heard of another victory which the Prussian has gained over the Saxons⁸; very bloody on both sides: but now he is master of Dresden.

We again think that we have got the second son, under the name of Macdonald. Nobody is permitted to see any of the prisoners.

In the midst of our political distresses, which, I assure you, have reduced the town to a state of Presbyterian dullness, we have been entertained with the marriage of the Duchess of Bridgewater⁹ and Dick Lyttelton: she, forty,

⁷ Henry Hyde, only son of Henry the last Earl of Clarendon. He was called up to the House of Peers, by the style of Lord Hyde, and died unmarried before his father, at Paris, 1754. *Walpole*.

⁸ On Dec. 15, 1754, the Saxons

under Count Rutowski were defeated by the Prussians under Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, at Kesselsdorf in Saxony.

⁹ Lady Rachel Russell, elder sister of John, Duke of Bedford, and widow of Scrope Egerton, Duke of Bridg-

plain, very rich, and with five children ; he, six-and-twenty, handsome, poor, and proper to get her five more. I saw, the other day, a very good *Irish* letter. A gentleman in Dublin, full of the great qualities of my Lord Chesterfield, has written a panegyric on them, particularly on his affability and humility; with a comparison between him and the *hauteur* of all other lord-lieutenants. As an instance, he says, the Earl was invited to a great dinner, whither he went, *by mistake*, at one, instead of three. The master was not at home, the lady not dressed, everything in confusion. My lord was so humble as to dismiss his train and take a hackney-chair, and went and stayed with *Mrs. Phipps* till dinner-time—*la belle humilité*!

I am not at all surprised to hear of my cousin Don Sebastian's¹⁰ stupidity. Why, child, he cannot articulate; how would you have had him educated? Cape Breton, Bastia¹¹, Martinico! if we are undone this year, at least we go out with *éclat*. Good night.

206. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 3, 1746.

I DEFERRED writing to you till I could tell you that the rebellion was at an end in England. The Duke has taken Carlisle, but was long enough before it to prove how basely or cowardly it was yielded to the rebels: you will see the particulars in the Gazette¹. His Royal Highness is ex-

water, married to her second husband, Colonel Richard Lyttelton, brother of Sir George Lyttelton, afterwards Knight of the Bath. *Walpole*.

¹⁰ Commodore Hon. George Townshend (d. 1769), afterwards Admiral of the White; eldest son of second Viscount Townshend by his second wife, Dorothy, sister of Sir Robert Walpole, and, consequently, Horace Walpole's first cousin. He was now

in command of a squadron on the Italian coast. Mann mentions his stupidity in a letter of Dec. 7, 1745. (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 227.)

¹¹ On the night of Nov. 6-7, 1745, Commodore Townshend, acting in support of the insurgent Corsicans, bombarded and burned the town of Bastia.

LETTER 206.—¹ Carlisle surrendered on Dec. 29.

pected in town every day²; but I still think it probable that he will go to Scotland. That country is very clamorous for it. If the King does send him, it should not be with that sword of mercy with which the present family have governed those people. All the world agrees in the fitness of severity to highwaymen, for the sake of the innocent who suffer; then, can rigour be ill placed against banditti who have so terrified, pillaged, and injured the poor people in Cumberland, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and the counties through which this rebellion has stalked? There is a military magistrate of some fierceness sent into Scotland with Wade's army, who is coming to town; it is General Hawley. He will not sow the seeds of future disloyalty by too easily pardoning the present.

The French still go on with their preparations at Dunkirk and their sea-ports; but, I think, few people believe now that they will be exerted against us: we have a numerous fleet in the Channel, and a large army on the shores opposite to France. The Dutch fear that all this storm is to burst on them. Since the Queen's making peace with Prussia³, the Dutch are applying to him for protection; and, I am told, wake from their neutral lethargy.

We are in a good quiet state here in town; the Parliament is reposing itself for the holidays; the ministry is in private agitation; the Cobham part of the coalition is going to be disbanded; Pitt's wild ambition cannot content itself with what he had asked, and had had granted⁴; and he has driven Lyttelton and the Grenvilles to adopt all his extravagances. But then, they are at variance again within themselves: Lyttelton's wife⁵ hates Pitt, and does not approve

² To take command in view of the projected invasion from France.

³ The Peace of Dresden, signed Dec. 25, 1745.

⁴ He wished to be Secretary at War.

⁵ Lucy Fortescue, sister of Lord Clinton, first wife of Sir George Lyttelton. *Walpole*.

his governing her husband and hurting their family ; so that, at present, it seems he does not care to be a martyr to Pitt's caprices, which are in excellent training ; for he is governed by her mad Grace of Queensberry⁶. All this makes foul weather ; but, to me, it is only a cloudy landscape.

The Prince has dismissed Hume Campbell⁷, who was his Solicitor, for attacking Lord Tweeddale⁸ on the Scotch affairs : the latter has resigned the seals of Secretary of State for Scotland to-day. I conclude, when the holidays are over, and the Rebellion travelled so far back, we shall have warm inquiries in Parliament. This is a short letter, I perceive ; but I know nothing more ; and the Carlisle part of it will make you wear your beaver more erect than I believe you have of late. Adieu !

207. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 17, 1746.

It is a very good symptom, I can tell you, that I write to you seldom : it is a fortnight since my last ; and nothing material has happened in this interval. The rebels are intrenching and fortifying themselves in Scotland ; and what a despicable affair is a rebellion upon the defensive ! General Hawley is marched from Edinburgh, to put it quite

⁶ Catherine Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and wife of Charles Douglas, Duke of Queensberry ; a famous beauty, celebrated by Prior in that pretty poem which begins, 'Thus Kitty, beautiful and young' ; and often mentioned in Swift's and Pope's letters. She was forbid the court for promoting subscriptions to the second part of the *Beggar's Opera* when it had been stopped from being acted. She and the Duke erected the monument to Gay in Westminster Abbey. *Walpole*.

⁷ Only brother of the Earl of Marchmont. *Walpole*.

⁸ The Marquis of Tweeddale was one of the discontented Whigs during the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, on whose removal he came to court, and was made Secretary of State, attaching himself to Lord Granville's faction, whose youngest daughter Frances he afterwards married. He was reckoned a good civilian, but was a very dull man. *Walpole*.

out. I must give you some idea of this man, who will give a mortal blow to the pride of the Scotch nobility. He is called *Lord Chief Justice*; frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter he had intelligence of a spy to come from the French army: the first notice our army had of his arrival, was by seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier who was hanged for desertion, to dissect: 'Well,' said Hawley, 'but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guard-room.' He is very brave and able; with no small bias to the brutal. Two years ago, when he arrived at Ghent, the magistrates, according to custom, sent a gentleman, with the offer of a sum of money to engage his favour. He told the gentleman, in great wrath, that the King his master paid him, and that he should go tell the magistrates so; at the same time dragging him to the head of the stairs, and kicking him down. He then went to the town-hall; on their refusing him entrance, he burst open the door with his foot, and seated himself abruptly: told them how he had been affronted, was persuaded they had no hand in it, and demanded to have the gentleman given up to him, who never dared to appear in the town while he stayed in it. Now I am telling you anecdotes of him, you shall hear two more. When the Prince of Hesse, *our* son-in-law, arrived at Brussels, and found Hawley did not wait on him, the Prince sent to know if he expected the first visit? He replied, 'He always expected that inferior officers should wait on their commanders; and not only that, but he gave his Highness but half an hour to consider of it.' The Prince went to him. I believe I told you of Lord John Drummond sending a drum to Wade to propose a cartel. Wade returned a civil answer, which had the King's and Council's approbation. When the drummer arrived with it at Edinburgh,

Hawley opened it and threw it into the fire, would not let the drummer go back, but made him write to Lord J. Drummond, 'That rebels were not to be treated with.' If you don't think that spirit like this will do—do you see, I would not give a farthing for your presumption.

The French invasion is laid aside; we are turning our hands to war again upon the continent. The House of Commons is something of which I can give you no description: Mr. Pitt, the meteor of it, is neither yet in place, nor his friends out. Some Tories oppose: Mr. Pelham is distressed, and has vast majorities. When the scene clears a little, I will tell you more of it.

The two last letters I have had from you, are of Dec. 21 and Jan. 4. You was then still in uneasiness; by this time I hope you have no other distresses than are naturally incident to your *Minyness*.

I never hear anything of the Countess¹ except just now, that she is grown tired of sublunary affairs, and willing to come to a composition with her Lord: I believe the price will be two thousand a year. The other day, his and her lawyers were talking over the affair before *her* and several other people: her counsel, in the heat of the dispute, said to my Lord's lawyers, 'Sir, Sir, we shall be able to prove that her Ladyship was denied nuptial rights and conjugal enjoyments for seven years.' It was excellent! My Lord must have had matrimonial talents indeed, to have reached to Italy; besides, you know, she made it a point after her son was born, not to let her husband lie with her . . .²

Thank you for the little medal. I am glad I have nothing more to tell you—you little expected that we should so soon recover our tranquillity. Adieu!

LETTER 207.—¹ Lady Orford. *Walpole*.

² Passage omitted.

208. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1746.

Do they send you the Gazettes as they used to do? If you have them, you will find there an account of *another* battle lost in Scotland¹. Our arms cannot succeed there. Hawley, of whom I said so much to you in my last, has been as unsuccessful as Cope, and by almost every circumstance the same, except that Hawley had less want of skill and much more presumption. The very same dragoons ran away at Falkirk, that ran away at Preston Pans. Though we had seven thousand men, and the rebels but five, we had scarce three regiments that behaved well. General Huske² and Brigadier Cholmondeley, my Lord's brother, shone extremely: the former beat the enemy's right wing; and the latter, by rallying two regiments, prevented the pursuit. Our loss is trifling; for many of the rebels fled as fast as the glorious dragoons: but we have lost some good officers, particularly Sir Robert Monroe³; and seven pieces of cannon. A worse loss is apprehended, Stirling Castle, which could hold out but ten days; and that term expires to-morrow⁴. The Duke is gone post to Edinburgh, where he hoped to arrive to-night; if possibly, to relieve Stirling. Another battle will certainly be fought before you receive this: I hope with the Hessians in it, who are every hour expected to land in Scotland. With many other glories, the English courage seems gone too! The great dependence is upon the Duke; the soldiers adore him, and with reason: he has a lion's

LETTER 208.—¹ At Falkirk, Jan. 17, 1746.

² Major - General John Huske, Governor of Sheerness, 1745; General, 1756; Governor of Jersey, 1760; d. 1761.

³ 'Although simultaneously attacked by six men of Lochiel's clan, he gallantly defended himself, killing

two of them, but a seventh coming up shot him in the groin with a pistol, whereupon he fell forward and was at once struck to the ground, and killed on the spot.' (D. N. B.)

⁴ Stirling Castle held out. The rebels raised the siege on Feb. 1, 1746.

courage, vast vigilance and activity, and, I am told, great military genius. For my own particular, I am uneasy that he is gone; Lord Bury and Mr. Conway, two of his aides-de-camp, and brave as he, are gone with him. The ill behaviour of these soldiers lays a double obligation on the officers to set them examples of running on danger. The ministry would have kept back Mr. Conway, as being in Parliament; which when the Duke told him, he burst into tears, and protested that nothing should hinder his going—and he is gone! Judge, if I have not reason to be alarmed!

Some of our prisoners in Scotland (the former prisoners) are released. They had the privilege of walking about the town, where they were confined, upon their parole: the militia of the country rose and set them at liberty. General Hawley is so strict as to think they should be sent back; but nobody here comprehends such refinement: they could not give their parole that the town should not be taken. There are two or three others, who will lay the government under difficulties, when we have got over the Rebellion. They were come to England on their parole; and when the executions begin, they must in honour be given up—the question indeed will be, to whom?

Adieu! my dear Sir! I write you this short letter, rather than be taxed with negligence on such an event; though, you perceive, I know nothing but what you will see in the printed papers.

P.S. The Hessians would not act, because we would not settle a cartel with rebels!

209. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 7, 1746.

TILL yesterday that I received your last of Jan. 27, I was very uneasy at finding you still remained under the same

anxiety about the Rebellion, when it had so long ceased to be formidable with us : but you have got all my letters, and are out of your pain. Hawley's defeat (or at least what was called so, for I am persuaded that the victory was ours as far as there was any fighting, which indeed lay in a very small compass, the great body of each army running away) will have thrown you back into your terrors ; but here is a letter to calm you again. All Monday and Tuesday we were concluding that the battle between the Duke and the rebels must be fought, and nothing was talked of but the expectation of the courier. He did arrive indeed on Wednesday morning, but with no battle ; for the moment the rebel army saw the Duke's, they turned back with the utmost precipitation ; spiked their cannon, blew up their magazine, and left behind them their wounded and our prisoners. They crossed the Forth, and in one day fled four-and-thirty miles to Perth, where, as they have strong intrenchments, some imagine they will wait to fight ; but their desertion is too great : the whole clan of the Macdonalds, one of their best, has retired on the accidental death of their chief¹. In short, it looks exceedingly like the conclusion of this business, though the French have embarked Fitz-James's regiment at Ostend for Scotland. The Duke's name disperses armies, as the Pretender's raised them.

The French seem to be at the eve of taking Antwerp and Brussels², the latter of which is actually besieged. In this case I don't see how we can send an army abroad this summer, for there will be no considerable towns in Flanders left in the possession of the Empress-Queen.

The *new* regiments, of which I told you so much, have again been in dispute : as their term was near expired, the

LETTER 209.—¹ Young Macdonald of Glengarry had been accidentally shot by one of the followers of Macdonald of Clanranald.

² Brussels surrendered to Marshal Saxe on Feb. 20, and Antwerp shortly afterwards.

ministry proposed to continue them for four months longer. This was last Friday, when, as we every hour expected the news of a conclusive battle, which, if favourable, would render them useless, Mr. Fox, the general against the new regiments, begged it might only be postponed till the following Wednesday, but 170 against 89 voted them that very day. On the very Wednesday came the news of the flight of the rebels; and two days before that, news from Chester of Lord Gower's *new* regiment having mutinied, on hearing that they were to be continued beyond the term for which they had listed.

At court all is confusion: the King, at Lord Bath's instigation, has absolutely refused to make Pitt Secretary at War. How this will end, I don't know, but I don't believe in bloodshed: neither side is famous for being incapable of yielding.

I wish you joy of having the Chutes again, though I am a little sorry that their bravery was not rewarded by staying at Rome till they could triumph in their turn: however, I don't believe that at Florence you want opportunities of exulting. That *Monro*³ you mention was made travelling physician by my father's interest, who had great regard for the old doctor⁴: if he has any skill in quacking madmen, his art may perhaps be of service now in the Pretender's court.

I beg my eagle may not come till it has the opportunity of a man-of-war: we have lost so many merchantmen lately, that I should never expect to receive it that way.

I can say nothing to your opinion of the young Pretender being a cheat; nor, as the Rebellion is near at an end, do I see what end it would answer to prove him original or

³ John Monro (1715-1791), succeeded his father as physician at Bethlehem Hospital in 1752. Mann stated that Monro and others had

paid their court openly to 'Mock-Majesty' at Rome. (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 229.)

⁴ Physician to Bedlam. *Walpole*.

spurious. However, as you seem to dwell upon it, I will mention it again to my uncle.

I hear that my sister-Countess is projecting her return, being quite sick of England, where nobody visits her. She says there is not one woman of sense in England. Her journey, however, will have turned to account, and, I believe, end in almost doubling her allowance. Adieu ! my dear child ; love the Chutes for me as well as for yourself.

210. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 14, 1746.

By the relation I am going to make, you will think that I am describing Turkish, not English revolutions ; and will cast your eye upwards to see if my letter is not dated from Constantinople. Indeed, violent as the changes have been, there has been no bloodshed ; no Grand Vizier has had a cravat made of a bowstring, no Janizaries have taken upon them to alter the succession, no Grand Signior is deposed—only his Sublime Highness's dignity has been a little impaired. Oh ! I forgot ; I ought not to frighten you ; you will interpret all these fine allusions, and think on the Rebellion—pho ! we are such considerable proficient in politics, that we can form rebellions within rebellions, and turn a government topsy-turvy at London, while we are engaged in a civil war in Scotland. In short, I gave you a hint last week of an insurrection in the closet, and of Lord Bath having prevented Pitt from being Secretary at War. The ministry gave up that point ; but finding that a change had been made in a scheme of foreign politics, which they had laid before the King, and for which he had thanked them ; and perceiving some symptoms of a resolution to dismiss them at the end of the session, they came to a sudden determination not to do Lord Granville's business

by carrying the supplies, and then to be turned out: so on Monday morning, to the astonishment of everybody, the two Secretaries of State¹ threw up the seals; and the next day Mr. Pelham, with the rest of the Treasury, the Duke of Bedford with the Admiralty, Lord Gower, Privy Seal, and Lord Pembroke, Groom of the Stole², gave up too: the Dukes of Devonshire, Grafton and Richmond, the Lord Chancellor³, Winnington (Paymaster), and almost all the other great officers and offices, declaring they would do the same. Lord Granville immediately received both seals, one for himself, and the other to give to whom he pleased. Lord Bath was named First Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Carlisle, Privy Seal, and Lord Winchelsea reinstated in the Admiralty. Thus far all went swimmingly; they had only forgot one little point, which was, to secure a majority in both Houses: in the Commons they unluckily found that they had no better man to take the lead than poor Sir John Rushout, for Sir John Barnard refused to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; so did Lord Chief Justice Willes to be Lord Chancellor; and the wildness of the scheme soon prevented others, who did not wish ill to Lord Granville, or well to the Pelhams, from giving in to it. Hop, the Dutch minister, did not a little increase the confusion by declaring that he had immediately dispatched a courier to Holland, and did not doubt but the States would directly send to accept the terms of France.

I should tell you too, that Lord Bath's being of the enterprise contributed hugely to poison the success of it. In short, his lordship, whose politics were never characterised by steadiness, found that he had not courage enough to take

LETTER 210.—¹ Duke of Newcastle and Earl of Harrington.

² Henry Herbert (circ. 1689–1750), ninth Earl of Pembroke; Groom of the Stole and First Lord of the

Bedchamber, 1735–46; Lieutenant-General, 1742. He was a skilled architect.

³ Lord Hardwicke.

the Treasury. You may guess how ill laid his schemes were, when he durst not indulge both his ambition and avarice ! In short, on Wednesday morning (pray mind, this was the very Wednesday after the Monday on which the change had happened) he went to the King, and told him he had tried the House of Commons, and found *it would not do !* Bounce ! went all the project into shivers, like the vessels in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, when they are on the brink of the philosopher's stone. The poor King, who, from being fatigued with the Duke of Newcastle, and sick of Pelham's timidity and compromises, had given in to this mad hurly-burly of alterations, was confounded with having floundered to no purpose, and to find himself more than ever in the power of men he hated, shut himself up in his closet, and refused to admit any more of the persons who were pouring in upon him with white sticks, and golden keys, and commissions, &c. At last he sent for Winnington, and told him, he was the only honest man about him, and he should have the honour of the reconciliation, and sent him to Mr. Pelham to desire they would all return to their employments.

Lord Granville is as jolly as ever ; laughs and drinks, and owns it was mad, and owns he would do it again to-morrow. It would not be quite so safe, indeed, to try it soon again, for the triumphant party are not at all in the humour to be turned out every time his Lordship has drank a bottle too much ; and that House of Commons that he could not make do for him, would do to send him to the Tower till he was sober. This was the very worst period he could have selected, when the fears of men had made them throw themselves absolutely into all measures of government to secure the government itself ; and that temporary strength of Pelham has my Lord Granville contrived to fix to him ; and people will be glad to ascribe to the merit and virtue

of the ministry, what they would be ashamed to own, but was really the effect of their own apprehensions. It was a good idea of somebody, when no man would accept a place under the new system, that Granville and Bath were met going about the streets, calling *odd man!* as the hackney chairmen do when they want a partner. This little faction of Lord Granville goes by the name of the *Grand-villains*.

There! who would think that I had written you an entire history in the compass of three sides of paper? Vertot⁴ would have composed a volume on this event, and entitled it, the *Revolutions of England*. You will wonder at not having it notified to you by Lord Granville himself, as is customary for new Secretaries of State: when they mentioned to him writing to Italy, he said—‘To Italy! no: before the courier can get thither, I shall be out again.’ It absolutely makes one laugh: as serious as the consequences might be, it is impossible to hate a politician of such jovial good-humour. I am told that he ordered the packet-boat to be stopped at Harwich till Saturday, till he should have time to determine what he would write to Holland. This will make the Dutch receive the news of the double revolution at the same instant.

The Duke and his name are pursuing the scattered rebels into their very mountains, determined to root out sedition entirely. It is believed, and we expect to hear, that the young Pretender is embarked and gone. Wish the Chutes joy of the happy conclusion of this affair!

Adieu! my dear child! After describing two revolutions, and announcing the termination of a rebellion, it would be below the dignity of my letter to talk of anything of less moment. Next post I may possibly descend out of my

⁴ The Abbé René Anber, Sieur de Vertot (1655–1735).

historical buskins, and converse with you more familiarly—
en attendant, gentle reader,

I am,
your sincere well-wisher,

HORACE WALPOLE,
Historiographer to the high and mighty Lord John,
Earl Granville.

211. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 6, 1746.

I KNOW I have missed two or three posts, but you have lost nothing: you perhaps expected that our mighty commotions did not subside at once, and that you should still hear of struggles and more shocks: but it all ended at once; with only some removals and promotions which you saw in the Gazette. I should have written, however, but I have been hurried with my sister's¹ wedding; but all the ceremony of that too is over now, and the dinners and the visits, &c.

The Rebellion has fetched breath; the dispersed clans have reunited and marched to Inverness, from whence Lord Loudon was forced to retreat, leaving a garrison in the Castle, which has since yielded without firing a gun. Their numbers are now reckoned at seven thousand: old Lord Lovat² has carried them a thousand Frasers. The French continually drop them a ship or two: we took two, with the Duke of Berwick's³ brother on board: it seems evident that

LETTER 211.—¹ Lady Maria Walpole, married to Charles Churchill, Esq. *Walpole*.

² Simon Fraser (circ. 1667–1747), eleventh Baron Lovat. After the battle of Culloden he was captured, and imprisoned in the Tower. He

was tried and found guilty of high treason, and beheaded (April 9, 1747) on Tower Hill.

³ James Francis Edward (1718–1785), third Duke of Berwick, great-grandson of James II. His brother was the Comte de Fitzjames.

they design to keep up our disturbances as long as possible, to prevent our sending any troops to Flanders. Upon the prospect of the Rebellion being at an end, the Hessians were ordered back, but luckily were not gone; and now are quartered to prevent the rebels slipping the Duke, (who is marching to them,) and returning into England. This counter-order was given in the morning, and in the evening came out the Gazette, and said the Hessians are to go away. This doubling style in the ministry is grown so characterized, that the French are actually playing a farce, in which Harlequin enters, as an English courier, with two bundles of dispatches fastened to his belly and his back; they ask him what the one is? 'Eh! ces sont mes ordres.'—And what the other? 'Mais elles sont mes contre-ordres.'

We have been a little disturbed in some other of our politics, by the news of the King of Sardinia having made his peace: I think it comes out now that he absolutely had concluded one with France, but that the haughty court of Spain rejected it: what the Austrian pride had driven him to, the Spanish pride drove him from. You will allow that our affairs are critically bad, when all our hopes centre in that *honest* monarch, the King of Prussia—but so it is; and I own I see nothing that can restore us to being a great nation but his interposition. Many schemes are framed, of making him Stadtholder of Holland, or Duke of Burgundy in Flanders, in lieu of the Silesias, or altogether, and that I think would follow—but I don't know how far any of these have been carried into propositions.

I see by your letters that our fomentations of the Corsican rebellion have had no better success than the French tampering in ours—for ours, I don't expect it will be quite at an end, till it is made one of the conditions of peace, that they shall give it no assistance.

The small-pox has been making great havoc in London;

the new Lord Rockingham⁴, whom I believe you knew when only Thomas Watson, is dead of it, and the title extinct⁵. My Lady Conway⁶ has had it, but escaped.

My brother is on the point of finishing all his affairs with his Countess; she is to have fifteen hundred per year; and her mother gives her two thousand pounds. I suppose this will send her back to you, added to her disappointments in politics, in which it appears she has been tampering. Don't you remember a very foolish knight, one Sir Bouchier Wrey⁷? Well, you do: the day Lord Bath was in the Treasury, that one day! she wrote to Sir Bouchier at Exeter, to tell him that now their friends were coming into power, and it was a brave opportunity for him to come up and make his own terms. He came, and is lodged in her house, and sends about cards to invite people to come and see him at the Countess of Orford's. There is a little fracas, I hear, in their domestic; the Abbé-Secretary has got one of the maids with child. I have seen the *dama* herself but once these two months, when she came into the Opera at the end of the first act, fierce as an incensed turkey-cock, you know her look, and towing after her Sir Francis Dashwood's new wife⁸, a poor forlorn Presbyterian prude, whom he obliges to consort with her.

Adieu! for I think I have now told you all I know. I am very sorry that you are so near losing the good Chutes, but I cannot help having an eye to myself in their coming to England.

⁴ Thomas Watson (circ. 1715-1746), third Earl of Rockingham.

⁵ The earldom of Rockingham became extinct, but the barony of Rockingham devolved on the Earl's cousin, Thomas Watson-Wentworth, Earl of Malton, created Marquis of Rockingham in April, 1746.

⁶ Lady Isabella Fitzroy, daughter

of Charles, Duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis Lord Conway, afterwards Earl of Hertford. *Walpole*.

⁷ Fifth Baronet, of Tawstock, Devonshire.

⁸ Widow of Sir Richard Ellis. *Walpole*.—Sarah, daughter and co-heir of George Gould, of Iver, Bucks; d. 1769.

212. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1746.

I HAVE no new triumphs of the Duke to send you : he has been detained a great while at Aberdeen by the snows. The rebels have gathered numbers again, and have taken Fort Augustus, and are marching to Fort William. The Duke complains extremely of the *loyal* Scotch ; says he can get no intelligence, and reckons himself more in an enemy's country than when he was warring with the French in Flanders. They profess the big professions wherever he comes, but before he is out of sight of any town, beat up for volunteers for rebels. We see no prospect of his return, for he must stay in Scotland while the Rebellion lasts ; and the existence of that seems too intimately connected with the being of Scotland, to expect it should soon be annihilated.

We rejoice at the victories of the King of Sardinia¹, whom we thought lost to our cause. To-day we are to vote subsidies to the Electors of Cologne and Mentz. I don't know whether they will be opposed by the *Electoral Prince*² ; but he has lately erected a new opposition, by the councils of Lord Bath, who has got him from Lord Granville : the latter and his faction act with the court.

I have told you to the utmost extent of my political knowledge ; of private history there is nothing new. Don't think, my dear child, that I hurry over my letters, or neglect writing to you ; I assure you I never do, when I have the least grain to lap up in a letter : but consider how many chapters of correspondence are extinct : Pope and poetry are dead ! Patriotism has kissed hands on accepting a place : the Ladies O. and T.³ have exhausted scandal both in their

LETTER 212.—¹ Don Philip had been obliged to abandon Milan ; the Piedmontese troops had taken Asti,

and relieved Alessandria.

² The Prince of Wales. *Walpole*.

³ Orford and Townshend.

persons and conversation: divinity and controversy are grown good Christians, say their prayers and spare their neighbours; and I think even self-murder is out of fashion. Now judge whether a correspondent can furnish matter for the common intercourse of the post!

Pray what luxurious debauch has Mr. Chute been guilty of, that he is laid up with the gout? I mean, that he was, for I hope his fit has not lasted till now. If you are ever so angry, I must say I flatter myself I shall see him before my eagle, which I beg may repose itself still at Leghorn, for the French privateers have taken such numbers of our merchantmen, that I cannot think of suffering it to come that way. If you should meet with a good opportunity of a man-of-war, let it come—or I will postpone my impatience. Adieu!

P.S. I had sealed my letter, but break it open, to tell you that an account is just arrived of two of our privateers having met eight-and-twenty transports going with supplies to the Brest fleet, and sunk ten, taken four, and driven the rest on shore.

213. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 28, 1746.

I DON'T at all recollect what was in those two letters of mine, which I find you have lost: for your sake, as you must be impatient for English news, I am sorry you grow subject to these misadventures; but in general, I believe there is little of consequence in my correspondence.

The Duke has not yet left Aberdeen, for want of his supplies; but by a party which he sent out, and in which Mr. Conway was, the rebels do not seem to have recovered their spirits, though they have recruited their numbers; for eight hundred of them fled on the first appearance of our

detachment, and quitted an advantageous post. As much as you know, and as much as you have lately heard of Scotch *finesse*, you will yet be startled at the refinements that nation have made upon their own *policy*. Lord Fortrose, whose father¹ was in the last Rebellion, and who has himself been restored to his fortune, is in Parliament and in the army: he is with the Duke—his wife² and his clan with the rebels. The head of the Mackintosh's is acting just the same part. The clan of the Grants, always esteemed the most Whig tribe, have literally in all the forms signed a *neutrality* with the rebels. The most honest instance I have heard, is in the town of Forfar, where they have chosen their annual magistrates; but at the same time entered a memorandum in their town-book, that they shall not execute their office 'till it is decided which King is to reign.'

The Parliament is adjourned for the Easter holidays. Princess Caroline is going to the Bath for a rheumatism. The Countess, whose return you seem so much to dread, has entertained the town with an excellent vulgarism. She happened one night at the Opera to sit by Peggy Banks³, a celebrated beauty, and asked her several questions about the singers and dancers, which the other naturally answered, as one woman of fashion answers another. The next morning Sir Bouchier Wrey sent Miss Banks an opera-ticket, and my lady sent her a card, to thank her for her civilities to her the night before, and that she intended to wait on her very soon. Do but think of Sir B. Wrey's paying a woman of fashion for being civil to my Lady O. ! Sure no apothecary's wife in a market-town could know less

LETTER 213.—¹ William Mackenzie (d. 1740), fifth Earl of Seaforth.

² Lady Mary Stewart (d. 1751), eldest daughter of sixth Earl of Galloway; m. (1741) Kenneth

Mackenzie, Lord Fortrose.

³ Margaret, sister of John Hodgkinson Banks; m. (1757) Hon. Henry Grenville, fifth son of Countess Temple.

of the world than these two people! The Operas flourish more than in any latter years; the composer is Gluck⁴, a German: he is to have a benefit, at which he is to play on a set of drinking-glasses, which he modulates with water: I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing.

You will see in the papers long accounts of a most shocking murder, that has been committed by a lad⁵ on his mistress, who was found dead in her bedchamber, with an hundred wounds; her brains beaten out, stabbed, her face, back, and breasts slashed in twenty places—one hears of nothing else wherever one goes. But adieu! it is time to finish a letter, when one is reduced for news to the casualties of the week.

214. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 15, 1746.

YOUR triumphs in Italy are in high fashion: till very lately, Italy was scarce ever mentioned as part of the scene of war. The apprehensions of your great King making his peace began to alarm us; and when we just believed it finished, we have received nothing but torrents of good news. The King of Sardinia has not only carried his own character and success to the highest pitch, but seems to have given a turn to the general face of the war, which has a much more favourable aspect than was to be expected three months ago. He has made himself as considerable in the scale as the Prussian, but with real valour, and as great abilities, and without the infamy of the other's politics.

The Rebellion seems once more at its gasp; the Duke is marched, and the rebels fly before him, in the utmost want of money.

⁴ Christopher Gluck (1714–1787), the celebrated composer.

⁵ One Henderson, hanged for

murdering Mrs. Dalrymple. *Walpole.*

The famous *Hazard* sloop is taken¹, with two hundred men and officers, and above eight thousand pounds in money, from France. In the midst of such good news from thence, Mr. Conway has got a regiment², for which, I am sure, you will take part in my joy. In Flanders we propose to make another great effort, with an army of above ninety thousand men; that is, forty Dutch, above thirty Austrians, eighteen Hanoverians, the Hessians, who are to return; and we propose twelve thousand Saxons, but no English; though, if the Rebellion is at all suppressed in any time, I imagine some of our troops will go, and the Duke command the whole: in the mean time, the army will be under Prince Waldeck and Bathiani. You will wonder at my running so glibly over eighteen thousand Hanoverians, especially as they are all to be in our pay, but the nation's digestion has been much facilitated by the pill given to Pitt, of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. Last Friday was the debate on this subject, when we carried these troops by 255 against 122: Pitt, Lyttelton, three Grenvilles³, and Lord Barrington⁴, all voting roundly for them, though the eldest Grenville, two years ago, had declared in the House, that he would seal it with his blood that he never would give his vote for a Hanoverian. Don't you shudder at such perjury? and this in a republic, and where there is no

LETTER 214.—¹ The *Hazard* ran ashore on the coast of Sutherland.

² The 48th Foot.

³ Richard, George, and James Grenville, sons of Richard Grenville and Hester Temple (who succeeded her brother as Viscountess Cobham, and was created Countess Temple in 1749). Richard Grenville, afterwards Grenville-Temple (1711-1779), styled Viscount Cobham, 1749-52; succeeded his mother as second Earl Temple, 1752; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1756-57; Lord Privy Seal, 1757-61; K.G., 1760. Without any particular talents he delighted in

political intrigue, and was subsequently notorious for his patronage of Wilkes. James Grenville (1715-1783), M.P. for Old Sarum; Lord of Trade, 1746-55; Lord of the Treasury, 1756-61; Cofferer of the Household, April-Nov., 1761.

⁴ William Wildman Barrington (1717-1793), second Viscount Barrington; Lord of the Admiralty, 1746; Master of the Great Wardrobe, 1754; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1761-62; Treasurer of the Navy, 1762-65; Secretary at War, 1765-78; Joint Postmaster-General, Jan.-April, 1782.

religion that dispenses with oaths ! Pitt was the only one of this *ominous* band that opened his mouth, and it was to add impudence to profligacy ; but no criminal at the Place de Grève was ever so racked as he was by Dr. Lee, a friend of Lord Granville, who gave him the question both ordinary and extraordinary.

General Hawley has been tried (not in person, you may believe) and condemned by a Scotch jury for murder, on hanging a spy. What do you say to this ? or what will you say when I tell you, that Mr. Ratcliffe, who has been so long confined in the Tower, and supposed the Pretender's youngest son, is not only suffered to return to France, but was entertained at a great dinner by the Duke of Richmond as a relation ⁵ ! The same Duke has refused his beautiful Lady Emily to Lord Kildare ⁶, the richest and the first peer of Ireland, on a ridiculous notion of the king's evil being in the family—but sure that ought to be no objection : a very little grain more of pride and Stuartism might persuade all the royal bastards that they have a faculty of curing that distemper.

The other day, an odd accidental discovery was made ; some of the Duke's baggage, which he did not want, was sent back from Scotland, with a bill of the contents. Soon after, another large parcel, but not specified in the bill, was brought to the captain, directed like the rest. When they came to the Custom House here, it was observed, and they sent to Mr. Poyntz ⁷, to know what they should do : he bade them open it, suspecting some trick ; but when they did, they found a large crucifix, copes, rich vestments, beads, and heaps of such-like trumpery, consigned from the titular primate of Scotland, who is with the rebels : they

⁵ He was related to the Duke's mother by the Countess of Newburgh, his mother. *Walpole*.

⁶ They were married in 1747.

⁷ Stephen Poyntz, Treasurer, and formerly Governor to the Duke. *Walpole*.—He died in 1750.

imagine, with the privity of some of the vessels, to be conveyed to somebody here in town.

Now I am telling you odd events, I must relate one of the strangest I ever heard. Last week, an elderly woman gave information against her maid for coining, and the trial came on at the Old Bailey. The mistress deposed, that having been left a widow several years ago, with four children, and no possibility of maintaining them, she had taken to coining: that she used to buy old pewter-pots, out of each of which she made as many shillings, &c., as she could put off for three pounds, and that by this practice she had bred up her children, bound them out prentices, and set herself up in a little shop, by which she got a comfortable livelihood; that she had now given over coining, and indicted her maid as accomplice. The maid in her defence said, 'That when her mistress hired her, she told her that she did something up in a garret into which she must never inquire: that all she knew of the matter was, that her mistress had often given her moulds to clean, which she did, as it was her duty; that, indeed, she had sometimes seen pieces of pewter-pots cut, and did suspect her mistress of coining; but that she never had had, or put off, one single piece of bad money.' The judge asked the mistress if this was true; she answered, 'Yes; and that she believed her maid was as honest a creature as ever lived; but that, knowing herself in her power, she never could be at peace; that she knew, by informing, she should secure herself; and not doubting but the maid's real innocence would appear, she concluded the poor girl would come to no harm.' The judge flew into the greatest rage; told her he wished he could stretch the law to hang her, and feared he could not bring off the maid for having concealed the crime; but, however, the jury did bring her in *not guilty*. I think I never heard a more particular instance of parts and villainy.

I inclose a letter for Stosch, which was left here with a scrap of paper, with these words; *Mr. Natter*⁸ *is desired to send the lettres for Baron de Stosch, in Florence, by Mr. H. W.* I don't know who Mr. Natter is, nor who makes him this request, but I desire Mr. Stosch will immediately put an end to this method of correspondence; for I shall not risk my letters to you by containing his, nor will I be post to such a dirty fellow.

Your last was of March 22nd, and you mention Madame Suares' illness; I hope she is better, and Mr. Chute's gout better. I love to hear of my Florentine acquaintance, though they all seem to have forgot me; especially the Princess, whom you never mention. Does she never ask after me? Tell me a little of the state of her *state*, her amours, devotions, and appetite. I must transcribe a paragraph out of an old book of Letters⁹, printed in 1660, which I met with the other day: 'My thoughts upon the reading your letter made me stop in Florence, and go no farther, than to consider the happiness of them who live in that town, where the people come so near to angels in knowledge, that they can counterfeit Heaven well enough to give their friends a taste of it in this life.' I agree to the happiness of living in Florence, but I am sure knowledge was not one of its recommendations, which never was anywhere at a lower ebb—I had forgot; I beg Dr. Cocchi's pardon, who is much an exception; how does he do? Adieu!

P.S. Lord Malton, who is the nearest heir-male to the extinct earldom of Rockingham, and has succeeded to a barony belonging to it, is to have his own earldom erected into a marquisate, with the title of Rockingham. Vernon is struck off the list of admirals.

⁸ He was an engraver of seals.
Walpole.

⁹ A collection of letters by Toby Matthews.
Walpole.

215. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 25, 1746.

You have bid me for some time send you good news—well! I think I will. How good would you have it? must it be a total victory¹ over the rebels; with not only the boy, that is here, killed, but the other, that is not here, too; their whole army put to the sword, *besides* an infinite number of prisoners; all the Jacobite estates in England confiscated, and all those in Scotland—what would you have done with them?—or could you be content with something much under this? how much will you abate? will you compound for Lord John Drummond, taken by accident²? or for three Presbyterian parsons, who have very poor livings, stoutly refusing to pay a large contribution to the rebels? Come, I will deal as well with you as I can, and for once, but not to make a practice of it, will let you have a victory! My friend, Lord Bury³, arrived this morning from the Duke, though the news was got here before him; for, with all our victory, it was not thought safe to send him through the heart of Scotland; so he was shipped at Inverness, within an hour after the Duke entered the town, kept beating at sea five days, and then put on shore at North Berwick, from whence he came post in less than three days to London; but with a fever upon him, for which he had been twice blooded but the day before the battle; but he is young, and high in spirits, and I flatter myself will not suffer from this kindness of the Duke: the King has immediately ordered him a thousand pound, and I hear will make him his own

LETTER 215.—¹ The battle of Culloden, April 16, 1746.

² This was not the case.

³ George Keppel, eldest son of

William Anne, Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title. *Walpole.*

aide-de-camp. My dear Mr. Chute, I beg your pardon; I had forgot you have the gout, and consequently not the same patience to wait for the battle, with which I, knowing the particulars, postpone it.

On the 16th, the Duke, by forced marches, came up with the rebels, a little on this side Inverness—by the way, the battle is not christened yet; I only know that neither Prestonpans⁴ nor Falkirk⁴ are to be godfathers. The rebels, who fled from him after their victory, and durst not attack him, when so much exposed to them at his passage⁵ of the Spey, now stood him, they seven thousand, he ten. They broke through Barril's regiment, and killed Lord Robert Kerr⁶, a handsome young gentleman, who was cut to pieces with above thirty wounds; but they were soon repulsed, and fled; the whole engagement not lasting above a quarter of an hour. The young Pretender escaped; Mr. Conway says, he hears, wounded: he certainly was in the rear. They have lost above a thousand men in the engagement and pursuit; and six hundred were already taken; among which latter are their French ambassador⁷ and Earl Kilmarnock⁸. The Duke of Perth and Lord Ogilvie⁹ are said to be slain; Lord Elcho was in a salivation, and not there. Except Lord Robert Kerr, we lost nobody of note: Sir Robert Rich's eldest son¹⁰ has lost his

⁴ Where the King's troops had been beaten by the rebels. This was called the battle of Culloden. *Walpole*.

⁵ The letter relating that event was one of those that were lost. *Walpole*.—The Duke crossed the Spey on April 12, 1746.

⁶ Second son of the Marquis of Lothian. *Walpole*.

⁷ The Marquis d'Aiguille. 'Il fut pris à Culloden, et dix-huit mois en prison, craignant à chaque instant d'être pendu; enfin, délivré par un échange que le Roi de Prusse voulut bien faire de lui avec des prisonniers

de guerre autrichiens, il revint en France par la Hollande.' (D'Argenson, *Mémoires*, ed. 1857, vol. iii. p. 307-8.)

⁸ William Boyd (1704-1746), fourth Earl of Kilmarnock. He was convicted of high treason, and beheaded on Tower Hill, August 18, 1746.

⁹ David Ogilvie (1725-1803), Lord Ogilvie, titular Earl of Airlie. He was not killed, but escaped to Norway, and thence to France. In 1788 he procured a free pardon, and returned to Scotland.

¹⁰ Robert Rich, afterwards fifth Baronet.

hand, and about a hundred and thirty private men fell. The defeat is reckoned total, and the dispersion general; and all their artillery is taken. It is a brave young Duke! The town is all blazing round me, as I write, with fireworks and illuminations: I have some inclination to lap up half a dozen skyrockets, to make you drink the Duke's health. Mr. Dodington, on the first report, came out with a very pretty illumination; so pretty, that I believe he had it by him, ready for *any* occasion.

I now come to a more melancholy theme, though your joy will still be pure, except from what part you take in a private grief of mine. It is the death of Mr. Winnington¹¹, whom you only knew as one of the first men in England, from his parts and from his employment. But I was familiarly acquainted with him, loved and admired him, for he had great good-nature, and a quickness of wit most peculiar to himself: and for his public talents, he has left nobody equal to him, as before, nobody was superior to him but my father. The history of his death is a cruel tragedy, but what, to indulge me who am full of it, and want to vent the narration, you must hear. He was not quite fifty, extremely temperate and regular, and of a constitution remarkably strong, hale, and healthy. A little above a fortnight ago he was seized with an inflammatory rheumatism, a common and known case, dangerous, but scarce ever remembered to be fatal. He had a strong aversion to all physicians, and lately had put himself into the hands of one Thompson, a quack, whose foundation of method could not be guessed, but by a general contradiction to all received practice. This man was the oracle of Mrs. Masham¹², sister, and what one ought to hope she did not

¹¹ Thomas Winnington, Paymaster of the Forces. *Walpole*.

¹² Henrietta (d. 1761), daughter of Salway Winnington, of Stanford

Court, Worcestershire; m. (1736) Hon. Samuel Masham (who succeeded as second Baron Masham, 1758).

think of, co-heiress to Mr. Winnington: his other sister is as mad in Methodism as this in physic, and never saw him. This ignorant wretch, supported by the influence of the sister, soon made such progress in fatal absurdities, as purging, bleeding, and starving him, and checking all perspiration, that his friends Mr. Fox and Sir Charles Williams absolutely insisted on calling in a physician. Whom could they call, but Dr. Bloxholme¹³, an intimate old friend of Mr. Winnington, and to whose house he always went once a year? This doctor, grown paralytic and indolent, gave in to everything the quack advised; Mrs. Masham all the while ranting and raving. At last, which *at last* came very speedily, they had reduced him to a total dissolution, by a diabetes and a thrush; his friends all the time distracted for him, but hindered from assisting him; so far, that the night before he died, Thompson gave him another purge, though he could not get it all down. Mr. Fox by force brought Dr. Hulse, but it was too late; and even then, when Thompson owned him lost, Mrs. Masham was against trying Hulse's assistance. In short, madly or wickedly, they have murdered¹⁴ a man to whom nature would have allotted a far longer period, and had given a degree of abilities that were carrying that period to so great a height of lustre, as perhaps would have excelled most ministers, who in this country have owed their greatness to the greatness of their merit.

Adieu! my dear Sir; excuse what I have written to indulge my own concern, in consideration of what I have written to give you joy.

P.S. Thank you for Mr. Oxenden; but don't put yourself to any great trouble, for I desired you before not to mind

¹³ Noel Broxholme (not Bloxholme),
d. 1748.

published on this case, on both sides.
Walpole.

¹⁴ There were several pamphlets

formal letters much, which I am obliged to give : I write to you separately, when I wish you to be particularly kind to my recommendations.

216. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 16, 1746.

I HAVE had nothing new to tell you since the victory, relative to it, but that it has entirely put an end to the Rebellion. The number slain is generally believed much greater than is given out. Old Tullybardine¹ has surrendered himself; the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino², and Ogilvie³ are prisoners, and coming up to their trials. The Pretender is not openly taken, but many people think he is in their power; however, I dare say he will be allowed to escape; and some French ships are hovering about the coast to receive him. The Duke is not yet returned, but we have amply prepared for his reception, by settling on him immediately and for ever twenty-five thousand pounds a year, besides the fifteen which he is to have on the King's death. It was imagined that the Prince would have opposed this, on the reflection that fifteen thousand was thought enough for him, though heir of the Crown, and abounding in issue: but he has wisely *reflected forwards*, and likes the precedent, as it will be easy to find victories in his sons to reward, when once they have a precedent to fight with.

You must live upon domestic news, for our foreign is exceedingly unwholesome. Antwerp is gone, and Bathiani with the allied army retired under the cannon of Breda;

LETTER 216.—¹ Elder brother of the Duke of Athol; he was outlawed for the former rebellion. *Walpole*.

² Arthur Elphinstone (1688-1746), sixth Baron Balmerino. He was convicted of high treason, and was

beheaded on Tower Hill on August 18, 1746.

³ This was a mistake; it was not Lord Ogilvie, but Lord Cromarty. *Walpole*.

the junction of the Hanoverians cut off, and that of the Saxons put off. We are now, I suppose, at the eve of a bad peace; though, as Cape Breton must be a condition, I don't know who will dare to part with it. Little Æolus (the Duke of Bedford) says they shall not have it, that they shall have Woburn⁴ as soon—and I suppose they will! much such positive *Patriot* politics have brought on all this ruin upon us! All Flanders is gone, and all our money, and half our men, and half our navy, because we would have *no search*⁵. Well! but we ought to think on what we have got too!—we have got Admiral Vernon's head on our signs, and we are going to have Mr. Pitt at the head of our affairs. Do you remember the physician in Molière, who wishes the man dead that he may have the greater honour from recovering him? Mr. Pitt is Paymaster; Sir W. Yonge, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; Mr. Fox, Secretary at War; Mr. Arundel, Treasurer of the Chambers (in the room of Sir John Cotton, who is turned out); Mr. Campbell⁶ (one of my father's Admiralty) and Mr. Legge in the Treasury, and Lord Duncannon succeeds Legge in the Admiralty.

Your two last were of April 19th and 26th. I wrote one to Mr. Chute, inclosed to you, with farther particulars of the battle; and I hope you received it. I am entirely against your sending my eagle while there is any danger. Adieu! my dear child! I wrote to-day, merely because I had not written very lately; but you see I had little to say.

⁴ The seat of the Duke of Bedford.
Walpole.

⁵ The persistent denial (by the
'Patriots') of the Spanish 'Right

of Search' was one of the principal
causes of the war with Spain.

⁶ John Campbell, M.P. for Pembroke-shire.

217. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, May 22, 1746.

After all your goodness to me, don't be angry that I am glad I am got into *brave old* London again: though my cats don't purr like Goldwin, yet one of them has as good a heart as old Reynolds, and the tranquillity of my own closet makes me some amends for the loss of the library and *toute la belle compagnie celestine*. I don't know whether that expression will do for the azure ceilings; but I found it at my fingers' ends, and so it slipped through my pen. We called at Langley¹, but did not like it, nor the Grecian temple at all; it is by no means *gracious*.

I forgot to take your last orders about your poultry; the partlets have not laid since I went, for little chanticleer

Is true to love, and all for recreation,
And does not mind the work of propagation.

But I trust you will come yourself in a few days, and then you may settle their route.

I am got deep into the *Sidney Papers*²: there are old wills full of bequeathed *owches* and *goblets with fair enamel*, that will delight you; and there is a little pamphlet of Sir Philip Sidney's in defence of his uncle Leicester, that gives me a much better opinion of his parts than his dolorous *Arcadia*, though it almost recommended him to the crown of Poland; at least I have never been able to discover what other so great merit he had. In this little tract he is very vehement in clearing up the honour of his lineage: I don't think he could have been warmer about his family, if he had been of the blood of the *Cues*³. I have diverted myself

LETTER 217.—¹ A seat of the Duke of Marlborough.

² *Letters and Memorials of State*, written and collected by Sir Henry,

Sir Philip and Sir Robert Sydney; published by Arthur Collins, 1746.

³ The Montagus, so called by George Montagu.

with reflecting how it would have entertained the town a few years ago, if my cousin Richard Hammond had wrote a treatise to clear up my father's pedigree, when the *Craftsman* used to treat him so roundly with being Nobody's son. Adieu! dear George! Yours ever,

THE GRANDSON OF NOBODY.

218. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, June 5, 1746.

You may perhaps fancy that you are very happy in the country, and that because you commend everything you see, you like everything: you may fancy that London is a desert, and *that grass now grows where Troy town stood*; but it does not, except just before my Lord Bath's door, whom nobody will visit. So far from being empty, and dull, and dusty, the town is full of people, full of water, for it has rained this week, and as gay as a new German Prince must make any place. Why, it rains princes: though some people are disappointed of the arrival of the Pretender, yet the Duke is just coming, and the Prince of Hesse come. He is tall, lusty, and handsome; extremely like Lord Elcho in person, and to Mr. Hussey¹, in what entitles him more to his freedom in Ireland, than the resemblance of the former does to Scotland. By seeing him with the Prince of Wales, people think he looks stupid; but I dare say in his own country he is reckoned very lively, for though he don't speak much, he opens his mouth very often. The King has given him a fine sword, and the Prince a ball. He dined with the former the first day, and since with the great officers. Monday he went to Ranelagh, and supped in the house; Tuesday at the Opera he sat with his court in the

LETTER 218.—¹ Edward Hussey, afterwards Hussey Montagu (1720-1802), cr. (May 11, 1762) Baron

Beaulieu of Beaulieu; cr. Earl of Beaulieu, 1784.

box on the stage, next the Prince, and went into theirs to see the last dance; and after it was over to the Venetian ambassadress, who is the only woman he has yet noticed; so he has not put off Lord Petersham's match at all. To-night there is a masquerade at Ranelagh for him, a play at Covent Garden on Monday, and a ridotto at the Haymarket; and then he is to go. His amours are generally very humble, and very frequent; for he does not much affect our daughter². A little apt to be boisterous when he has drank. I have not heard, but I hope he was not rampant last night with Lady Middlesex or Charlotte Dives³! Men go to see him in the morning, before he goes to see the lions.

The talk of peace is blown over; nine or ten battalions were ordered for Flanders the day before yesterday, but they are again countermanded; and the operations of this campaign again likely to be confined within the precincts of Covent Garden, where the army-surgeons give constant attendance. Major Johnson⁴ commands (I can't call it) the corps de *réserve* in Grosvenor Street. I wish you had seen the goddess of those purlieus⁵ with him t'other night at Ranelagh; you would have sworn it had been the divine Cucumber⁶ in person.

The fame of the Violetta⁷ increases daily; the sister-Countesses of Burlington and Thanet⁸ exert all their stores

² His wife, the Princess Mary.

³ Charlotte (d. 1773), daughter of John Dyve, Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales; m. (1761), as his second wife, Samuel Masham, second Baron Masham.

⁴ James Johnston (d. 1797), of the Royal Dragoons; took part in the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy; commanded the Royals during the Seven Years' War and was wounded at the battle of Camper; General in the army; Colonel of the Inniskilling Dragoons; Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca, 1763-74. Johnston

was a good swordsman and a duellist. He was exceedingly handsome, and his portrait was painted by Gainsborough at the latter's request. In later life he was a neighbour of Horace Walpole, who was on friendly terms with him and his wife (a daughter of the first Earl Delawarr).

⁵ Lady Caroline Fitzroy.

⁶ See p. 385, n. 15.

⁷ Eva Maria Violette or Veigel (1724-1822), a dancer; the reputed daughter of a Viennese citizen; m. (1749) David Garrick.

⁸ Lady Mary Savile, fourth daugh-

of sullen partiality in competition for her : the former visits her, and is having her picture, and carries her to Chiswick ; and she dines at Bedford House, and sups at Lady Cardigan's, and lies—indeed I have not heard where, but I know, not at Carlton House, where she is in great disgrace, for not going once or twice a week to take lessons of Denoyer⁹, as he bid her : you know, that is politics in a court where dancing-masters are ministers.

Adieu ! dear George : my compliments to all at the farm. Your cocks and hens would write to the poultry, but they are dressing in haste for the masquerade : mind, I don't say that Ashton is doing anything like that ; but he is putting on an odd sort of a black gown : but, as Di Bertie says on her message cards, *mum for that !* Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

219. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 6, 1746.

IT was a very unpleasant reason for my not hearing from you last post, that you was ill ; but I have had a letter from you since of May 24th, that has made me easy again for your health : if you was not losing the good Chutes, I should have been quite satisfied ; but that is a loss you will not easily repair, though I were to recommend you H.'s¹ every day. Sure you must have had flights of strange awkward animals, if you can be so taken with him ! I shall begin to look about me, to see the merits of England : he was no curiosity here ; and yet Heaven knows there are many better, with whom I hope I shall never be acquainted. As I have cautioned you more than once against minding

ter of second Marquis of Halifax ;
m. (1722) Sackville Tufton, seventh
Earl of Thanet ; d. 1751.

⁹ A French dancing-master,

greatly in favour with the Prince
of Wales.

LETTER 219.—¹ Mr. Hobart, afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire.

my recommendatory letters, (which one gives because one can't refuse them), unless I write to you separately, I have no scruple in giving them. You are extremely good to give so much credit to my bills at first sight; but don't put down H. to my account; I used to call him the *Clearcake*; fat, fair, sweet, and seen through in a moment. By what you tell me, I should conclude the Countess was not returning; for H. is not a morsel that she can afford to lose.

I am much obliged to you for the care you take in sending my eagle by my commodore-cousin², but I hope it will not be till after his expedition. I know the extent of his genius; he would hoist it overboard on the prospect of an engagement, and think he could buy me another at Hyde Park Corner³ with the prize-money; like the Roman tar that told his crew, that if they broke the antique Corinthian statues, they should find new ones.

We have been making peace lately, but I think it is off again; there is come an unpleasant sort of a letter, transmitted from Van Hoey⁴ at Paris; it talks something of rebels not to be treated as rebels, and of a Prince Charles that is somebody's cousin and friend—but as nobody knows anything of this—why, I know nothing of it neither⁵. There are battalions ordered for Flanders, and countermanded, and a few less ordered again: if I knew exactly

² Hon. George Townshend.

³ Then given over to stonemasons' yards.

⁴ The Dutch Minister in Paris. *Walpole*.

⁵ Le Duc d'York et M. d'O'Bryen me prièrent d'écrire à M. Van-Hoey, notre correspondant ordinaire avec le ministère britannique, pour qu'il représentât combien il serait dangereux de faire la guerre d'Écosse, une guerre de cruauté et de barbarie... Ma lettre, tournée avec politesse, avait produit un bon effet. Le bonhomme Van-Hoey, dans sa lettre

d'accompagnement au duc de Newcastle, y ajouta une vraie paraphrase du *Pater noster* disant qu'il fallait pardonner comme Dieu nous pardonnait... A Londres il parut inouï que la France en guerre avec l'Angleterre se mêlât des affaires politiques de celle-ci, et demandât grâce pour ses rebelles... Le ministère britannique affecta la plus grande colère; il demanda la révocation de M. Van-Hoey, qui en fut quitte pour une lettre d'excuses au roi d'Angleterre.' (D'Argenson, *Mémoires*, ed. 1857, vol. iii. p. 73.)

what day this would reach you, I could tell you more certainly, because the determination for or against is only of every other day. The Duke is coming: I don't find it certain, however, that the Pretender is got off.

We are in the height of festivities for the Serenity of Hesse, our son-in-law, who passes a few days here on his return to Germany. If you recollect Lord Elcho, you have a perfect idea of his person and parts. The great officers banquet him at dinner; in the evenings there are plays, operas, ridottos, and masquerades.

You ask me to pity you for losing the Chutes: indeed I do; and I pity them for losing you. They will often miss Florence, and its tranquillity and happy air. Adieu! Comfort yourself with what you do not lose.

220. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, June 12, 1746.

Don't commend me: you don't know what hurt it will do me; you will make me a pains-taking man, and I had rather be dull without any trouble. From partiality to me you won't allow my letters to be letters. Jesus! it sounds as if I wrote them to be fine, and to have them printed, which might be very well for Mr. Pope, who having wrote pieces carefully, which ought to be laboured, could carry off the affectation of having studied things that have no excuse but their being wrote flying. Therefore if you have a mind I should write you news, don't make me think about it; I shall be so long turning my periods, that what I tell you will cease to be news.

The Prince of Hesse had a most ridiculous tumble t'other night at the Opera; they had not pegged up his box tight after the ridotto, and down he came on all four; George Selwyn says he carried it off with an *unembarrassed*

countenance¹. He was to go this morning; I don't know whether he is or not. The Duke is expected to-night by all the tallow candles and faggots in town.

Lady Caroline Fitzroy's match is settled to the content of all parties²; the Duke of Grafton gives them a thousand pound extraordinary to be off their living with him; they are taking Lady Abergavenny's house in Brook Street. The fairy Cucumber³ houses all Lady Caroline's out-pensioners: Mr. Montgomery is now on half-pay with her. Her Major Johnson is chosen at White's, to the great terror of the society. When he was introduced, Sir Charles Williams presented Dick Edgumbe to him, and said, 'I have three favours to beg of you for Mr. Edgumbe: the first is that you would not lie with Mrs. Day⁴; the second, that you would not poison his cards; the third, that you would not kill him'; the fool answered gravely, 'Indeed I will not.'

The Good has borrowed old Bowman's house in Kent, and is retiring thither for six weeks: I tell her, she has lived so rakish a life, that she is obliged to go and take up.—I hope you don't know any more of it, and that Major Montagu is not to cross the country to her.

There—I think you can't commend me for this letter; it shall not even have the merit of being long. My compliments to all your contented family!

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that Lord Lonsdale⁵ had summoned the Peers to-day to address the King not to send

LETTER 220.—¹ Probably an allusion to a ballad entitled *The Unembarrassed Countenance*, published shortly before (in April, 1746), and sometimes (but incorrectly) attributed to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

² She married Viscount Petersham on Aug. 11, 1746.

³ See p. 385, n. 15.

⁴ Anne Day, mistress of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Edgumbe, after whose death she married Peter Fenouillet, Exon of the Guard. Lord Edgumbe appointed Horace Walpole one of her trustees.

⁵ Henry Lowther, third Viscount Lonsdale (1694–1751).

the troops abroad in the present conjuncture. I hear he made a fine speech, and the Duke of Newcastle a very long one in answer, and then they rose without a division. Lord Baltimore is to bring the same motion into our House.

221. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, June 17, 1746.

I wrote to you on Friday night, as soon as I could after receiving your letter, with a list of the regiments to go abroad ; one of which, I hear since, is your brother's. I am extremely sorry it is his fortune, as I know the distress it will occasion in your family.

For the politics which you inquire after, and which may have given motion to this step, I can give you no satisfactory answer. I have heard that it is in consequence of an impertinent letter sent over by Van Hoey in favour of the rebels, though at the same time I hear we are making steps towards a peace ! There centre all my politics, all in peace ! Whatever your cousin¹ may think, I am neither busy about what does happen, nor making parties for what may. If he knew how happy I am, his intriguing nature would envy my tranquillity more than his suspicions can make him jealous of my practices.

My books, my *virtù*, and my other follies and amusements take up too much of my time to leave me much leisure to think of other people's affairs ; and of all affairs, those of the public are least my concern.

You will be sorry to hear of Augustus Townshend's² death. I lament it extremely, not much for his sake, for I did not honour him, but for his poor sister Molly's³, whose

LETTER 221.—¹ The Earl of Halifax.

² He was in the service of the East India Company, and died at

Batavia.

³ Hon. Mary Townshend, afterwards married to General Cornwallis.

little heart, that is all tenderness, and gratitude, and friendship, will be broke with the shock. I really dread it, considering how delicate her health is. My Lady T. has a son with him. I went to tell it her. Instead of thinking of her child's distress, she kept me half an hour with a thousand histories of Lady Caroline Fitzroy and Major Johnson, and the new Paymaster's⁴ *ménage*, and twenty other things, nothing to me, nor to her, if she could drop the idea of the Pay-Office. She said well to the Duchess of Bedford t'other day, who told her the Duke was wind-bound at Yarmouth: 'Lord,' says she, 'he will hate Norfolk as much as I do!'

The Serene Hessian is gone. Little Brook is to be an earl. I went to bespeak him a Lilliputian coronet at Chenevix's. Adieu! dear George,

Yours ever,

H. W.

222. TO HORACE MANN.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, June 20, 1746.

We are impatient for letters from Italy, to confirm the news of a victory over the French and Spaniards¹. The time is critical, and every triumph or defeat material, as they may raise or fall the terms of peace. The wonderful letters of Van Hoey and M. d'Argenson², in favour of the rebels, but which, if the ministry have any spirit, must turn to their harm, you will see in all the papers. They have rather put off the negotiations, and caused the sending five thousand men this week to Flanders. The Duke is not yet returned from Scotland, nor is anything certainly known of the Pretender. I don't find any period fixed

⁴ William Pitt.

LETTER 222.—¹ They were defeated by the Austrians near Placentia (June 17, N.S. 1746).

² René Louis (1694-1757), Marquis

d'Argenson, Minister for Foreign Affairs (1744-47). He was brother of the Comte d'Argenson, formerly Secretary for War.

for the trial of the Lords; yet the Parliament sits on, doing nothing, few days having enough to make a House. Old Marquis Tullibardine, with another set of rebels are come, amongst whom is Lord Macleod³, son of Lord Cromarty⁴, already in the Tower. Lady Cromarty went down *incog.* to Woolwich to see her son pass by, without the power of speaking to him: I never heard a more melancholy instance of affection! Lord Elcho⁵ has written from Paris to Lord Lincoln to solicit his pardon; but as he has distinguished himself beyond all the rebel commanders by brutality and insults and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is.

Jack Spencer⁶, old Marlborough's grandson and heir, is just dead, at the age of six or seven and thirty, and in possession of near £30,000 a year, merely because he would not be abridged of those invaluable blessings of an English subject, brandy, small-beer, and tobacco.

Your last letter was of May 31st. Since you have effectually lost the good Chutes, I may be permitted to lay out all my impatience for seeing them. There are no endeavours I shall not use to show how much I love them for all their friendship to you. You are very kind in telling me how much I am honoured by their Highnesses of Modena; but how can I return it? would it be civil to send them a compliment through a letter of yours? Do what you think properest for me.

³ John Mackenzie (1727-1789), Lord Macleod, eldest son of third Earl of Cromarty. He was found guilty of high treason and sentenced to death, but subsequently (1748) fully pardoned. He entered the Swedish service and was created Count Cromarty. He afterwards served in the English army and became a Major-General in 1782.

⁴ George Mackenzie (1703-1766), third Earl of Cromarty. He was

found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to death, but was reprieved and received a conditional pardon in 1749. His wife was Isabel (d. 1769), daughter of Sir William Gordon, Bart., of Invergordon.

⁵ Eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss.

⁶ Brother of Charles Spenser, Earl of Sunderland and Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole*.

I have nothing to say to Marquis Riccardi about his trumpery gems, but what I have already said ; that nobody here will buy them together ; that if he will think better, and let them be sold by auction, he may do it most advantageously, for, with all our distress, we have not at all lost the rage of expense : but that for sending them to Lisbon, I will by no means do it, as his impertinent sending them to me without my leave shall in no manner draw me into the risk of paying for them. That, in short, if he will send anybody to me with full authority to receive them, and to give me the most ample discharge for them, I will deliver them, and shall be happy so to get rid of them. There they lie in a corner of my closet, and will probably come to light at last with excellent antique mould about them ! Adieu !

223. *TO GEORGE MONTAGU.*

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, June 24, 1746.

You have got a very bad person to tell you news ; for I hear nothing before all the world has talked it over, and done with it. Till twelve o'clock last night I knew nothing of all the kissing hands that had graced yesterday morning. Arundel, for Treasurer of the Chambers ; Legge, and your friend Welsh Campbell¹, for the Treasury ; Lord Duncannon for the Admiralty ; and your cousin Halifax, who is succeeded by his predecessor in the Buckhounds, for Chief Justice in Eyre, in the room of Lord Jersey², who has a pension of twelve hundred a year in Ireland for thirty-one years.

They talk of new earls, Lord Chancellor, Lord Gower,

LETTER 223.—¹ John Campbell, M.P. for Pembrokehire.

third Earl of Jersey ; Chief Justice in Eyre, 1740-46.

² William Villiers (circ. 1712-1769),

Lord Brook, and Lord Clinton; but I don't know that this will be, because it is not past.

Tidings are every minute expected of a great sea-fight; Martin is got between the coast and the French fleet, which has sailed from Brest. The victory in Italy is extremely big; but as none of my friends are aide-de-camps there, I know nothing of the particulars, except that the French and Spaniards have lost ten thousand men.

All the inns about town are crowded with rebel prisoners, and people are making parties of pleasure, which you know is the English genius, to hear their trials. The Scotch, which you know is the Scotch genius, are loud in censuring the Duke for his great severities in the Highlands.

The great business of the town is Jack Spencer's will, who has left Althrop and the Sunderland estate in reversion to Pitt; after more obligations and more pretended friendship for his brother, the Duke, than is conceivable. The Duke is in the utmost uneasiness about it, having left the drawing of the writings for the estate to his brother and his grandmother, and without having any idea that himself was cut out of the entail. An additional circumstance of iniquity is that he had given a bond for Mr. Spencer for four thousand pound, which now he must pay, and the will and the bond are dated within three days of one another.

I have heard nothing yet of Augustus Townshend's will: my Lady, who you know hated him, came from the Opera t'other night, and on pulling off her gloves, and finding her hands all black, said immediately,

My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Another good thing she said to the Duchess of Bedford, who told her the Duke was wind-bound at Yarmouth, 'Lord! he will hate Norfolk as much as I do.'

I wish, my dear George, you could meet with any man that could copy the Beauties in the Castle³: I did not care if it were even in Indian ink. Will you inquire? Eckardt has done your picture excellently well. What shall I do with the original? Leave it with him till you come?

Lord Bath and Lord Sandys have had their pockets picked at Cuper's Gardens⁴. I fancy it was no bad scene, the avarice and jealousy of their peeresses on their return.

A terrible *disgrazia* happened to Earl Cholmondeley t'other night at Ranelagh. You know all the history of his letters to borrow money to pay for damask for his fine room at Richmond. As he was going in, in the crowd, a woman offered him roses—'Right damask, my Lord!' He concluded she had been put upon it. I was told, apropos, a *bon-mot* on the scene in the opera, where there is a view of his new room, and the farmer comes dancing out and shaking his purse; somebody said, there was a tradesman had unexpectedly got his money.

I think I deal in *bon-mots* to-day. I'll tell you now another, but don't print my letter in a new edition of Joe Miller's jests. The Duke has given Brigadier Mordaunt⁵ the Pretender's coach, on condition he rode up to London in it. 'That I will, Sir,' said he, 'and drive till it stops of its own accord at the Cocoa Tree⁶.'

Adieu! dear George,

Yours ever,

H. W.

³ Windsor Castle.

⁴ At Lambeth.

⁵ Afterwards Sir John Mordaunt, K.B.; d. 1780.

⁶ A Tory chocolate house.

224. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, July 3, 1746.

I wish extremely to accept your invitation, but I can't bring myself to it. If I have the pleasure of meeting Lord North¹ oftener at your house next winter, I do not know but another summer I may have courage enough to make him a visit; but I have no notion of going to anybody's house, and have the servants look on the arms of the chaise to find out one's name, and learn one's face from the Saracen's head. You did not tell me how long you stayed at Wroxton, and so I direct this thither. I have wrote one to Windsor since you left it.

The new earls² have kissed hands, and kept their own titles. Dirty little Brook has taken no second title, to save three hundred pound, so, if ever he gets a little Brookling, it must be called Lord Grevil, and can never be called up to the House of Lords. The world reckon Earl Clinton obliged for his new honour to Lord Granville, though they made the Duke of Newcastle go in to ask it.

Yesterday Mr. Hussey's friends declared his marriage with her Grace of Manchester³, and said he was gone down to Englefield Green to take possession. I own that circumstance makes it a little suspicious, for by what I saw of the palace there, and what one has heard of him, there is no room for even the material part of him.

I can tell you another wedding, more certain, and fifty times more extraordinary—it is Lord Coke with Lady Mary

LETTER 224.—¹ Francis North (1704–1790), seventh Baron North de Kirtling, cr. Earl of Guilford, 1752; Lord of the Bedchamber to Frederick Prince of Wales, 1730–51; Governor of George, Prince of Wales, 1750–51; Treasurer to Queen Charlotte, 1773.

² See the preceding letter.

³ Isabella Montagu, eldest daughter and co-heir of second Duke of Montagu; m. 1. (1723) William Montagu, second Duke of Manchester; 2. (1743), Edward Hussey (afterwards Earl of Beaulieu), d. 1786.

Campbell⁴, the Dowager of Argyll's youngest daughter. It is all agreed, and was negotiated by the Countess of Gower⁵ and Leicester. I don't know why they skipped over Lady Betty⁶, who, if there were any question of beauty, is, I think, as well as her sister. They drew the girl in to give her consent, when they first proposed it to her; but now *la Belle n'aime pas trop le Sieur Léandre*. She cries her red eyes to scarlet. He has made her four visits, and is so in love, that he writes to her every other day. 'Tis a strange match. After offering him to all the great lumps of gold in all the alleys of the City, they fish out a woman of quality at last with a mere twelve thousand pound. She objects his loving none of her sex but the four queens in a pack of cards, but he promises to abandon White's and both clubs for her sake. Apropos to White's and cards, Dick Edgecumbe is shut up with the itch. The ungenerous world ascribe it to Mrs. Day: but he denies it; owning, however, that he is very well contented to have it, as nobody will venture on her. Don't you like being pleased to have the itch, as a new way to keep one's mistress to one's self?

You will be in town to be sure for the eight-and-twentieth. London will be as full as at a coronation. The whole form

⁴ Fifth daughter and co-heir of second Duke of Argyll; m. (1747) Edward Coke, Viscount Coke (d. 1753), from whom she was separated. She subsequently became attached to Edward, Duke of York (brother of George III), and wished to have it believed that she had been secretly married to him. For many years Lady Mary Coke was on very friendly terms with Horace Walpole. His novel, *The Castle of Otranto*, was dedicated to her, and he corresponded with her at intervals. Their friendship cooled after the marriage of Walpole's niece, Lady Waldegrave, to the Duke of Gloucester—a royal marriage which was peculiarly dis-

tasteful to Lady Mary. In later life she became markedly eccentric. She died in 1811. Part of her *Journal* has been privately printed.

⁵ Lady Mary Tufton (d. 1785), fourth daughter and co-heir of sixth Earl of Thanet; m. 1. (1718) Antony Grey, Earl of Harold (eldest son of first Duke of Kent, whom he predeceased); 2. (1736) John Leveson-Gower, second Baron (afterwards first Earl) Gower.

⁶ Lady Elizabeth Campbell (d. 1799), fourth daughter and co-heir of second Duke of Argyll; m. Hon. James Stuart-Mackenzie, second son of second Earl of Bute (and brother of the minister).

is settled for the trials, and they are actually building scaffolds in Westminster Hall.

I have not seen poor Miss Townshend⁷ yet; she is in town, and better, but most unhappy. Adieu! dear George,

Yours ever,

H. W.

225. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 7, 1746.

I HAVE been looking at the dates of my letters, and find that I have not written to you since the 20th of last month. As long as it seems, I am not in fault; I now write merely lest you should think me forgetful of you, and not because I have anything to say. Nothing great has happened; and for little politics, I live a good deal out of the way of them. I have no manner of connection with any ministry, or opposition to ministry; and their merits and their faults are equally a secret to me. The Parliament sitting so long has worn itself to a skeleton; and almost everybody takes the opportunity of shortening their stay in the country, which I believe in their hearts most are glad to do, by going down, and returning for the trials, which are to be on the 28th of this month. I am of the number; so don't expect to hear from me again till that æra.

The Duke is still in Scotland, doing his family the only service that has been done for them there since their accession. He daily picks up notable prisoners, and has lately taken Lord Lovat¹, and Murray the secretary². There are

⁷ See letter to Montagu of June 17, 1746.

LETTER 225.—¹ He was found in a hollow tree, on an island in Loch Morar.

² John Murray, of Broughton (1718–1777), second son of Sir David Murray, of Stanhope, Peeblesshire (whom he succeeded in the baronetcy

in 1777). He acted as secretary to Prince Charles throughout the campaign. On coming southward (after the battle of Culloden), he was taken prisoner at his brother-in-law's house in Peeblesshire, and brought to London, where he turned king's evidence. He was set at liberty in 1747.

flying reports of the boy being killed, but I think not certain enough for the father to faint away again³—I blame myself for speaking lightly of the old man's distress; but a swoon is so natural to his character, that one smiles at it at first, without considering when it proceeds from cowardice, and when from misery. I heard yesterday that we are to expect a battle in Flanders soon: I expect it with all the tranquillity that the love of one's country admits, when one's heart is entirely out of the question, as, thank God! mine is: not one of my friends will be in it. I wish it may be as magnificent a victory for us, as your *giornata di San Lazaro*!

I am in great pain for my eagle, now the Brest fleet is thought to be upon the coast of Spain: but what do you mean by him and his pedestal filling three cases? is he like the Irishman's bird, in two places at once?

Adieu! my dear child; don't believe my love for you in the least abridged, whenever my letters are scarce or short. I never loved you better, and never had less to say, both which I beg you will believe by my concluding. Yours, &c.

P.S. Since I finished my letter, we hear that the French and Spaniards have escaped from Placentia, not without some connivance of your hero-king⁴. Mons is taken⁵.

226. TO HENRY FOX.

DEAR HARRY,

Mistley, July 19, 1746.

When I left London, I piqued myself upon paying my court to Lady Caroline¹ by some present that should make her think me a reasonable creature, and capable of

³ The Old Pretender had fainted on hearing a report of his son's death.

under the Prince de Conti on July 10 (N.S.), 1746.

LETTER 226.—¹ Lady Caroline Fox, née Lennox.

⁴ Of Sardinia.

⁵ Mons was taken by the French

entertaining myself without music, which I don't love, and without seeing a thousand people for whom I don't care a straw; but having been so unfortunate as neither to kill a brace of partridges, nor hook a dish of whittings, I am reduced to flatter her in a way as extraordinary as the other of recommending one's self by being natural and unaffected, to a woman who has been bred up in the kingdom of Herveys, Diveses, and Queensburys. Lady Caroline will give me leave to wonder at her being so awkward as to like to hear Lady Emily² commended rather than herself; and even you, who are so fond of that uncouth sense of hers, may be amazed that she thinks her sister handsomer than herself: but since she is so ungenteel, and has so many of those strange properties called good qualities, which being out of fashion and out of character, I can't help reckoning a want of knowing the world, I have e'en humoured her in her own way, and said of her sister what, if she had been like other people, I should naturally have said of herself.

I wish, my dear Harry, you loved Lady Emily as well as your wife does, and then I should have no excuses to make for sending you the enclosed lines³, which I command Lady Caroline to like on pain of Dayrolles's⁴ eternal displeasure, but as a fit of poetry is a distemper which I am never troubled with but in the country, you will have no reason to apprehend much trouble of this sort: the trees at Vauxhall and purling basons of goldfish never inspire me.

I can fairly say at least that Rigby makes me send you

² Lady Emily Lennox, afterwards Duchess of Leinster.

³ Horace Walpole's poem *The Beauties, an Epistle to Mr. Eckardt the painter*, written in 1746. (*Works*, vol. i. p. 19.)

⁴ Solomon Dayrolles (d. 1786), Master of the Revels, 1744; secretary to Lord Chesterfield during his embassy to the Hague (1745), and during

his viceroyalty in Ireland; Usher of the Black Rod in Ireland, 1745; Minister at the Hague, 1747-51; Minister at Brussels, 1751-57. His success in life was chiefly owing to the fact that he was Chesterfield's godson. Horace Walpole describes him as a 'led captain to the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton.'

these verses, which I have compounded to do, upon condition he lets the names stand as they are; tho' he contended a great while for a set of beauties of his own, who he swears by God are handsomer than any one (except Lady Emily) that I have mentioned. But as neither Mr. Peachey⁵ nor Mr. Briton⁶ would reckon his ladies good company, I have fought them all off but Fanny Murray⁷, for whose sake he insists the description of Flora shall at least be left doubtful by the letters F. M. in the margin, and may be wrote at length in the Covent Garden editions.

I have done with excuses, and give up any merit in the lines, and will only add that Lady Caroline must forgive any private partialities in the last line⁸. As to any omission of divinities, I can only say that I intended merely to mention those I think beauties, not all who are reckoned so by themselves or their court: I am no such Herculean labourer, as Tom Hervey says.

Adieu, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

227. TO HENRY FOX.

DEAR SIR,

Mistley, July 24, 1746.

You frighten me out of my wits, which is indeed a fair step towards making me in earnest a poet, a title I should dread more than that of Patriot, and which I should certainly get into no wills by¹. I will be so honest as to own that

⁵ James Peachey (1723-1808), succeeded his elder brother as fourth Baronet, 1765; cr. Baron Selsey, 1794; Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, 1751; Master of the Robes, 1792-1808.

⁶ Probably identical with the Mr. Breton mentioned in letter to Mann, Sept. 13, 1745.

⁷ A woman of the town, afterwards married to David Ross, an actor.

⁸ 'Which *Emily* might yield to *Evelyn's* eyes.' The beauty of Miss Evelyn is the subject of the concluding lines of the poem.

LETTER 227.—¹ The old Duchess of Marlborough left £10,000 to

the obliging things you say to me please me vastly. I find I have enough of the author in me to be extremely sensible to flattery, and were I far enough gone to publish a miscellany, there would certainly be one copy *to my honoured friend Henry Fox on his commending my verses*. But seriously, my dear Sir, you alarm me, with talking of making those I sent you public. I never thought poetry excusable but in the manner I sent you mine, just to divert anybody one loves for half an hour—and I know I must love anybody, to put myself so much in their power for their diversion. But to make anything one writes, especially poetry, public, is giving everybody leave under one's own hand to call one fool. You think me modest, but all my modesty is pride; while I am unknown, I am as great as my own imagination pleases to make me; the instant I get into that dreadful Court of Requests you talk of, I am as silly a fellow as Thomson or Glover,—you even reduce me to plead that foolish excuse against being published, which authors make to excuse themselves when they have published,—that their compositions were made in a hurry or extempore. Rigby will assure you that what I sent you was literally wrote in less than three hours; and, my dear Harry, I am not vain enough to think that I can write in three hours what would deserve to live three days. I will give you two more very material reasons for your suppressing my verses, and have done: one is, I don't care to make all the women in England my enemies, but sixteen, as their resentments would probably hurt me more than the gratitude of my goddesses would do me good, with all their charms; and the other reason is, that the conclusion of the poem is more particular than I would choose publicly to subscribe to.

I am content with your approbation and Lady Caroline's:

William Pitt (a prominent member of the 'Patriot' opposition), in re-

cognition of his 'noble defence . . . of the laws of England.'

pray tell her the reason I said so little of Lady Emily in detail was what the critics, a set of gentlemen she is happily not acquainted with, say in excuse for the heroes of the epic poems, who are very little talked of in comparison with their rivals, but who are supposed to be celebrated enough, by surpassing those who are more amply commended; or you may tell her what will be more familiar to her than Homer and Virgil, that if I had said Mrs. Bethel² was the ugliest woman in the world, I should not have specified her nose, her mouth, or her complexion. For the last line on Lady Emily, which you don't understand, it only means that it is a pity she is not as like Venus in being a mother, as she is in the rest of her merits.

I beg your pardon for troubling you with a second letter so long, when I shall be in town the day after it, but I was so anxious about your talking of making my verses public, that I could not refrain a moment from begging you not. Rigby has left his kindest love for you: he is gone to a cricket-match, from which your letter has saved me. You have commended me so much, he begins to look on me in a higher light, and even deigns to treat my leisure as sacred.

I am, my dear Sir, and always shall be, if you will suppress my verses,

Your most obliged humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

228. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 1, 1746.

I AM this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the

² Probably Anne, daughter of Sir John Coke, of Bramhill, Essex; m.

Hugh Bethel, of Rise, and Walton Abbey, Yorkshire.

most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three parts of Westminster Hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own House to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches *frequent and full!* The Chancellor¹ was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister² that is no peer, and constantly applying to the other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian³ in weepers for his son⁴ who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine

LETTER 228.—¹ Sir Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

² Henry Pelham. *Walpole.*

³ William Kerr (circ. 1690–1767),

third Marquis of Lothian; Lord Clerk Register, 1739–56.

⁴ Lord Robert Kerr.

person : his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission ; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation ; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen : he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw : the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man ; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy⁵, with him in the Tower. But the instant she came to him, he stripped her and went to bed. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without : she is big with child and very handsome : so are their daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, ‘Come, come, put it with me.’ At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler ; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see ; he made room for the child and placed him near himself.

When the trial began, the two Earls pleaded guilty ; Balmerino not guilty, saying he could prove his not being at the taking of the castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment. Then the King’s counsel opened, and Serjeant

⁵ Margaret, daughter of Captain Chalmers ; m. Arthur Elphinstone, sixth Baron Balmerino.

Skinner⁶ pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable; and mentioned the Duke of Perth, 'who,' said he, 'I see by the papers is dead'. Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their House, and returning, demanded of the judges, whether one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord High Steward asked the Peers severally, whether Lord Balmerino was guilty! All said, 'guilty upon honour,' and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble. While the Lords were withdrawn, the Solicitor-General Murray (brother of the Pretender's minister⁸) officiously and insolently went up to Lord Balmerino, and asked him, how he could give the Lords so much trouble, when his solicitor had informed him that his plea could be of no use to him? Balmerino asked the bystanders who this person was? and being told, he said, 'Oh, Mr. Murray! I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good lady, your mother⁹, was of great use to us at Perth.' Are not you charmed with this speech? how just it was! As he went away, he said, 'They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me: but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve.' The worst of his case is, that after the battle of Dunblain¹⁰, having a company in the Duke of Argyll's regiment, he deserted with it to the rebels, and has since been pardoned. Lord Kilmarnock is a Presbyterian,

⁶ Matthew Skinner (1689-1749), Recorder of Oxford, 1721-49; Chief Justice of Chester, 1738-49.

⁷ He died (May 13, 1746) on board the frigate which was conveying him to France.

⁸ Lord Dunbar. *Walpole*.

⁹ Margery (d. 1746), daughter of David Scott, of Scotstarvet, Fife; m. (1688) David Murray, fifth Viscount Stormont.

¹⁰ On Nov. 15, 1715.

with four earldoms¹¹ in him, but so poor since Lord Wilmington's stopping a pension that my father had given him, that he often wanted a dinner. Lord Cromartie was receiver of the rents of the King's second son in Scotland, which, it was understood, he should not account for; and by that means had six hundred a year from the Government: Lord Elibank¹², a very prating, impertinent Jacobite, was bound for him in nine thousand pounds, for which the Duke is determined to sue him.

When the Peers were going to vote, Lord Foley¹³ withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray¹⁴, as nephew of Lord Balmerino—and Lord Stair,—as, I believe, uncle to his great-grandfather. Lord Windsor, very affectedly, said, 'I am sorry I must say, *guilty upon my honour*.' Lord Stamford¹⁵ would not answer to the name of *Henry*, having been christened *Harry*—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa, the father of my brother's concubine, an old Jew that kept a tavern; my brother, as Auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court; I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners!' old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us*?' When my Lady Townshend heard her husband¹⁶ vote, she said, 'I always knew *my* Lord was *guilty*, but I never thought he would own it *upon his honour*.' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty*, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show.

On Wednesday they were again brought to Westminster

¹¹ Kilmarnock, Erroll, Callander, and Linlithgow.

¹² Patrick Murray (1703-1778), fifth Baron Elibank; served in the army. He is mentioned in *Royal and Noble Authors* as the author of some tracts.

¹³ Thomas Foley (1703-1766),

second Baron Foley.

¹⁴ James Stuart (circ. 1708-1767), eighth Earl of Moray; his mother was sister of Lord Balmerino.

¹⁵ Harry Grey (1715-1768), fourth Earl of Stamford.

¹⁶ Charles Townshend (1700-1764), third Viscount Townshend.

Hall, to receive sentence ; and being asked what they had to say, Lord Kilmarnock, with a fine voice, read a very fine speech, confessing the extent of his crime, but offering his principles as some alleviation, having his eldest son¹⁷ (his second¹⁸ unluckily was with him), in the Duke's army, *fighting for the liberties of his country at Culloden, where his unhappy father was in arms to destroy them.* He insisted much on his tenderness to the English prisoners, which some deny, and say that he was the man who proposed their being put to death, when General Stapleton urged that *he* was come to fight, and not to butcher ; and that if they acted any such barbarity, he would leave them with all his men. He very artfully mentioned Van Hoey's letter, and said how much he should scorn to owe his life to such intercession. Lord Cromartie spoke much shorter, and so low, that he was not heard but by those who sat very near him ; but they prefer his speech to the other. He mentioned his misfortune in having drawn in his eldest son, who is prisoner with him ; and concluded with saying, 'If no part of this bitter cup must pass from me, not mine, O God, but Thy will be done !' If he had pleaded *not guilty*, there was ready to be produced against him a paper signed with his own hand, for putting the English prisoners to death.

Lord Leicester went up to the Duke of Newcastle, and said, 'I never heard so great an orator as Lord Kilmarnock ! if I was your Grace, I would pardon him, and make him *Paymaster*¹⁹.'

That morning a paper had been sent to the Lieutenant of

¹⁷ James Boyd, afterwards Hay (1726-1778), Lord Boyd ; on his father's death he succeeded to the family estates, but not to the earldom of Kilmarnock, which was attained ; succeeded his great-aunt as fifteenth Earl of Erroll, 1758 ; officiated as High Constable of Scotland at the

Coronation of George III.

¹⁸ Hon. Charles Boyd (d. 1782), who escaped to France.

¹⁹ Alluding to Mr. Pitt, who had lately been preferred to that post, from the fear the ministry had of his abusive eloquence. *Walpole*.

the Tower for the prisoners ; he gave it to Lord Cornwallis ²⁰, the governor, who carried it to the House of Lords. It was a plea for the prisoners, objecting that the late Act for regulating the trials of rebels did not take place till after their crime was committed. The Lords very tenderly and rightly sent this plea to them, of which, as you have seen, the two Earls did not make use ; but old Balmerino did, and demanded counsel on it. The High Steward, almost in a passion, told him, that when he had been offered counsel, he did not accept it. Do but think on the ridicule of sending them the plea, and then denying them counsel on it ! The Duke of Newcastle, who never lets slip an opportunity of being absurd, took it up as a ministerial point, in defence of his creature the Chancellor ; but Lord Granville moved, according to order, to adjourn to debate in the chamber of Parliament, where the Duke of Bedford and many others spoke warmly for their having counsel ; and it was granted. I said *their*, because the plea would have saved them all, and affected nine rebels who had been hanged that very morning ; particularly one Morgan ²¹, a poetical lawyer. Lord Balmerino asked for Forester and Wilbraham ²² ; the latter a very able lawyer in the House of Commons, who, the Chancellor said privately, he was sure would as soon be hanged as plead such a cause. But he came as counsel to-day (the third day), when Lord Balmerino gave up his plea as invalid, and submitted, without any speech. The High Steward then made his, very long and very poor, with only one or two good passages ; and then pronounced sentence !

Great intercession is made for the two earls : Duke Hamilton ²³, who has never been at court, designs to kiss

²⁰ Charles Cornwallis (1700-1762), fifth Baron and (1753) first Earl Cornwallis ; Governor of the Tower of London, 1740-62.

²¹ Thomas David Morgan, whose head was set up on Temple Bar.

²² Randle Wilbraham, M.P. for Newcastle - under - Lyne ; Deputy Steward of the University of Oxford.

²³ James Hamilton (1724-1758), sixth Duke of Hamilton.

the King's hand, and ask Lord Kilmarnock's life. The King is much inclined to some mercy; but the Duke, who has not so much of Cæsar after a victory, as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the City to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud, 'Then let it be of the *Butchers!*' The Scotch and his Royal Highness are not at all guarded in their expressions of each other. When he went to Edinburgh, on his pursuit of the rebels, they would not admit his guards, alleging that it was contrary to their privileges; but they rode in, sword in hand; and the Duke, very justly incensed, refused to see any of the magistrates. He came with the utmost expedition to town, in order for Flanders; but found that the court of Vienna had already sent Prince Charles thither, without the least notification, at which both King and Duke are greatly offended. When the latter waited on his brother, the Prince carried him into a room that hangs over the wall of St. James's Park, and stood there with his arm about his neck, to charm the gazing mob.

Murray, the Pretender's secretary, has made ample confessions: the Earl of Traquair²⁴ and Dr. Barry, a physician, are apprehended, and more warrants are out; so much for rebels! Your friend, Lord Sandwich, is instantly going ambassador to Holland, to pray the Dutch to build more ships. I have received yours of July 19th, but you see have no more room left, only to say, that I conceive a good idea of my eagle, though the seal is a bad one. Adieu!

P.S. I have not room to say anything to the Tesi till next post; but, unless she will sing gratis, would advise her to drop this thought.

²⁴ Charles Stewart (d. 1764), fifth Earl of Traquair.

229. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, Aug. 2, 1746.

You have lost nothing by missing yesterday at the trials, but a little additional contempt for the High Steward; and even that is recoverable, as his long paltry speech is to be printed; for which, and for thanks for it, Lord Lincoln moved the House of Lords. Somebody said to Sir Charles Windham, 'Oh! you don't think Lord Hardwicke's speech good, because you have read Lord Cowper's¹.'—'No,' replied he; 'but I do think it tolerable, because I heard Serjeant Skinner's.' Poor brave old Balmerino retracted his plea, asked pardon, and desired the Lords to intercede for mercy. As he returned to the Tower, he stopped the coach at Charing Cross to buy honey-blobs, as the Scotch call gooseberries. He says he is extremely afraid Lord Kilmarnock will not behave well. The Duke said publicly at his levee, that the latter proposed the murdering the English prisoners. His Highness was to have given Peggy Banks a ball last night; but was persuaded to defer it, as it would have rather looked like an insult on the prisoners, the very day their sentence was passed. George Selwyn says that he had begged Sir William Saunderson² to get him the Lord High Steward's wand, after it was broke, as a curiosity; but that he behaved so like an attorney the first day, and so like a pettifogger the second, that he would not take it to light his fire with: I don't believe my Lady Hardwicke is so high-minded.

Your cousin Sandwich is certainly going on embassy to Holland. I don't know whether it is to qualify him, by new dignity, for the head of the Admiralty, or whether (which is more agreeable to present policy) to satisfy him

LETTER 229.—¹ William Cowper (circ. 1665–1723), first Earl Cowper, who acted as High Steward at the trial of the rebel lords in 1716.

² Second Baronet, of Combe, Greenwich; Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod; d. 1754.

instead of it. I know when Lord Malton, who was a young earl, asked for the Garter, to stop his pretensions, they—made him a marquis³. When Lord Brook, who is likely to have ten sons, though he has none yet, asked to have his barony settled on his daughters, they refused him with an earldom; and they professed making Pitt Paymaster, in order to silence the avidity of his faction.

Dear George, I am afraid I shall not be in your neighbourhood, as I promised myself. Sir Charles Williams has let his house. I wish you would one day whisk over and look at Hurley House. The enclosed advertisement makes it sound pretty, though I am afraid too large for me. Do look at it impartially: don't be struck at first sight with any *brave old windows*; but be so good to inquire the rent, and if I can have it for a year, and with any furniture.

I have not had time to copy out the verses, but you shall have them soon. Adieu, with my compliments to your sisters,

Yours ever,

H. W.

230. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, Aug. 5, 1746.

Though I can't this week accept your invitation, I can prove to you that I am most desirous of passing my time with you, and therefore *en attendant* Hurley House, if you can find me out any clean, little house in Windsor, ready furnished, that is not absolutely in the middle of the town, but near you, I shall be glad to take it for three or four months. I have been about Sir Robert Rich's, but they will only *sell* it.

I am as far from guessing why they send Sandwich in embassy, as you are; and, when I recollect of what various

³ Of Rockingham.

materials our late ambassadors have been composed, Lord Stair, Lord Granville, and Lord Chesterfield¹, I can only say, '*ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius.*'

Murray² has certainly been discovering, and warrants are out; but I don't yet know who are to be their prize. I begin to think that the ministry had really no intelligence till now. I before thought they had, but durst not use it. Apropos to *not daring*; I went t'other night to look at my poor favourite Chelsea³, for the little mad Newcastle⁴ is gone to be dipped in the sea. In one of the rooms is a bed for her Duke, and a press bed for his footman; for he never dares lie alone, and, till he was married, had always a servant set up with him.

Lady Cromartie presented her petition to the King last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. She swooned away as soon as he was gone. Lord Cornwallis told me that her lord weeps every time anything of his fate is mentioned to him. Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he showed Lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not winch, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders, and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till ———, and then pointed to his neck. At getting into the coach, he said to the gaoler, 'Take care, or you will break my shins with this damned axe.'

I must tell you a *bon-mot* of George Selwyn's at the trial. He saw Bethel's sharp visage looking wistfully at the rebel

LETTER 280. — ¹ These names have been erased in the MS., but can still be read.

² John Murray of Broughton.

³ Where Sir Robert Walpole had had what was then a country house.

⁴ Lady Henrietta Godolphin (d. 1776), eldest daughter and co-heir of second Earl of Godolphin; m. (1717) Thomas Pelham Holles, Duke of Newcastle.

lords; he said, 'What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners till they are condemned.' If you have a mind for a true foreign idea, one of the foreign ministers said at the trial to another, 'Vraiment cela est auguste.' 'Oui,' replied t'other, 'cela est auguste, cela est vrai, mais cela n'est pas royal!'

I am assured that the old Countess of Errol⁵ made her son Lord Kilmarnock go into the Rebellion on pain of disinheriting him. I don't know whether I told you that the man at the tennis-court protests that he has known him dine with the man that sells pamphlets at Storey's Gate; 'and,' says he, 'he would often have been glad if I would have taken him home to dinner.' He was certainly so poor, that in one of his wife's intercepted letters she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight for money, and can get but three shillings. Can one help pitying such distress? I am vastly softened, too, about old Balmerino's relapse, for his pardon was only granted him to engage his brother's⁶ vote at the election of Scotch peers.

My Lord Chancellor has had a thousand pound in present for his High Stewardship, and has got the reversion of Clerk of the Crown (twelve hundred a year) for his second son⁷—what a long time it will be before his posterity are drove into rebellion for want, like Lord Kilmarnock!

⁵ Lady Mary Hay (d. 1758), eldest daughter of twelfth Earl of Erroll, succeeded her brother as *suo jure* Countess of Erroll, 1717; m. Hon. Alexander Falconer, brother of fifth Baron Falconer. She was not Lord Kilmarnock's mother, but his wife's aunt.

⁶ John Elphinstone (1675–1746), fifth Baron Balmerino.

⁷ Hon. Charles Yorke (1722–1770), second son of first Earl of Hardwicke; M.P. for Reigate; Solicitor-General, 1756; Attorney-General,

1761–63. In January, 1770, at the urgent request of George III, he accepted the office of Lord Chancellor in Lord North's administration, an office which he had twice refused at the bidding of his party. In consequence, it is supposed, of the bitter reproaches of his family and friends, he is said to have ended his own life three days after taking the oath as Lord Chancellor, and before the Great Seal had been affixed to the patent creating him Lord Morden.

The Duke gave his ball last night to Peggy Banks at Vauxhall. It was to pique my Lady Rochford, in return for the Prince of Hesse. I saw the company get into their barges at Whitehall Stairs, as I was going myself, and just then passed by two City Companies in their great barges, who had been a swan-hopping⁸. They laid by and played 'God save our noble King,' and altogether it was a mighty pretty show. When they came to Vauxhall, there were assembled about five-and-twenty hundred people, besides crowds without. They huzzaed, and surrounded him so, that he was forced to retreat into the ball-room. He was very near being drowned t'other night going from Ranelagh to Vauxhall by a politeness of Lord Cathcart's⁹, who, stepping on the side of the boat to lend his arm, overset it, and both fell into the water up to their chins.

I have not yet got Sir Charles's ode; when I have, you shall see it—here are my own lines. Good night!

Yours ever,

H. W.

231. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

The Christopher—Lord! how great I used to think anybody just landed at the Christopher! But here are no boys for me to send for!

HERE I am, like Noah, just returned into his old world again, with all sorts of queer feels about me.—By the way,

⁸ A corruption of 'swan-upping,' the 'taking-up,' in the month of August, of the young swans belonging to the City Companies on the Thames, for the purpose of marking them.

⁹ Charles Schaw Cathcart (1721–1776), ninth Baron Cathcart; served in the army; severely wounded at

the battle of Fontenoy, where he acted as A.D.C. to Duke of Cumberland; hostage in France, 1748–49; Lieutenant-General, 1760; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1768–71.

LETTER 231.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1737. (See *Notes and Queries*, Sept. 23, 1899.)

the clock strikes the old cracked sound—I recollect so much, and remember so little, and want to play about, and am so afraid of my playfellows, and am ready to *shirk* Ashton, and can't help *making fun* of myself, and envy a *dame* over the way, that has just locked in her boarders, and is going to sit down in a little hot parlour to a very bad supper, so comfortably! and I could be so *jolly* a dog if I did not *fat*, which, by the way, is the first time the word was ever applicable to me. In short, I should be *out* of all bounds if I was to tell you half I feel, how young again I am one minute, and how old the next.—But do come and feel with me, when you will, to-morrow—for to-night I have so bad a bed that you will think I deserve to be *flogged*. Adieu! If I don't compose myself a little before Sunday morning, when Ashton is to preach¹, I shall certainly *be in a bill for laughing at church*; but how to help it, to see him in the pulpit, when the last time I saw him here, was standing up *funking* over against a conduct² to be catechized.

Good night; yours, &c.,

HOR. WALPOLE.

232. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, Aug. 11, 1746.

I have seen Mr. Jordan, and have taken his house¹ at forty guineas a year, but I am to pay taxes. Shall I now accept your offer of being at the trouble of giving orders for the airing it? I have desired the landlord will order the key to be delivered to you, and Ashton will assist you. Furniture, I find, I have in abundance, which I shall send

¹ Thomas Ashton became a Fellow of Eton in 1745.

² Printed *conduct* in all previous editions. Conduct is 'still used as

the name of the chaplains at Eton College.' (N. E. D.)

LETTER 232.—¹ Within the precincts of Windsor Castle.

down immediately; but shall not be able to be at Windsor at the quivering dame's before to-morrow se'nnight, as the rebel lords are not to be executed till next Monday. I shall stay till that is over, though I don't believe I shall see it. Lord Cromartie is reprieved for a pardon. If wives and children become an argument for saving rebels, they will cease to be a reason against their going into rebellion. Lady Caroline Fitzroy's execution² is certainly to-night. I dare say she will follow Lord Balmerino's advice to Lord Kilmarnock, and not winch.

Lord Sandwich has made Mr. Keith³ his secretary. I don't believe the founder of your race, the great Quu, of Habiculeo, would have chosen his secretary from California.

I would willingly return the civilities and pasties you laid upon me at Windsor—do command me—in what can I serve you? Shall I get you an earldom? Don't think it will be any trouble; there is nothing easier or cheaper.—Lord Hobart and Lord Fitzwilliam are both to be earls to-morrow: the former, of Buckingham; the latter, by his already title—I suppose Lord Malton will be a duke—he has had no new peerage this fortnight. Adieu! my compliments to the virtuous ladies, Arabella and Hounsibella Quus.

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Here is an order for the key.

233. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 12, 1746.

To begin with the Tesi; she is mad if she desires to come hither. I hate long histories, and so will only tell you in

² Her marriage.

³ Robert Keith, fourth son of Colonel Keith, of Craig, Kincardine-

shire; Minister at Vienna, 1748-58; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1758-62; d. 1774.

a few words, that Lord Middlesex¹ took the opportunity of a rivalry between his own mistress, the Nardi, and the Violetta², the finest and most admired dancer in the world, to involve the whole *ménage* of the Opera in the quarrel, and has paid nobody; but, like a true Lord of the Treasury, has shut up his own exchequer. The principal man-dancer was arrested for debt; to the composer his Lordship gave a bad note, not payable in two years, besides amercing him entirely three hundred pounds, on pretence of his siding with the Violetta. If the Tesi likes this account—*venga! venga!*

Did I tell you that your friend Lord Sandwich was sent ambassador to Holland? He is: and that Lady Charlotte Fermor³ was to be married to Mr. Finch⁴, the Vice-Chamberlain? She is. Mr. Finch is a comely black widower, without children, and heir to his brother Winchelsea, who has no sons. The Countess-mother⁵ has been in an embroil, (as we have often known her,) about carrying Miss Shelley, a bosom-friend, into the Peeresses' place at the trials. Lord Granville, who is extremely fond of Lady Charlotte, has given her all her sister's jewels, to the great discontent of his own daughters. She has five thousand pounds, and Mr. Finch settles fifteen thousand pounds more upon her. Now we are upon the chapter of marriages, Lord Petersham⁶ was last night married to one of our first beauties, Lady Caroline Fitzroy⁷; and Lord Coke⁸ is to have the youngest of the late Duke of Argyll's daughters⁹, who is none of our beauties at all.

LETTER 233.—¹ Charles Sackville, eldest son of Lionel, Duke of Dorset, a Lord of the Treasury. *Walpole.*

² She was a German, and married Mr. Garrick, the celebrated actor. *Walpole.*

³ Second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, and sister of Lady Granville. *Walpole.*

⁴ William Finch, brother of the Earl of Winchelsea, had been Am-

bassador in Holland. *Walpole.*

⁵ Lady Pomfret.

⁶ Son of the Earl of Harrington, Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

⁷ Eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain. *Walpole.*

⁸ Edward, only son of Thomas, Earl of Leicester. *Walpole.*

⁹ Lady Mary Campbell.

Princess Louisa has already reached the object of her wish ever since she could speak, and is Queen of Denmark¹⁰. We have been a little lucky lately in the deaths of Kings, and promise ourselves great matters from the new monarch in Spain¹¹. Princess Mary is coming over from Hesse to drink the Bath waters; that is the pretence for leaving her brutal husband, and for visiting the Duke and Princess Caroline, who love her extremely. She is of the softest, mildest temper in the world.

We know nothing certainly of the young Pretender, but that he is concealed in Scotland, and devoured with distempers: I really wonder how an Italian constitution can have supported such rigours! He has said, that 'he did not see what he had to be ashamed of; and that if he has lost one battle, he had gained two.' Old Lovat curses Cope and Hawley for the loss of those two, and says, if they had done their duty, he had never been in this scrape. Cope is actually going to be tried; but Hawley, who is fifty times more culpable, is saved by partiality: Cope miscarried by incapacity; Hawley, by insolence and carelessness.

Lord Cromartie is reprieved; the Prince asked his life, and his wife made great intercession, though when he was taken he was actually found in bed with Lady Sutherland. Duke Hamilton's intercession for Lord Kilmarnock has rather hurried him to the block: he and Lord Balmerino are to die next Monday. Lord Kilmarnock, with the greatest nobleness of soul, desired to have Lord Cromartie preferred to himself for pardon, if there could be but one saved; and Lord Balmerino laments that he himself and Lord Lovat were not taken at the same time; 'for then,' says he, 'we might have been sacrificed, and those other two brave men escaped.' Indeed Lord Cromartie does not much deserve

¹⁰ Her husband had just succeeded to the throne (as Frederick V) on the death of his father, Christian VI

(1730-1746).

¹¹ Ferdinand VI (1746-1759), who succeeded his father Philip V.

the epithet ; for he wept whenever his execution was mentioned. Balmerino is jolly with his pretty Peggy, . . .¹² There is a remarkable story of him at the battle of Dunblain, where the Duke of Argyll, his colonel, answered for him, on his being suspected. He behaved well ; but as soon as we had gained the victory, went off with his troop to the Pretender ; protesting that he had never feared death but that day, as he had been fighting against his conscience. Popularity has changed sides since the year '15, for now the City and the generality are very angry that so many rebels have been pardoned. Some of those taken at Carlisle dispersed papers at their execution, saying they forgave all men but three, the Elector of Hanover, the *pretended* Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Richmond, who signed the capitulation at Carlisle.

Wish Mr. Hobart joy of his new lordship ; his father took his seat to-day as Earl of Buckingham : Lord Fitzwilliam is made an English earl with him, by his old title. Lord Tankerville¹³ goes governor to Jamaica¹⁴ : a cruel method of recruiting a prodigal nobleman's broken fortune, by sending him to pillage a province ! Adieu !

P.S. I have taken a pretty house at Windsor, and am going thither for the remainder of the summer.

234. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington Street, Aug. 16, 1746.

I shall be with you on Tuesday night, and since you are so good as to be my Rowland White¹, must beg my apartment at the quivering dame's may be aired for me. My

¹² Passage omitted.

¹³ Charles Bennett (1697-1753), second Earl of Tankerville.

¹⁴ This did not happen. *Walpole*.

LETTER 234.—¹ A steward and correspondent of Robert Sidney, first Earl of Leicester, of that family.

caravan sets out with all my household stuff on Monday ; but I have heard nothing of your sister's hamper, nor do I know how to send the bantams by it, but will leave them here till I am more settled under the shade of my own mulberry-tree.

I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I saw Murray, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Traquair, Lord Cromartie and his son, and the Lord Provost² at their respective windows. The other two wretched Lords are in dismal towers, and they have stopped up one of old Balmerino's windows because he talked to the populace ; and now he has only one, which looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said, 'Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoiled my Lady's stomach.' He has wrote a sensible letter to the Duke to beg his intercession, and the Duke has given it to the King ; but gave a much colder answer to Duke Hamilton, who went to beg it for Lord Kilmarnock : he told him the affair was in the King's hands, and that he had nothing to do with it. Lord Kilmarnock, who has hitherto kept up his spirits, grows extremely terrified. It will be difficult to make you believe to what heights of affectation or extravagance my Lady Townshend carries her passion for my Lord Kilmarnock, whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smit with his falling shoulders. She has been under his window ; sends messages to him ; has got his dog and his snuff-box ; has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow and Monday night, and then goes to Greenwich ; forswears conversing with the

² Of Edinburgh.

bloody English, and has taken a French master. She insisted on Lord Hervey's promising her he would not sleep a whole night for my Lord Kilmarnock, 'and in return,' says she, 'never trust me more if I am not as yellow as a jonquil for him.' She said gravely t'other day, 'Since I saw my Lord Kilmarnock, I really think no more of Sir Harry Nisbett than if there was no such man in the world.' But of all her flights, yesterday was the strongest. George Selwyn dined with her, and not thinking her affliction so entirely serious as she pretends, talked rather jokingly of the execution. She burst into a flood of tears and rage; told him she now believed all his father and mother had said of him; and with a thousand other reproaches flung upstairs. George coolly took Mrs. Dorcas, her woman, and made her sit down to finish the bottle: 'And pray, sir,' said Dorcas, 'do you think my Lady will be prevailed upon to let me go see this execution? I have a friend that has promised to take care of me, and I can lie in the Tower the night before.'—My Lady has quarrelled with Sir Charles Windham for calling the two Lords *malefactors*.—The idea seems to be general; for 'tis said Lord Cromartie is to be *transported*, which diverts me for the dignity of the peerage. The ministry really gave it as a reason against their casting lots for pardon, that it was below their dignity. I did not know but that might proceed from Balmerino's not being an earl; and therefore, now their hand is in, would have them make him one.

You will see in the papers the second great victory at Placentia³. There are papers pasted in several parts of the town, threatening your cousin Sandwich's head if he makes a dishonourable peace.

³ On Aug. 10 (N.S.) the Austrians under Marshal Botta defeated the French and Spaniards on the river

Tidone. In consequence of this victory Placentia surrendered to the Austrians.

I will bring you down Sir Charles Williams's new Ode on the Manchester⁴. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

235. TO HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Aug. 21, 1746.

You will perceive by my date that I am got into a new scene, and that I am retired hither like an old summer dowager; only that I have no toad-eater to take the air with me in the back part of my lozenge-coach¹, and to be scolded. I have taken a small house here within the castle, and propose spending the greatest part of every week here till the Parliament meets; but my jaunts to town will prevent my news from being quite provincial and marvellous. Then I promise you, I will go to no races nor assemblies, nor make comments upon couples that come in chaises to the White Hart.

I came from town (for take notice, I put this place upon myself for the country) the day after the execution of the rebel lords: I was not at it, but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold: and I saw another who was upon it, so that you may depend upon my accounts.

Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster², the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat, turned up with red, (his rebellious regimentals,) a flannel

⁴ The Duchess of Manchester.

LETTER 235.—¹ The arms of maiden ladies and widows are borne on a lozenge.

² Rev. James Foster (1697–1753), pastor of the independent church at Pinners' Hall.

waistcoat, and his shroud beneath ; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold : the room forwards had benches for spectators, in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino : all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted ! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, 'My lord, I wish I could suffer for both !' He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, 'My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death ?' He replied, 'My Lord, I was not present ; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken ; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order.' Balmerino answered, 'It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us.'—Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate ! The most now pretended is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the Rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife³, her mother⁴, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him.

³ Lady Anne Livingston, daughter and heir of fifth Earl of Linlithgow ; m. William Boyd, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock ; d. 1747.

⁴ The Countess of Erroll is meant. See letter to Montagu of Aug. 5, 1746.

He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat, with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with sawdust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, 'If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause.' He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who

attended him, coming up, he said, 'No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can.' Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the warder, to give him his perriwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, 'Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!'

My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to dinner, for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says, everybody is so bloody-minded, that they eat rebels! The Prince of Wales, whose intercession saved Lord Cromartie, says he did it in return for old Sir W.⁵ (Lady Cromartie's father), coming down out of his death-bed to vote against my father in the Chippenham election. If his Royal Highness had not countenanced inveteracy like that of Sir Gordon, he would have no occasion to exert his gratitude now in favour of rebels. His brother has plucked a very useful feather out of the cap of the ministry, by forbidding any application for posts in the army to be made to anybody but himself: a resolution, I dare say, he will keep as strictly and minutely as he does the discipline and dress of the army. Adieu!

P.S. I have just received yours of Aug. 9th. You had not

⁵ Sir William Gordon.

then heard of the second great battle of Placentia, which has already occasioned new instructions, or in effect, a recall being sent after Lord Sandwich⁶.

236. TO HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1746.

YOU have sent me Marquis Rinuncini with as much secrecy as if you had sent me a present. I was here: there came an exceedingly fair written and civil letter from you, dated last May: I comprehended by the formality of it, that it was written for the person who brought it, not for the person it was sent to. I have been to town on purpose to wait on him, and though you know he was not of my set, yet being of Florence, and recommended by you, and recollecting how you used to cuddle over a bit of politics with the old Marquis¹, I set myself to be wondrous civil to Marquis Folco; pray, *faites valoir ma politesse*! You have no occasion to let people know exactly the situation of my villa; but talk of my *standing in campagna*, and coming directly in *sedia di posta*, to *far mio dovere al Signor Marchesino*. I stayed literally an entire week with him, carried him to see palaces and Richmond Gardens and Park, and Chenevix's shop, and talked a great deal to him *alle conversazioni*. It is a wretched time for him; there is not a soul in town; no plays; and Ranelagh shut up. You may say I should have stayed longer with him, but I was obliged to return for fear of losing *my vintage*. I shall be in London again in a fortnight, and then I shall do more *mille gentilezze*. Seriously, I was glad to see him—after I had got over being sorry to see him, (for with all the goodness of one's *Soquxkin sogubut*,

⁶ He was engaged in negotiations with a view to a peace.

LETTER 236.—¹ Marquis Rinuncini, the elder, had been envoy in Eng-

land, and Prime Minister to John Gaston, the last Great Duke. *Walpole*.

as the Japanese call the heart, you must own it is a little troublesome to be showing the tombs,) I asked him a thousand questions, rubbed up my old tarnished Italian, and inquired about fifty people that I had entirely forgot till his arrival. He told me some passages, that I don't forgive you for not mentioning; your *cicisbeatura*, Sir, with the Antinora²; and Manelli's³ marriage and jealousy: who consoles my illustrious mistress⁴? Rinuncini has announced the future arrival of the Abbate Niccolini, the elder Pandolfini, and the younger Panciatici; these two last, you know, were friends of mine; I shall be extremely glad to see them.

Your two last were of Aug. 23rd and 30th. In the latter you talk of the execution of the rebel lords, but don't tell me whether you received my long history of their trials. Your Florentines guessed very rightly about my Lady O.'s reasons for not returning amongst you: she has picked up a Mr. Shirley⁵, no great genius—but with all her affectation of parts, you know she never was delicate about the capacity of her lovers. This swain has so little pretensions to any kind of genius, that two years ago being to act in the Duke of Bedford's company⁶, he kept back the play three weeks, because he could not get his part by heart, though it consisted but of seventeen lines and a half. With him she has retired to a villa near New Park, and lets her house in town.

Your last letter only mentions the progress of the King of Sardinia towards Genoa: but there is an account actually arrived of his being master of it. It is very big news, and I hope will make us look a little haughty again: we are

² Sister of Madame Grifoni. *Walpole*.

³ Signor Ottavio Manelli had been *cicisbeo* of Madame Grifoni. *Walpole*.

⁴ Madame Grifoni. *Walpole*.

⁵ Sewallis Shirley, uncle of Earl

Ferrers. *Walpole*.—Hon. Sewallis Shirley (1709–1765), fourteenth son of first Earl Ferrers; Comptroller of the Household to Queen Charlotte.

⁶ The Duke of Bedford and his friends acted several plays at Woburn. *Walpole*.

giving ourselves airs, and sending a secret expedition against France: we don't indeed own that it is in favour of the Chevalier William Courtenay⁷, who, you know, claims the crown of France, and whom King William threatened them to proclaim, when they proclaimed the Pretender; but I believe the Protestant Highlanders in the south of France are ready to join him the moment he lands. There is one Sir Watkyn Williams, a great Baron in Languedoc, and a Sir John Cotton, a Marquis of Dauphiné⁸, who have engaged to raise a great number of men, on the first debarkation that we make.

I think it begins to be believed that the Pretender's son is got to France⁹: pray, if he passes through Florence, make it as agreeable to him as you can, and introduce him to all my acquaintance. I don't indeed know him myself, but he is a particular friend of my cousin Sir John Philipps¹⁰, and of my sister-in-law Lady O., who will both take it extremely kindly—besides, do, for your own sake; you may make your peace with her this way; and if ever Lord Bath comes into power, she will secure your remaining at Florence. Adieu!

237. TO HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Oct. 2, 1746.

By your own loss you may measure my joy at the receipt of the dear Chutes¹. I strolled to town one day last week, and there I found them! Poor creatures! there they were!

⁷ Sir William Courtenay, said to be the right heir of Louis le Gros. There is a notion that at the coronation of a new King of France, the Courtenays assert their pretensions, and that the King of France says to them, 'Après nous, vous.' *Walpole*.

⁸ Two Jacobite knights of Wales and Cambridgeshire. *Walpole*.

⁹ He landed at Roscoff, near Mor-

laix, on Sept. 29, 1746.

¹⁰ Sir J. Phillips, of Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire; a noted Jacobite. He was first cousin of Catherine Shorter, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole*.

LETTER 237.—¹ John Chute and Francis Whitehead had been several years in Italy, chiefly at Florence. *Walpole*.

wondering at everything they saw, but with the difference from Englishmen that go abroad, of keeping their amazement to themselves. They will tell you of wild dukes in the playhouse, of streets dirtier than forests, and of women more uncouth than the streets. I found them extremely surprised at not finding any ready-furnished palace built round two courts. I do all I can to reconcile their country to them; though seriously they have no affectation, and have nothing particular in them, but that they have nothing particular: a fault which the climate and their neighbours will soon correct. You may imagine how we have talked you over, and how I have inquired after the state of your *wet-brown-paperhood*. Mr. Chute adores you: do you know, that as well as I love you, I never found all those charms in you that he does! I own this to you out of pure honesty, that you may love him as much as he deserves. I don't know how he will succeed here, but to me he has more wit than anybody I know²: he is altered, and I think, broken: Whitehed is grown leaner considerably, and is a very pretty gentleman. He did not reply to me as the Turcotti³ did *bonnement* to you, when you told her she was a little thinner: do you remember how she puffed and chuckled, and said, 'And indeed I think you are too.' Mr. Whitehed was not so sensible of the blessing of decrease, as to conclude that it would be acceptable news even to shadows: he thinks me plumped out. I would fain have enticed them down hither, and promised we would live just as if we were at the King's Arms in *Via di Santo Spirito*⁴: but they were obliged to go

² 'He [Horace Walpole] is full, I assure you, of your panegyric. Never anybody had half so much wit, as Mr. Chute (which is saying everything with him, you know) and Mr. Whd. is the finest young man that ever was imported.' (Gray to John Chute, Oct. 1746.)

³ A fine singer. *Walpole*.

⁴ Mr. Mann hired a large palace of the Manetti family at Florence in *Via di Santo Spirito*: foreign ministers in Italy affix large shields with the arms of their sovereign over their door. *Walpole*.

chez eux, not *pour se décrasser*, but *pour se crasser*. I shall introduce them *a tutte le mie conoscenze*, and shall try to make *questo paese* as agreeable to them as possible; except in one point, for I have sworn never to tell Mr. Chute a word of news, for then he will be writing it to you, and I shall have nothing to say. This is a lucky resolution for you, my dear child, for between two friends one generally hears nothing; the one concludes that the other has told all.

I have had two or three letters from you since I wrote. The young Pretender is generally believed to have got off the 16th of last month: if he were not, with the zeal of the Chutes, I believe they would go to Scotland to hunt him, and would be impatient to send a limb to Cardinal Acquaviva and Monsignor Piccolomini. I quite gain a winter with them, having had no expectation of them till spring. Adieu!

238. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

MY DEAR HARRY,

Windsor still, Oct. 3, 1746.

You ask me if I am really grown a philosopher. Really I believe not; for I shall refer you to my practice rather than to my doctrine, and have really acquired what they only pretend to seek, content. So far, indeed, I was a philosopher even when I lived in town, for then I was content too; and all the difference I can conceive between those two opposite doctors was, that Aristippus loved London, and Diogenes Windsor: and if your master the Duke, whom I sincerely prefer to Alexander, and who certainly can intercept more sunshine¹, would but stand out of my way, which he is extremely in, while he lives in the Park here², I should love my little tub of forty pounds a year, more than my palace *dans la rue des ministres*, with

LETTER 238.—¹ He was very fat.² He was Ranger of Windsor Forest and Great Park.

all my pictures and bronzes, which you ridiculously imagine I have encumbered myself with in my solitude. Solitude it is, as to the tub itself, for no soul lives in it with me; though I could easily give you room at the butt-end of it, and with vast pleasure; but George Montagu, who perhaps is a philosopher too, though I am sure not of Pythagoras's silent sect, lives but two barrels off; and Ashton, a Christian philosopher of our acquaintance, lives at the foot of that hill which you mention with a melancholy satisfaction that always attends the reflection. Apropos, here is an Ode on the very subject, which I desire you will please to like excessively³:

You will immediately conclude, out of good breeding, that it is mine, and that it is charming. I shall be much obliged to you for the first thought, but desire you will retain only the second; for it is Mr. Gray's, and not

your humble servant's,

HOR. WALPOLE.

239. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 14, 1746.

You will have been alarmed with the news of another battle¹ lost in Flanders, where we have no Kings of Sardinia. We make light of it; do not allow it to be a battle, but call it 'the action near Liège.' Then we have whittled down our loss extremely, and will not allow a man more than three hundred and fifty English slain out of the four thousand. The whole of it, as it appears to me, is, that we gave up eight battalions to avoid fighting; as at New-

³ Here follows in the original Mr. Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*. Walpole.

LETTER 239.—¹ On Oct. 11 (N. S.),

1746, the allied Austrians, English, and Hanoverians were defeated by the French under Marshal Saxe at Roucoux, near Liège.

market people pay their forfeit when they foresee they should lose the race; though, if the whole army had fought, and we had lost the day, one might have hoped to have come off for eight battalions. Then they tell you that the French had four-and-twenty-pounders, and that they must beat us by the superiority of their cannon; so that to me it is grown a paradox, to war with a nation who have a mathematical certainty of beating you; or else it is still a stranger paradox, why you cannot have as large cannon as the French. This loss was balanced by a pompous account of the triumphs of our invasion of Bretagne²; which, in plain terms, I think, is reduced to burning two or three villages and re-embarking: at least, two or three of the transports are returned with this history, and know not what is become of Lestock and the rest of the invasion. The young Pretender is landed in France, with thirty Scotch, but in such a wretched condition that his Highland Highness had no breeches.

I have received yours of the 27th of last month, with the capitulation of Genoa, and the kind conduct of the Austrians to us their allies, so extremely like their behaviour whenever they are fortunate. Pray, by the way, has there been any talk of my cousin³, the Commodore, being blamable in letting slip some Spanish ships?—don't mention it as from me, but there are whispers of court-martial on him⁴. They are all the fashion now; if you miss a post to me, I will have you tried by a court-martial. Cope is come off most gloriously, his courage ascertained, and even his conduct,

² The object of this expedition (commanded by General St. Clair and Admiral Lestock) was to surprise Port L'Orient. The result was exactly as stated above.

³ George Townshend, eldest son of Charles, Lord Viscount Townshend, by Dorothy, his second wife, sister of Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole*.

⁴ He had refrained from attacking a French squadron greatly larger than his own. He was tried by court-martial in Feb., 1747. The court pronounced his explanatory letters to be 'carelessly and negligently written,' and he was severely reprimanded.

which everybody had given up, justified. Folkes and Lascelles, two of his generals, are come off too; but not so happily in the opinion of the world. Oglethorpe's sentence is not yet public, but it is believed not to be favourable. He was always a bully, and is now tried for cowardice. Some little dash of the same sort is likely to mingle with the judgement on *il furibondo* Matthews; though his party rises again a little, and Lestock's acquittal begins to pass for a party affair. In short, we are a wretched people, and have seen our best days!

I must have lost a letter, if you really told me of the sale⁵ of the Duke of Modena's pictures, as you think you did; for when Mr. Chute told it me, it struck me as quite new. They are out of town, good souls; and I shall not see them this fortnight; for I am here only for two or three days, to inquire after the battle, in which not one of my friends were. Adieu!

240. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Windsor, Oct. 24, 1746.

WELL, Harry, Scotland is the last place on earth I should have thought of for turning anybody poet: but I begin to forgive it half its treasons in favour of your verses, for I suppose you don't think I am the dupe of the Highland story that you tell me: the only use I shall make of it is to commend the lines to you, as if they really were a Scotchman's. There is a melancholy harmony in them that is charming, and a delicacy in the thoughts that no Scotchman is capable of, though a *Scotchwoman*¹ might inspire it. I beg,

⁵ To the King of Poland. *Walpole*.

LETTER 240. — ¹ Caroline, only daughter of General John Campbell of Mamore (afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll); m. 1. (1739), as his third

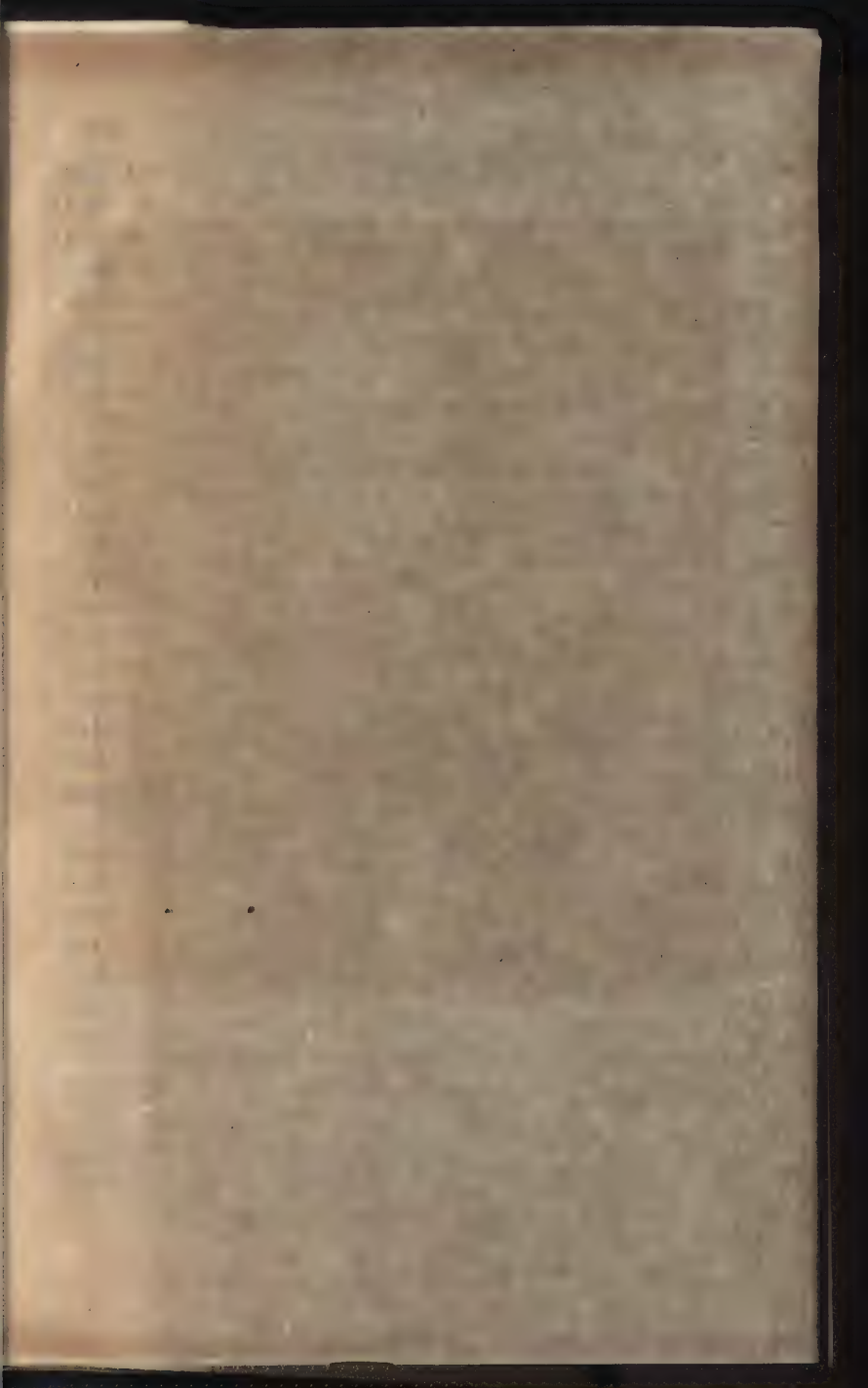
wife, Charles Bruce, third Earl of Ailesbury (d. Feb. 1746); 2. (Dec. 1747) Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, second son of first Baron Conway. It is evident that Conway was paying

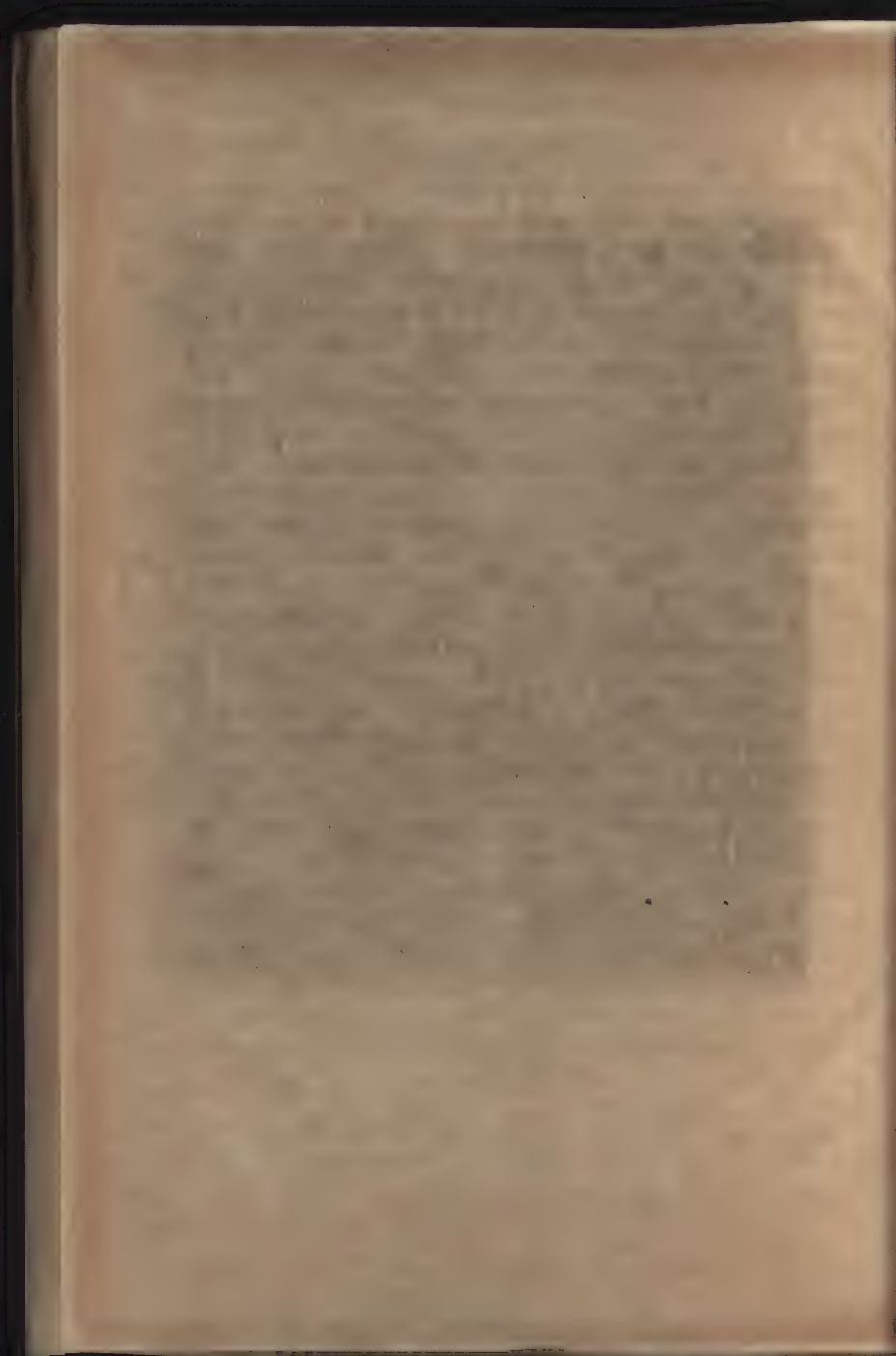




Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

Hon. Henry Seymour Conway
from the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.





both for Cynthia's sake and my own, that you would continue your *De Tristibus* till I have an opportunity of seeing your muse, and she of rewarding her: *Reprens tu musette, berger amoureux!* If Cynthia has ever travelled ten miles in fairy-land, she must be wondrous content with the person and qualifications of her knight, who in future story will be read of thus: Elmedorus was tall and perfectly well made, his face oval, and features regularly handsome, but not effeminate; his complexion sentimentally brown, with not much colour; his teeth fine, and forehead agreeably low, round which his black hair curled naturally and beautifully. His eyes were black too, but had nothing of fierce or insolent; on the contrary, a certain melancholy swimmingness, that described hopeless love rather than a natural amorous languish. His exploits in war, where he always fought by the side of the renowned Paladine William of England, have endeared his memory to all admirers of true chivalry, as the mournful elegies which he poured out among the desert rocks of Caledonia² in honour of the peerless lady and his heart's idol, the incomparable Cynthia, will for ever preserve his name in the flowery annals of poesy.

What a pity it is I was not born in the golden age of Louis the Fourteenth, when it was not only the fashion to write folios, but to read them too! or rather, it is a pity the same fashion don't subsist now, when one need not be at the trouble of invention, nor of turning the whole Roman history into romance for want of proper heroes. Your campaign in Scotland, rolled out and well be-epitheted, would make a pompous work, and make one's fortune;

his addresses to his future wife, with whom he lived 'in the happiest union.' Lady Ailesbury's beauty, talents, and gentle disposition are mentioned by Horace Walpole (*Last Journals*, vol. i. pp. 407-8), with whom she was on very friendly terms, and

whose occasional correspondent she became. She died in 1803.

² Mr. Conway was now in Scotland with the Duke of Camberland, to whom he had been appointed Aide-de-Camp in the year 1743. *Walpole.*

at sixpence a number, one should have all the damsels within the liberties for subscribers: whereas now, if one has a mind to be read, one must write metaphysical poems in blank verse, which, though I own to be still easier, have not half the imagination of romances, and are dull without any agreeable absurdity. Only think of the gravity of this wise age, that have exploded *Cleopatra* and *Pharamond*³, and approve *The Pleasures of the Imagination*⁴, *The Art of Preserving Health*⁵, and *Leonidas*! I beg the age's pardon: it has done approving these poems, and has forgot them.

Adieu! dear Harry. Thank you seriously for the poem. I am going to town for the birthday, and shall return hither till the Parliament meets; I suppose there is no doubt of our meeting then.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Now you are at Stirling, if you should meet with Drummond's⁶ History of the five King Jameses, pray look it over. I have lately read it, and like it much. It is wrote in imitation of Livy; the style masculine, and the whole very sensible; only he ascribes the misfortunes of one reign to the then king's loving architecture and

In trim gardens taking pleasure.

241. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, Nov. 3, 1746.

Don't imagine I have already broke through all my wholesome resolutions and country schemes, and that I am given up, body and soul, to London for the winter. I shall

³ Novels by La Calprenède.

⁴ By Akenside.

⁵ By John Armstrong, M.D. (1709-1779).

⁶ William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585-1649).

be with you by the end of the week ; but just now I am under the maidenhead-palpitation of an author. My epilogue¹ will, I believe, be spoke to-morrow night ; and I flatter myself I shall have no faults to answer for but what are in it, for I have kept secret whose it is. It is now gone to be licensed ; but as the Lord Chamberlain is mentioned, though rather to his honour, it is possible it may be refused, as they are apt to think at the office that the Duke of Grafton can't be mentioned but in ridicule.

Don't expect news, for I know no more than a newspaper. Ashton would have wrote if there were anything to tell you. Is it news that my Lord Rochford is an oaf ? He has got a set of plate buttons for his birth-day clothes, with the Duke's head in every one.—Sure my good lady² carries her art too far to make him so great a dupe ! How do all the comets ? Has Miss Harriet found out any more ways at *solitaire* ? Has Cloe left off evening prayer on account of the damp evenings ? How is Miss Rice's cold and coachman ? Is Miss Granville better ? Has Mrs. Masham made a brave hand of this bad season, and lived upon carcasses like any vampire ? Adieu ! I am just going to see Mrs. Muscovy³, and will be sure not to laugh if my old lady should talk of Mr. Draper's white skin, and tittle his bosom like Queen Bess⁴.

LETTER 241.—¹ An epilogue to *Tamerlane* (formerly acted on Nov. 4 and 5, the anniversaries of the birth and landing of William III), referring to the suppression of the Rebellion ; it was spoken by Mrs. Pritchard in the character of the Comic Muse.

² Lady Rochford was admired by the Duke of Cumberland.

³ Hon. Mrs. George Boscawen.

⁴ Scott quotes the following, from Melville's *Memoirs*, as a note to

chap. xxxi of *Kenilworth*:—'I was required,' says Sir James, 'to stay till I had seen him made Earle of Leicester, and Baron of Denbigh, with great solemnity; herself (Elizabeth) helping to put on his ceremonial, he sitting on his knees before her, keeping a great gravity and a discreet behaviour; but she could not refrain from putting her hand to his neck to kittle (i.e. tickle) him, smilingly, the French Ambassador and I standing beside her.'

242. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1746.

MR. CHUTE and I agreed not to tell you of any new changes till we could tell you more of them, that you might not be 'put into a taking,' as you was last winter with the revolution of three days; but I think the present has ended with a single fit. Lord Harrington¹, quite on a sudden, resigned the seals; it is said, on some treatment not over gracious; but he is no such novice to be shocked with that, though I believe it has been rough ever since his resigning last year, which he did more boisterously than he is accustomed to behave to Majesty. Others talk of some quarrel with his brother Secretary², who, in complaisance, is all for drums and trumpets. Lord Chesterfield was immediately named successor; but the Duke of Newcastle has taken the Northern Province, as of more business, and consequently better suited *to his experience and abilities*! I flatter myself that this can no way affect you. Ireland is to be offered to Lord Harrington, or the Presidentship; and the Duke of Dorset, now President, is to have the other's refusal³. The King has endured a great deal with your old complaint; and I felt for him, recollecting all you underwent.

You will have seen in the papers all the histories of our glorious expeditions⁴ and invasions of France, which have put Cressy and Agincourt out of all countenance. On the first view, indeed, one should think that our fleet had been to victual; for our chief prizes were cows and geese and turkeys. But I rather think that the whole was fitted out by the Royal Society, for they came back quite satisfied with

LETTER 242.—¹ William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, Secretary of State. *Walpole*.

² The Duke of Newcastle. He kept the Southern Province until Feb-

ruary, 1748.

³ The Duke of Dorset remained President of the Council until 1751.

⁴ The expedition to Quiberon. *Walpole*.

having *discovered* a fine bay! Would one believe, that in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-six, we should boast of *discovering* something on the coast of France, as if we had found out the north-east passage, or penetrated into some remote part of America? The Guards are come back too, who never went: in one single day they received four several different orders!

Matthews is broke at last. Nobody disputes the justice of the sentence; but the legality of it is not quite so authenticated. Besides some great errors in the forms, whenever the Admiralty perceived any of the court-martial inclined to favour him, they were constantly changed. Then, the expense has been enormous; two hundred thousand pounds! chiefly by employing young captains, instead of old half-pay officers; and by these means, double commissions. Then there has been a great fracas between the court-martial and Willes⁵. He, as Chief Justice, sent a summons, in the ordinary form of law, to Mayerne⁶, to appear as an evidence in a trial where a captain⁷ had prosecuted Sir Chaloner Ogle for horrid tyranny: the ingenious court-martial sat down and drew up articles of impeachment, like any House of Commons, against the Chief Justice, for stopping their proceedings! and the Admiralty, still more ingenious, had a mind to complain of him to the House! He was charmed to catch them at such absurdities—but I believe at last it is all compromised⁸.

I have not heard from you for some time, but I don't pretend to complain: you have real occupation; my idleness is for its own sake. The Abbé Niccolini and Pandolfini are

⁵ John Willes, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

⁶ Rear-Admiral (afterwards Vice-Admiral) Perry Mayne (d. 1761), president of the courts-martial appointed to try Lestock and Matthews.

⁷ Lieutenant George Frye of the

Marines. He brought an action against Ogle for false imprisonment, and obtained a verdict for £800 damages.

⁸ The members of the court-martial made an abject apology to Sir John Willes.

arrived ; but I have not yet seen them. Rinuncini cannot bear England—and if the Chutes speak their mind, I believe they are not captivated yet with anything they have found : I am more and more with them : Mr. Whitehed is infinitely improved ; and Mr. Chute has absolutely more wit, knowledge, and good nature, than, to their great surprise, ever met together in one man. He has a bigotry to you, that even astonishes me, who used to think that I was pretty well in for loving you ; but he is very often ready to quarrel with me for not thinking you all pure gold. Adieu !

243. TO HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Nov. 12, 1746.

I AM come hither, *per saldare* ; but though the country is excellently convenient, from the idleness of it, for beginning a letter, yet it is not at all *commode* for finishing one : the same ingredients that fill a basket by the carrier, will not fill half a sheet of paper ; I could send you a cheese, or a hare ; but I have not a morsel of news. Mr. Chute threatened me to tell you the distress I was in last week, when I *starved* Niccolini and Pandolfini on a *fast-day*, when I had thought to banquet them sumptuously. I had luckily given a guinea for two pine-apples, which I knew they had never seen in Italy, and upon which they revenged themselves for all the meat that they dared not touch. Rinuncini could not come. How you mistook me, my dear child ! I meant simply, that you had not mentioned his coming ; very far from reproving you for giving him a letter. Don't I give letters for you every day to cubs, ten times *cubber* than Rinuncini ? and don't you treat them as if all their names were Walpole ? If you was to send me all the uncouth productions of Italy, do you think any of them would be so brutal as Sir William Maynard ? I am exactly

like you ; I have no greater pleasure than to make them value your recommendation, by showing how much I value it. Besides, I love the Florentines for their own sakes, and to indemnify them, poor creatures ! a little for the Rich-courts, the Lorrainers, and the Austrians. I have received, *per mezzo di Pucci*¹, a letter from Marquis Riccardi, with orders to consign to the bearer all his treasure in my hands, which I shall do immediately with great satisfaction. There are four rings that I should be glad he would sell me ; but they are such trifles, and he will set such a value on them the moment he knows I like them, that it is scarce worth while to make the proposal, because I would give but a little for them. However, you may hint what plague I have had with his *roba*, and that it will be a *gentilezza* to sell me these four dabs. One is a man's head, small, on cornelian, and intaglio ; a fly, ditto ; an Isis, cameo ; and an inscription in Christian Latin : the last is literally not worth two sequins.

As to Mr. Townshend, I now know all the particulars, and that Lord Sandwich² was at the bottom of it. What an excellent heart his Lordship will have by the time he is threescore, if he sets out thus ! the persecution³ is on account of the poor boy's relation to my father ; of whom the world may judge pretty clearly already, from the abilities and disinterestedness of such of his enemies as have succeeded ; and from their virtue in taking any opportunity to persecute any of his relations ; in which even the public interest of their country can weigh nothing, when clashing with their malice. The King of Sardinia has written the strongest letter imaginable to complain of the grievous prejudice the Admiralty has done his affairs by this step.

Don't scold me for not sending you those Lines⁴ to

LETTER 243.—¹ Minister from the Grand Duke. *Walpole*.

² John Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Walpole.

³ See note on letter to Mann, Oct. 14, 1746.

⁴ *The Beauties*, an Epistle to

Eckardt; I never wrote anything that I esteemed less, or that was seen so incorrect; nor can I at all account for their having been so much liked, especially as the thoughts were so old and so common. I was hurt at their getting into print. I enclose you an epilogue⁵ that I have written since, merely for a specimen of something more correct. You know, or have known, that *Tamerlane* is always acted on King William's birthday, with an occasional prologue; this was the epilogue to it, and succeeded to flatter me. Adieu!

244. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 5, 1746.

WE are in such a newsless situation, that I have been some time too without writing to you; but I now answer one I received from you yesterday. You will excuse me, if I am not quite so transported as Mr. Chute is, at the extremity of Acquaviva¹. I can't afford to hate people so much at such a distance: my aversions find employment within their own atmosphere.

Rinuncini returns to you this week, not at all contented with England: Niccolini is extremely, and turns his little talent to great account; there is nobody of his own standard but thinks him a great genius. The Chutes and I deal extremely together; but they abuse me, and tell me I am grown so *English*! lack-a-day! so I am; as folks that have been in the Inquisition, and did not choose to broil, come out excellent Catholics.

I have been unfortunate in my own family; my nephew, Captain Cholmondeley², has married a player's sister; and

Eckardt, the painter; reprinted in Dodsley's *Miscellanies*. *Walpole*.

⁵ On the suppression of the Rebellion. *Walpole*.

LETTER 244.—¹ Cardinal Acqua-

viva, Protector of Spain, and a great promoter of the interests of the Pretender. *Walpole*.

² Robert, second son of George, Earl of Cholmondeley, married Mary,

I fear Lord Malpas³ is on the brink of matrimony with another girl of no fortune. Here is a ruined family! their father totally undone, and all he has seized for debt!

The Duke is gone to Holland to settle the operations of the campaign, but returns before the opening of it. A great reformation has been made this week in the army; the horse are broke, and to be turned into dragoons, by which sixty thousand pounds a year will be saved. Whatever we do in Flanders, I think you need not fear any commotions here, where Jacobitism seems to have gasped its last. Mr. Radcliffe, the last Derwentwater's brother, is actually named to the gallows for Monday; but the imprudence of Lord Morton⁴, who has drawn himself into the Bastile, makes it doubtful whether the execution will be so quick. The famous Orator Henley⁵ is taken up for treasonable flippancies.

You know Lord Sandwich is minister at the Hague. Sir Charles Williams, who has resigned the Paymastership of the Marines, is talked of for going to Berlin, but it is not

sister of Mrs. Margaret Woffington, the actress. He afterwards quitted the army and took orders. *Walpole*.

³ George, eldest son of Lord Cholmondeley, married Miss Edwards. *Walpole*.—He married (Jan. 16, 1747) Hester (d. 1794), daughter of Sir Francis Edwardes, of Shrewsbury.

⁴ James Douglas (1702–1768), fourteenth Earl of Morton; Lord Clerk Register, 1760–67; Trustee of the British Museum, and President of the Royal Society, 1764–68. 'L'arrestation de milord Morton et de sa femme fit beaucoup d'éclat. . . . Depuis un an, il voyageoit en France pour sa santé. Il étoit allé visiter les bords de la Loire, que les Anglois aiment beaucoup. Il avoit passé quelques jours au port de Lorient, et justement pendant ce temps l'escadre angloise y fit une descente et faillit s'en emparer. Les

jacobites haïssoient beaucoup milord Morton, et prétendoient qu'on trouveroit chez lui des preuves d'espionnage et de trahison. Son passe-port étant expiré, je refusai de le renouveler. Il fut mis à la Bastille, et subit quelques interrogatoires; mais n'ayant reconnu rien de criminel dans sa conduite, nous primes le parti de l'indulgence. Il fut mis en liberté, et tous les prisonniers échangés sur la fin de l'année 1746.' (D'Argenson, *Mémoires*, ed. 1857, vol. iii. p. 74.)

⁵ John Henley (1692–1756), an eccentric preacher. He was arrested on a charge of 'endeavouring to alienate the minds of his Majesty's subjects from their allegiance by his Sunday harangues at his Oratory Chapel.' He was admitted to bail, and never underwent a trial. (*D. N. B.*)

yet done. The Parliament has been most serene, but there is a storm in the air: the Prince waits for an opportunity of erecting his standard, and a disputed election⁶ between him and the Grenvilles is likely very soon to furnish the occasion. We are to have another contest about Lord Bath's borough⁷, which Mr. Chute's brother formerly lost, and which his colleague, Luke Robinson, has carried by a majority of three, though his competitor⁸ is returned. Lord Bath wrote to a man for a list of all that would be against him: the man placed his own and his brother's names at the head of the list.

We have operas, but no company at them; the Prince and Lord Middlesex *impresarii*. Plays only are in fashion: at one house the best company that perhaps ever were together, Quin⁹, Garrick, Mrs. Pritchard¹⁰, and Mrs. Cibber¹¹: at the other, Barry¹², a favourite young actor, and the Violette¹³, whose dancing our friends don't like; I scold them, but all the answer is, 'Lord! you are so *English!*' If I do clap sometimes when they don't, I can fairly say with *Œdipus*,

My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Adieu!

245. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Christmas Day, 1746.

WE are in great expectation of farther news from Genoa, which the last accounts left in the greatest confusion, and

⁶ At Bridport; Captain Thomas Grenville was returned a member on Dec. 12, 1746.

⁷ Heydon. *Walpole*.

⁸ Samuel Gumley. In Feb. 1747, the return was amended, and Mr. Robinson was declared elected.

⁹ James Quin (1693-1766), the wit and actor.

¹⁰ Mrs. Hannah Pritchard, *née*

Vaughan (1711-1768). She was Horace Walpole's neighbour at Twickenham at a later date.

¹¹ Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber, *née* Arne (1714-1766).

¹² Spranger Barry (1719-1777), a formidable rival of Garrick.

¹³ A German, afterwards married to Garrick. *Walpole*.

I think absolutely in the hands of the Genoese; a circumstance that may chance to unravel all the fine schemes in Provence! Marshal Bathiani, at the Hague, treated this revolt as a trifle; but all the letters by last post make it a re-conquest¹. The Dutch do all the Duke asks: we talk of an army of 140,000 men in Flanders next campaign. I don't know how the Prince of Orange² relishes his brother-in-law's dignities and success.

Old Lovat has been brought to the bar of the House of Lords: he is far from having those abilities for which he has been so cried up. He saw Mr. Pelham at a distance and called to him, and asked him if it were worth while to make all this fuss to take off a grey head fourscore years old? In his defence he complained of his estate being seized and kept from him. Lord Granville took up this complaint very strongly, and insisted on having it inquired into. Lord Bath went farther, and, as some people think, intended the Duke; but I believe he only aimed at the Duke of Newcastle, who was so alarmed with this motion, that he kept the House above a quarter of an hour in suspense, till he could send for Stone³, and consult what he should do. They made a rule to order the old creature the profits of his estate till his conviction. He is to put in his answer the 13th of January.

Lord Lincoln is Cofferer at last, in the room of Waller⁴, who is dismissed. Sir Charles Williams has kissed hands, and sets out for Dresden⁵ in a month: he has hopes of Turin, but I think Villettes is firm. Don't mention this.

Did I ever talk to you of a Mr. Davis, a Norfolk gentle-

LETTER 245.—¹ The Genoese populace had risen and expelled the Austrians.

² William V (1711-1751), who married the eldest daughter of George II.

³ Andrew Stone, Secretary to the

Duke of Newcastle, and afterwards Sub-governor to George, Prince of Wales. *Walpole*.

⁴ Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield. *Walpole*.

⁵ Where he had been appointed British minister.

man, who has taken to painting? He has copied the Dominichin, the third picture he ever copied in his life: how well, you may judge; for Mr. Chute, who, I believe you think, understands pictures if anybody does, happened to come in, just as Mr. Davis brought his copy hither. 'Here,' said I, 'Mr. Chute, here is your Dominichin come to town to be copied.' He literally did not know it; which made me very happy for Mr. Davis, who has given me this charming picture. Do but figure to yourself a man of fifty years old, who was scarce ever out of the county of Norfolk, but when his hounds led him; who never saw a tolerable picture till those at Houghton four years ago; who plays and composes as well as he paints, and who has no more of the Norfolk dialect than a Florentine! He is the most decent, sensible man you ever saw.

Rinuncini is gone: Niccolini sups continually with the Prince of Wales, and *learns the Constitution!* Pandolfini is put to bed, like children, to be out of the way. Adieu!

P.S. My Lady O., who has entirely settled her affairs with my brother, talks of going abroad again, not being able to live here on fifteen hundred pounds a year—many an old lady, and uglier too, lives very *comfortably* upon less. After I had writ this, your brother brought me another letter with a confirmation of all we had heard about Genoa. You may be easy about the change of provinces⁶, which has not been made as was designed. *Ecco Monsù Chute.*

FROM MR. CHUTE.

MR. WALPOLE gives me a side, and I catch hold of it to tell you that I parted this minute with your charming brother, who has been in council with me about your grand

⁶ There had been some talk of the Duke of Newcastle's taking the Northern (instead of the Southern) Province as Secretary of State.

affair⁷: it is determined now to be presented to the King by way of memorial; and to-morrow we meet again to draw it up: Mr. Stone has graciously signified that this is a very proper opportunity: one should think he must know.

Oh! I must tell you: I was here last night, and saw my Lord Walpole⁸ for the first time, but such a youth! I declare to you, I was quite astonished at his sense and cleverness; it is impossible to describe it; it was just what would have made you as happy to observe as it did me: he is not yet seventeen, and is to continue a year longer at Eton, upon his own desire. Alas! how few have I seen of my countrymen half so formed even at their return from their travels! I hope you will have him at Florence one day or other; he will pay you amply for the Pigwiggins, and —

Mr. Walpole is quite right in all he tells you of the miracle worked by St. Davis, which certainly merits the credit of deceiving far better judges of painting than I; who am no judge of anything but you, whom I pretend to understand better than anybody living, and am, therefore, my dear sir, &c. &c. &c.

J. C.

246. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1747.

THE Prince has formally declared a new opposition, which is never to subside till he is King (*s'entend*, that he does not carry his point sooner). He began it pretty handsomely the other day with 143 to 184, which has frightened the ministry like a bomb. This new party wants nothing but heads; though not having any, to be sure the struggle

⁷ Of Mr. Mann's arrears. *Walpole*.

Earl of Orford, whom he succeeded in the title. *Walpole*.

⁸ George, only son of Robert, second

is the fairer. Lord Baltimore¹ takes the lead; he is the best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge: but not capable of conducting a party. However, the next day, the Prince, to reward him, and to punish Lord Archibald Hamilton, who voted with the ministry, told Lord Baltimore that he would not give him the trouble of waiting any more as Lord of the Bedchamber, but would make him Cofferer. Lord B. thanked him, but desired that it might not be done in a way disagreeable to Lord Archibald, who was then Cofferer. The Prince sent for Lord Archibald, and told him he would either make him Comptroller, or give him a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year: the latter of which the old soul accepted, and went away content; but returned in an hour with a letter from his wife², to say, that as his Royal Highness was angry with her husband, it was not proper for either of them to take their pensions. It is excellent! When she was dismissed herself, she accepted the twelve hundred pounds, and now will not let her husband, though he had accepted. It must mortify the Prince wondrously to have four-and-twenty hundred pounds a year thrown back into an exchequer that never yet overflowed!

I am a little piqued at Marquis Riccardi's refusing me such a trifle as the four rings, after all the trouble I have had with his trumpery. However, I think I cannot help telling him, that Lord Carlisle and Lord Duncannon, who heard of his collection from Niccolini, have seen it, and are willing, at a reasonable price, to take it between them: if you let me know the lowest, and in money that I under-

LETTER 246.—¹ Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, had been a Lord of the Admiralty, on the change of the ministry in 1742. He died soon after the Prince in 1751. *Walpole*.

² Jane, sister of the Earl of Abercorn, and wife of Lord Archibald

Hamilton, great-uncle of Duke Hamilton; she had been Mistress of the Robes, &c. to the Princess of Wales, and the supposed mistress of the Prince. She died at Paris, in December, 1752. *Walpole*.

stand, not his equivocal pistoles, I will allow so much to Florence-civilities, as still to help him off with his goods, though he does not deserve it; as selling me four trifles could not have affected the general purchase. I pity your Princess Strozzi³, but cannot possibly hunt after her chattels: Riccardi has cured me of Italian merchandise, by forcing it upon me.

Your account of your former friend's⁴ neglect of you does not at all surprise me: there is an inveteracy, a darkness, a design and cunning in his character that stamp him for a very unamiable young man: it is uncommon for a heart to be so tainted so early. My cousin's⁵ affair is entirely owing to him⁶; nor can I account for the pursuit of such unprovoked revenge.

I never heard of the advertisement that you mention to have received from Sir James Grey⁷, nor believe it was ever in the House of Commons; I must have heard of it. I hear as little of Lady O., who never appears; nor do I know if she sees Niccolini: he lives much with Lady Pomfret (who has married her third daughter⁸), and a good deal with the Prince.

Adieu! I think I have answered your letter, and have nothing more to put into mine.

³ She had been robbed of some of the most valuable gems of the famous Strozzi collection. *Walpole*.

⁴ Lord Sandwich.

⁵ Hon. George Townshend.

⁶ It appeared afterwards that the person here mentioned, after having behaved very bravely, gave so perplexed an account of his own conduct, that the Admiralty thought it necessary to have it examined; but the inquiry proved much to his honour. *Walpole*.

⁷ 'Sir James Gray has sent me the copy of an advertisement, the publisher of which, he says, had been examined before the House of Commons, *Lost or mislaid an ivory table book*, containing various queries vastly strong.' (Letter of Sir H. Mann of Jan. 10th, 1747.) *Dover*.

⁸ Lady Henrietta Fermor, second wife of Mr. Conyers. *Walpole*.—John Conyers, of Copthall, Essex. She died in 1793.

247. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1747.

WHY, you do nothing but get fevers ! I believe you try to dry your *wet-brown-paperiness*, till you scorch it. Or do you play off fevers against the Princess's *coliques*? Remember, hers are only for the support of her dignity, and that is what I never allowed you to have: you must¹ have twenty unlawful children, and then be twenty years in devotion, and have twenty unchristian appetites and passions all the while, before you may think of getting into a *cradle* with *épousements*, and have a Monsieur Forzoni² to burn the wings of boisterous gnats—pray be more robust—do you hear?

One would think you had been describing our Opera, not your own: we have just set out with one in what they call the French manner, but about as like it, as my Lady Pomfret's hash of plural persons and singular verbs or infinitive moods was to Italian. They sing to jigs, and dance to church music: Phaeton is run away with by horses that go a foot's-pace, like the Electress's³ coach, with such long traces, that the postilion was in one street and the coachman in another,—then comes Jupiter with a farthing-candle to light a squib and a half, and that they call fireworks. Reginello, the first man, is so old and so tall, that he seems to have been growing ever since the invention of operas. The first woman has had her mouth let out to show a fine set of teeth, but it lets out too much bad voice at the same time. Lord Middlesex, for his great prudence in having provided such very tractable steeds to Prince Phaeton's car, is going to be Master of the Horse to the

LETTER 247.—¹ All the following paragraph alludes to Princess Craon. *Walpole*.

² Her gentleman usher. *Walpole*.

³ The Electress Palatine Dowager, the last of the House of Medici; she lived at Florence. *Walpole*.

Prince of Wales ; and for his excellent economy in never paying the performers, is likely to continue in the Treasury. The two courts growl again ; and the old question of settling the 50,000*l.* a year, talked of. The Tories don't list kindly under this new opposition ; though last week we had a warm day on a motion for inquiring into useless places and quarterings. Mr. Pitt was so well advised as to acquit my father pretty amply, in speaking of the Secret Committee. My uncle Horace thanked him in a speech, and my brother Ned has been to visit him—*Tant d'empressement*, I think, rather shows an eagerness to catch at any opportunity of paying court to him ; for I do not see the so vast merit in owning now for his interest, what for his honour he should have owned five years ago. This motion was spirited up by Lord Bath, who is raving again, upon losing the borough of Heydon : from which last week we threw his brother-in-law Gumley, and instated Luke Robinson, the old sufferer for my father, and the colleague of Mr. Chute's brother ; an incident that will not heighten your indifference, any more than it did mine.

Lord Kildare is married to the charming Lady Emily Lenox, who went the very next day to see her sister Lady Caroline Fox, to the great mortification of the haughty Duchess-mother. They have not given her a shilling, but the King endows her, by making Lord Kildare a Viscount Sterling⁴ : and they talk of giving him a pinchbeck-dukedom too, to keep him always first peer of Ireland. Sir Everard Falkener is married to Miss Churchill, and my sister is brought to bed of a son.

Panciatichi is arrived, extremely darkened in his person and enlivened in his manner. He was much in fashion at the Hague, but I don't know if he will succeed so well here :

⁴ He was created (Feb. 21, 1747) an English viscount by the title of Viscount Leinster of Taplow.

for in such great cities as this, you know people affect not to think themselves honoured by foreigners; and though we don't quite barbarize them as the French do, they are *toujours des étrangers*. Mr. Chute thinks we have to the full all the politeness that can make a nation brutes to the rest of the world. He had an excellent adventure the other day with Lord Holderness, whom he met at a party at Lady Betty Germain's, but who could not possibly fatigue himself to recollect that they had ever met before in their lives. Towards the end of dinner Lady Betty mentioned remembering a grandmother of Mr. Chute who was a peeress⁵: immediately the Earl grew as fond of him as if they had walked together at a coronation. He told me another good story last night of Lord Hervey⁶, who was going with them from the Opera, and was so familiar as to beg they would not call him *my Lord* and *your Lordship*. The freedom proceeded; when, on a sudden, he turned to Mr. Whitehed, and with a distressed friendly voice, said, 'Now have you no peerage that can come to you by any woman?'

Adieu! my dear Sir; I have no news to tell you. Here is another letter of Niccolini that has lain in my standish this fortnight.

248. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 20, 1747.

I HAVE been living at old Lovat's trial, and was willing to have it over before I talked to you of it. It lasted seven days: the evidence was as strong as possible; and after all he had denounced, he made no defence. The Solicitor-

⁵ Hon. Dorothy North (d. 1698), daughter of third Baron North; m. 1. (1625), as his second wife, Richard Lennard, thirteenth Baron Dacre (d. 1630); 2. (1650) Chaloner Chute, of the Vine in Hampshire, Speaker

of the House of Commons in 1658, and great-grandfather of John Chute.

⁶ George, eldest son of John, Lord Hervey, and afterwards Earl of Bristol, and Minister at Turin and Madrid. *Watpole*.

General¹, who was one of the managers for the House of Commons, shone extremely; the Attorney-General², who is a much greater lawyer, is cold and tedious. The old creature's behaviour has been foolish, and at last indecent. I see little of parts in him, nor attribute much to that cunning for which he is so famous: it might catch wild Highlanders; but the art of dissimulation and flattery is so refined and improved, that it is of little use now where it is not very delicate. His character seems a mixture of tyranny and pride in his villainy. I must make you a little acquainted with him. In his own domain he governed despotically, either burning or plundering the lands and houses of his open enemies, or taking off his secret ones by the assistance of his cook, who was his poisoner in chief. He had two servants who married without his consent; he said, 'You shall have enough of each other,' and stowed them in a dungeon, that had been a well, for three weeks. When he came to the Tower, he told them, that if he were not so old and infirm, they would find it difficult to keep him there. They told him they had kept much younger: 'Yes,' said he, 'but they were inexperienced: they had not broke so many gaols as I have.' At his own house he used to say, that for thirty years of his life he never saw a gallows but it made his neck ache. His last art was to shift his treason upon his eldest son³, whom he forced into the Rebellion. He told Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, 'We will hang my eldest son, and then my second⁴ shall marry your niece.' He has a sort of ready humour at repartee, not very well adapted to his situation. One day that Williamson

LETTER 248.—¹ William Murray. *Walpole*.

² Sir Dudley Ryder; afterwards Lord Chief Justice. *Walpole*.

³ Hon. Simon Fraser (1726-1782), Master of Lovat, who, but for the attainder, would have succeeded as

twelfth Baron Lovat. He received a free pardon in 1750, and regained possession of his family estates in 1784. He served in the army; Major-General, 1771.

⁴ Hon. Alexander Fraser (1729-1762).

complained that he could not sleep, he was so haunted with rats—he replied, ‘What do you say, that you are so haunted with *Ratcliffes*?’ The first day, as he was brought to his trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said, ‘You ugly old dog, don’t you think you will have that frightful head cut off?’ He replied, ‘You damned ugly old bitch, I believe I shall.’ At his trial he affected great weakness and infirmities, but often broke out into passions; particularly at the first witness, who was his vassal: he asked him how he dared to come thither! the man replied, to satisfy his conscience. Murray, the Pretender’s secretary, was the chief evidence, who, in the course of his information, mentioned Lord Traquair’s having conversed with Lord Barrymore, Sir Watkyn Williams, and Sir John Cotton, on the Pretender’s affairs, but that they were shy. He was proceeding to name others, but was stopped by Lord Talbot, and the Court acquiesced—I think very indecently. It is imagined the Duchess of Norfolk would have come next upon the stage. The two knights were present, as was Macleod, against whom a bitter letter from Lovat was read, accusing him of breach of faith; and afterwards Lovat summoned him to answer some questions he had to ask; but did not. It is much expected that Lord Traquair, who is a great coward, will give ample information of the whole plot. When Sir Everard Falkener had been examined⁵ against Lovat, the Lord High Steward asked the latter if he had anything to say to Sir Everard? he replied, ‘No; but that he was his humble servant, and wished him joy of his young wife.’ The two last days he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh even at the sentence. He said to Lord Ilchester⁶, who sat near the bar, ‘Je meurs

⁵ He was Secretary to the Duke, whom he had attended into Scotland during the Rebellion. *Watpole*.

⁶ Stephen Fox, afterwards Fox-Strangways (1704–1776), first Baron, afterwards first Earl, of Ilchester.

pour ma patrie, et ne m'en soucie guère.' When he withdrew, he said, 'Adieu! my Lords, we shall never meet again in the same place.' He says he will be hanged; for that his neck is so short and bended, that he should be struck in the shoulders. I did not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle, but tyranny and villainy wound up by buffoonery took off all edge of concern. The foreigners were much struck; Niccolini seemed a great deal shocked, but he comforts himself with the knowledge he thinks he has gained of the English constitution.

Don't thank Riccardi for me: I don't feel obliged for his immoderate demand, but expect very soon to return him his goods; for I have no notion that the two Lords, who are to see them next week, will rise near his price. We have nothing like news: all the world has been entirely taken up with the trial. Here is a letter from Mr. Whitehead to Lord Hobart. Mr. Chute would have written to-night, if I had not; but will next post. Adieu!

249. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 10, 1747.

I DEFERRED writing to you as long as they deferred the execution of old Lovat, because I had a mind to send you some account of his death, as I had of his trial. He was beheaded yesterday, and died extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery, or timidity; his behaviour was natural and intrepid. He professed himself a Jansenist; made no speech, but sat down a little while in a chair on the scaffold, and talked to the people round him. He said, 'He was glad to suffer for his country, *dulce est pro patriâ mori*; that he did not know how, but he had always loved it, *nescio quâ natale solum*, &c.; that he had never swerved from his

principles; that this was the character of his family, who had been gentlemen for five hundred years.' He laid down quietly, gave the sign soon, and was dispatched at a blow. I believe it will strike some terror into the Highlands, when they hear there is any power great enough to bring so potent a tyrant to the block. A scaffold fell down and killed several persons; one, a man that had rid post from Salisbury the day before to see the ceremony; and a woman was taken up dead with a live child in her arms. The body is sent into Scotland¹: the day was cold, and before it set out, the coachman drove the hearse about the court, before my Lord Traquair's dungeon, which could be no agreeable sight: it might to Lord Cromartie, who is *above the chair*². Mr. Chute was at the execution with the Italians, who were more entertained than shocked: Panciatici told me, 'It was a *triste spectacle, mais qu'il ne lassoit d'être beau*.' Niccolini has treasured it up among his insights into the English constitution. We have some chance of a peer's trial that has nothing to do with the Rebellion. A servant of a college has been killed at Oxford, and a verdict of wilful murder by persons unknown brought in by the coroner's inquest. These persons unknown are supposed to be Lord Abergavenny³, Lord Charles Scot⁴, and two more, who had played tricks with the poor fellow that night, while he was drunk, and the next morning he was found with his skull fractured, at the foot of the first Lord's staircase. One pities the poor boys, who undoubtedly did not foresee the melancholy event of their sport.

I shall not be able till next letter to tell you about Riccardi's gems: Lord Duncannon has been in the country;

LETTER 249.—¹ It was countermanded, and buried in the Tower. *Walpole*.

² He had been reprieved.

³ George Nevill (1727-1785), fif-

teenth Baron, and afterwards first Earl, of Abergavenny.

⁴ Second son of second Duke of Buccleuch, d. June 18, 1747.

but he and Lord Carlisle are to come to me next Sunday, and determine.

Mr. Chute gave you some account of the Independents⁵: the committee have made a foolish affair of it, and cannot furnish a report. Had it extended to three years ago, Lord Sandwich and Grenville⁶ of the Admiralty would have made an admirable figure as dictators of some of the most Jacobite healths that ever were invented. Lord Doneraile, who is made Comptroller to the Prince, went to the committee (whither all members have a right to go, though not to vote, as it is select, not secret), and plagued Lyttelton to death, with pressing him to inquire into the healths of the year '43. The ministry are now trembling at home, with fear of losing the Scotch bills⁷ for humbling the Highland chiefs: they have whittled them down almost to nothing, in complaisance to the Duke of Argyll; and at last he deserts them. Abroad they are in panics for Holland, where the French have at once besieged two towns⁸, that must fall into their hands, though we have plumed ourselves so much on the Duke's being at the head of a hundred and fifteen thousand men.

There has been an excellent civil war in the house of Finch: our friend, Lady Charlotte⁹, presented a daughter of John Finch¹⁰ (him who was stabbed by Sally Salisbury¹¹),

⁵ An innkeeper in Piccadilly, who had been beaten by them, gave information against them for treasonable practices, and a Committee of the House of Commons, headed by Sir W. Yonge and Lord Coke, was appointed to inquire into the matter. *Walpole*.—They were the 'independent voters of Westminster.'

⁶ George Grenville.

⁷ Bills for the abolition of Heritable Jurisdictions in Scotland, for prohibiting the Highland dress, and for disarming the Highlanders, passed in 1747.

⁸ Sluys and Sas van Ghent.

⁹ Lady Charlotte Fermor, second daughter of Thomas Earl of Pomfret, and second wife of William Finch, Vice-Chamberlain to the King, formerly Ambassador in Holland, and brother of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea. *Walpole*.

¹⁰ Hon. John Finch, fourth son of sixth Earl of Winchelsea; d. 1763.

¹¹ Sally Prydden, *alias* Salisbury, a woman of the town, who stabbed Mr. Finch (in 1722) in a bagnio near Covent Garden. She was tried and found guilty, and died in Newgate.

his offspring by Mrs. Younger¹², whom he since married. The King, Prince, and Princess received her: her aunt, Lady Bel¹³, forbade Lady Charlotte to present her to Princess Emily, whither, however, she carried her in defiance. Lady Bel called it publishing a bastard at Court, and would not present her—think on the poor girl! Lady Charlotte, with spirit, presented her herself. Mr. W. Finch stepped up to his other sister, the Marchioness of Rockingham¹⁴, and whispered her with his composed civility, that he knew it was a plot of her and Lady Bel to make Lady Charlotte miscarry. The sable dame (who, it was said, is the blackest of the family, because she swept the chimney) replied, 'This is not a place to be indecent, and therefore I shall *only* tell you that you are a rascal and a villain, and that if ever you dare to put your head into my house, I will kick you downstairs myself.' *Politesse anglaise!* Lord Winchelsea (who, with his brother Edward, is embroiled with both sides) came in, and informed everybody of any circumstances that tended to make both parties in the wrong. I am impatient to hear how this operates between my Lady Pomfret and her friend, Lady Bel. Don't you remember how the Countess used to lug a half-length picture of the latter behind her post-chaise all over Italy, and have a new frame made for it in every town where she stopped? and have you forgot their correspondence, that poor Lady Charlotte was daily and hourly employed to transcribe into a great book, with the proper names in red ink? I have but just room to tell you that the King is perfectly well, and that the Pretender's son was sent from Spain as soon as he

¹² Mrs. Elizabeth Younger (d. 1762), an actress. Her daughter by Mr. Finch married John Mason, of Greenwich.

¹³ Lady Isabella Finch, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses

Emily and Caroline. *Walpole*.

¹⁴ Lady Mary Finch (d. 1761), seventh daughter of sixth Earl of Winchelsea; m. (1716) Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Marquis of Rockingham.

arrived there¹⁵. Thank you for the news of Mr. Townsend. Adieu!

250. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY, Arlington Street, April 16, 1747.

We are all skyrockets and bonfires to-night for your last year's victory¹; but if you have a mind to perpetuate yourselves in the calendar, you must take care to refresh your conquests. I was yesterday out of town, and the very signs as I passed through the villages made me make very quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularity. I observed how the Duke's head had succeeded almost universally to Admiral Vernon's, as his had left but few traces of the Duke of Ormond's². I pondered these things in my heart, and said unto myself, Surely all glory is but a sign³!

You have heard that old Lovat's⁴ tragedy is over : it has been succeeded by a little farce, containing the humours of the Duke of Newcastle and his man Stone. The first event was a squabble between his Grace and the Sheriff about holding up the head on the scaffold—a custom that has been disused, and which the Sheriff would not comply with, as he received no order in writing. Since that, the Duke has burst ten yards of breeches strings⁵ about the body, which was to be sent into Scotland ; but it seems it is customary for vast numbers to rise to attend the most trivial burial. The Duke, who is always at least as much frightened at

¹⁵ Charles Edward visited Madrid in March, 1747. He had an audience of the King, but was obliged to leave the city in a few hours without any definite promise of help.

LETTER 250.—¹ The battle of Cul-
loden. *Walpole.*

² James Butler (1665-1745), first Duke of Ormond, a Jacobite hero.

³ Soon after Mr. Walpole published a paper in the *World* on this subject. *Walpole*.

⁴ Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, beheaded on Tower Hill the 9th of April, 1747. *Walpole*.

⁵ Alluding to a trick of the Duke of Newcastle's. *Walpole*.

doing right as at doing wrong, was three days before he got courage enough to order the burying in the Tower. I must tell you an excessive good story of George Selwyn : Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution, and asked him, how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off? 'Nay,' says he, 'if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again.' When he was at the undertaker's, as soon as they had stitched him together, and were going to put the body into the coffin, George, in my Lord Chancellor's voice, said, 'My Lord Lovat, your lordship may rise.' My Lady Townshend has picked up a little stable-boy in the Tower, which the warders have put upon her for a natural son of Lord Kilmarnock's, and taken him into her own house. You need not tell Mr. T.⁶ this from me.

We have had a great and fine day in the House on the second reading the bill for taking away the Heritable Jurisdictions in Scotland. Lyttleton⁷ made the finest oration imaginable; the Solicitor-General⁸, the new Advocate⁹, and Hume Campbell¹⁰, particularly the last, spoke excessively well for it, and Oswald¹¹ against it. The majority was 233 against 102. Pitt¹² was not there; the Duchess of Queensberry had ordered him to have the gout.

I will give you a commission once more, to tell Lord Bury¹³ that he has quite dropped me: if I thought he would

⁶ Hon. George Townshend, her eldest son, at this time Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Cumberland.

⁷ Sir George, afterwards created Lord Lyttelton. *Walpole*.

⁸ William Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield. *Walpole*.

⁹ William Grant, Lord Advocate of Scotland. *Walpole*. — M.P. for Elgin Burghs; Lord of Session and Lord of Justiciary (when he took the title of Lord Prestongrange), 1754; d. 1764.

¹⁰ Only brother to the Earl of Marchmont. *Walpole*.

¹¹ James Oswald, afterwards a Lord of Trade, and Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. *Walpole*.

¹² William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. *Walpole*.

¹³ George Keppel, eldest son of William, Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title in 1755. He was now, together with Mr. Conway, Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole*.

take me up again, I would write to him ; a message would encourage me. Adieu !

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

251. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1747.

It is impossible for me to tell you more of the new Stadtholder¹ than you must have heard from all quarters. Hitherto his existence has been of no service to his country. Hulst, which we had heard was relieved, has surrendered. The Duke was in it privately, just before it was taken, with only two aide-de-camps, and has found means to withdraw our three regiments. We begin to own now that the French are superior: I never believed they were not, or that we had taken the field before them ; for the moment we had taken it, we heard of Marshal Saxe having detached fifteen thousand men to form sieges. There is a print published in Holland of the devil weighing the Count de Saxe and Count Lowendahl² in a pair of scales, with this inscription :

Tous deux vaillants,	Tous deux galiards,	Tous deux sans foi.
Tous deux galants,	Tous deux paliards,	Tous deux sans loi.
Tous deux constants,	Tous deux bâtards,	Tous deux à moi.

We are taken up with the Scotch bills for weakening clanships and taking away heritable jurisdictions. I have left them sitting on it to-day, but was pleased with a period of Nugent. 'These jurisdictions are grievous, but nobody complains of them ; therefore, what ? therefore, they are

LETTER 251.—¹ The Prince of Orange had just then been raised to that dignity in a tumultuary manner. *Walpole*.

² Ulric Frédéric Woldemar, Comte

de Lowendahl ; Maréchal de France 1747. His grandfather, the Count of Gildenloew, was natural son of Frederick III, King of Denmark.

excessively grievous.' We had a good-natured bill moved to-day by Sir William Yonge, to allow counsel to prisoners on impeachments for treason, as they have on indictments. It hurt everybody at old Lovat's trial, all guilty as he was, to see an old wretch worried by the first lawyers in England, without any assistance but his own unpractised defence. It had not the least opposition; yet this was a point struggled for in King William's reign, as a privilege and dignity inherent in the Commons, that the accused by them should have no assistance of counsel. How reasonable that men, chosen by their fellow-subjects for the defence of their fellow-subjects, should have rights detrimental to the good of the people whom they are to protect! Thank God! we are a better-natured age, and have relinquished this savage privilege with a good grace!

Lord Cowper³ has resigned the Bedchamber, on the Beefeaters being given to Lord Falmouth. The latter, who is powerful in elections, insisted on having it: the other had nothing but a promise from the King, which the ministry had already twice forced him to break.

Mr. Fox gave a great ball last week at Holland House, which he has taken for a long term, and where he is making great improvements. It is a brave old house, and belonged to the gallant Earl of Holland⁴, the lover of Charles the First's Queen. His motto has puzzled everybody; it is *Ditior est qui se*. I was allowed to hit off an interpretation, which yet one can hardly reconcile to his gallantry, nor can I decently repeat it to you. . . .⁵ While I am writing, the Prince is going over the way to Lord Middlesex's, where there is a ball in mask to-night for the royal children.

The two Lords have seen and refused Marquis Riccardi's

³ William Clavering-Cowper (1709-1764), second Earl Cowper; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1733-47.

⁴ Henry Rich (1590-1649), first Earl of Holland.

⁵ Passage omitted.

gems: I shall deliver them to Pucci; but am so simple (you will laugh at me) as to keep the four I liked: that is, I will submit to give him fifty pounds for them, if he will let me choose one ring more; for I will at least have it to call them at ten guineas a-piece. If he consents, I will remit the money to you, or pay it to Pucci, as he likes. If not, I return them with the rest of the cargo. I can choose no ring for which I would give five guineas.

I have received yours of April 25th, since I came home. You will scold me for being so careless about the Pretender's son; but I am determined not to take up his idea again, till he is at least on this side Derby. Do excuse me; but when he could not get to London, with all the advantages which the ministry had smoothed for him, how can he ever meet more concurring circumstances?

If my Lady's⁶ return has no better foundation than Niccolini's authority, I assure you may believe as little of it as you please. If he knows no more of her than he does of everything else that he pretends to know, as I am persuaded he does not, knowledge cannot possibly be thinner spread. He has been a progress to add more matter to the mass that he already don't understand. Adieu!

252. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1747.

As you will receive the Gazette at the same time with this letter, I shall leave you to that for the particulars of the great naval victory that Anson has gained over the French off Cape Finisterre¹. It is a very big event, and by far one of the most considerable that has happened during this war.

⁶ The Countess of Orford.

LETTER 252.—¹ On May 3, 1747, Vice-Admiral Anson, with fourteen ships of the line, defeated the French

fleet (inferior in numbers), under Admiral La Jonquière, off Cape Finisterre.

By it he has defeated two expeditions at once: for the fleet that he has demolished was to have split, part for the recovery of Cape Breton, part for the East Indies. He has always been most remarkably fortunate: Captain Grenville, the youngest of the brothers, was as unlucky; he was killed by the cannon that was fired as a signal for their striking². He is extremely commended: I am not partial to the family; but it is but justice to mention, that when he took a great prize some time ago, after a thousand actions of generosity to his officers and crew, he cleared sixteen thousand pounds, of which he gave his sister ten. The King is in great spirits. The French fought exceedingly well.

I have no other event to tell you, but the promotion of a new brother of yours. I condole with you, for they have literally sent one Dayrolle resident to Holland, under Lord Sandwich,

—*Mimum partes tractare secundas.*

This curious minister has always been a led-captain to the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond; used to be sent to auctions for them, and to walk in the Park with their daughters, and once went dry-nurse to Holland with them. He has belonged, too, a good deal to my Lord Chesterfield, to whom, I believe, he owes this new honour; as he had before made him Black Rod in Ireland, and gave the ingenious reason, that he had a black face. I believe he has made him a minister, as one year, at Tunbridge, he had a mind to make a wit of Jacky Barnard, and had the impertinent vanity to imagine that his authority was sufficient. Dayrolle is a kind of cousin to him; Dayrolle's father was clerk to old Stanhope³ at the Hague, who lay with his wife. A grave

² Thomas Grenville, youngest brother of Richard, Earl Temple. As soon as he was struck by the cannon-ball, he said, gallantly,

'Well, it is better to die thus, than to be tried by a court-martial!' *Walpole*.

³ Hon. Alexander Stanhope (d. 1707), youngest son of first Earl of

burgomaster reproved him for the scandal he gave. 'Why, what do I do?' 'You lie with another man's wife.' 'No, I don't: I lie with my own man's.' From thence sprung this goodly resident.

Your brother has gone over the way with Mr. Whithed, to choose some of Lord Cholmondeley's pictures for his debt; they are all given up to the creditors, who yet scarce receive forty per cent. of their money.

It is wrong to send so short a letter as this so far, I know; but what can one do? After the first fine shower, I will send you a much longer. Adieu!

253. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 5, 1747.

DON'T be more frightened at hearing the Parliament is to be dissolved in a fortnight, than you are obliged to be as a good minister. Since this Parliament has not brought over the Pretender, I trust the death of it will not. You will want to know the reason of this sudden step: several are given, as the impossibility of making either peace or war, till they are secure of a new majority: but I believe the true motive is to disappoint the Prince, who was not ready with his elections. In general, people seem to like the measure, except the Speaker, who is very pompous about it, and speaks constitutional paragraphs. There are rumours of changes to attend its exit. People imagine Lord Chesterfield is to quit¹, but I know no other grounds for this belief, than that they conclude the Duke of Newcastle must be jealous of him by this time. Lord Sandwich is looked upon as his successor, whenever it shall happen. He is

Chesterfield, father of first Earl Stanhope, and sometime Envoy to the States General.

LETTER 253.—¹ He was Secretary of State for the North, and remained so until Feb. 1748.

now here, to look after his Huntingdonshire boroughs. We talk nothing but elections—however, it is better than talking them for a year together. Mine for Callington (for I would not come in for Lynn, which I have left to Prince Pigwiggin²) is so easy, that I shall have no trouble, not even the dignity of being carried in triumph, like the lost sheep, on a porter's shoulders: but may retire to a little new farm that I have taken just out of Twickenham³. The house is so small, that I can send it you in a letter to look at: the prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town, and Richmond Park; and being situated on a hill descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colours for becoming the view. This little rural *bijou* was Mrs. Chenevix's, the toy-woman *à la mode*, who in every dry season is to furnish me with the best rain-water from Paris, and now and then with some Dresden china cows, who are to figure like wooden classics in a library: so I shall grow as much a shepherd as any swain in the *Astræa*⁴.

Admiral Anson is made a baron, and Admiral Warren⁵ Knight of the Bath—so is Niccolini to be—when the King dies⁶. His Majesty and his son were last night at the

² Eldest son of Horatio Walpole, brother of Sir R. Walpole. *Walpole*.

³ This is the first mention of the house afterwards so famous as Strawberry Hill. 'It was built by the Earl of Bradford's coachman, and was called by the common people, *Chopp'd-Straw-Hall*, they supposing, that by feeding his lord's horses with chopped straw, he had saved money enough to build his house; but the piece of ground on which it stands is called in all the old leases, *Strawberry-Hill-Shot*, from whence it takes its name. . . . Mr. Walpole took the remainder of Mrs. Chenevix's lease in May, 1747, and the

next year bought it by Act of Parliament, it being the property of three minors of the name of Mortimer.' (Horace Walpole, *Description of Strawberry Hill, Works*, vol. ii. p. 393.)

⁴ The *Astrée*, a pastoral romance by Honoré d'Urfé.

⁵ Admiral Sir Peter Warren, K.B. (1703–1752), M.P. for Westminster from July 1, 1747, till his death. He commanded the fleet at the capture of Cape Breton (1745), and was second in command in the action off Cape Finisterre.

⁶ He was a favourite of the Prince of Wales.

masquerade at Ranelagh, where there was so little company, that I was afraid they would be forced to walk about together.

I have been desired to write to you for two scagliuola tables; will you get them? I will thank you, and pay you too.

You will hardly believe that I intend to send you this for a letter, but I do. Mr. Chute said he would write to you to-day, so mine goes as page to his. Adieu!

254. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Twickenham, June 8, 1747.

You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop¹, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little finches wave their wings in gold².

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises: barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than

LETTER 254.—¹ A famous toy-shop
Walpole.

² ¹ A small Euphrates through the
piece is rolled,

And little eagles wave their wings
in gold.'

Pope, *Epistle to Addison*, l. 29.

I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themselves : up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville *predeceased* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow.

You will think I have removed my philosophy from Windsor with my tea-things hither ; for I am writing to you in all this tranquillity, while a Parliament is bursting about my ears. You know it is going to be dissolved : I am told, you are taken care of, though I don't know where, nor whether anybody that chooses you will quarrel with me because he does choose you, as that little bug the Marquis of Rockingham did³ ; one of the calamities of my life which I have bore as abominably well as I do most about which I don't care. They say the Prince has taken up two hundred thousand pounds, to carry elections which he won't carry :—he had much better have saved it to buy the Parliament after it is chosen. A new set of peers are in embryo, to add more dignity to the silence of the House of Lords.

I make no remarks on your campaign⁴, because, as you say, you do nothing at all ; which, though very proper nutriment for a thinking head, does not do quite so well to write upon. If any one of you can but contrive to be shot upon your post, it is all we desire, shall look upon it as a great curiosity, and will take care to set up a monument to the person so slain ; as we are doing by vote to Captain

³ Conway's return for Higham Ferrers (in Northamptonshire), for which he sat from 1741 to 1747, was probably owing to the influence of

the Marquis of Rockingham.

⁴ Mr. Conway was in Flanders with William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole*.

Cornewall⁵, who was killed at the beginning of the action in the Mediterranean four years ago. In the present dearth of glory, he is canonized ; though, poor man ! he had been tried twice the year before for cowardice.

I could tell you much election news, none else ; though not being thoroughly attentive to so important a subject, as to be sure one ought to be, I might now and then mistake, and give you a candidate for Durham in place of one for Southampton, or name the returning officer instead of the candidate. In general, I believe, it is much as usual—those sold in detail that afterwards will be sold in the representation—the ministers bribing Jacobites to choose friends of their own—the name of well-wishers to the present establishment, and Patriots, outbidding ministers that they may make the better market of their own patriotism :—in short, all England, under some name or other, is just now to be bought and sold ; though, whenever we become posterity and forefathers, we shall be in high repute for wisdom and virtue. My great-great-grandchildren will figure me with a white beard down to my girdle ; and Mr. Pitt's will believe him unspotted enough to have walked over nine hundred hot ploughshares, without hurting the sole of his foot. How merry my ghost will be, and shake its ears to hear itself quoted as a person of consummate prudence ! Adieu, dear Harry !

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

255. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 26, 1747.

You can have no idea of the emptiness of London, and of the tumult everywhere else. To-day many elections begin.

⁵ Captain James Cornewall (1699–1744), son of Henry Cornewall, of Moccas, Herefordshire; killed in

command of the *Marlborough* in the action off Toulon, Feb. 11, 1744.

The sums of money disbursed within this month would give anybody a very faint idea of the poverty of this undone country! I think the expense and contest is greater now we are said to be all of a mind, than when parties ran highest. Indeed, I ascribe part of the solitude in town to privilege being at an end¹; though many of us can afford to bribe so high, it is not so easy to pay debts. Here am I, as Lord Cornbury² says, sitting for a borough, while everybody else stands for one. He diverted me extremely the other day with the application of a story to the King's Speech. It says, the reason for dissolving the Parliament is its being so near dissolution: Lord Cornbury said it put him in mind of a gaoler in Oxfordshire who was remarkably humane to his prisoners; one day he said to one of them, 'My good friend, you know you are to be hanged on Friday se'nnight; I want extremely to go to London; would you be so kind as to be hanged next Friday?'

Pigwiggin is come over, more Pigwiggin than ever! He entertained me with the horrid ugly figures that he saw at the Prince of Orange's court; think of his saying *ugly figures*! He is to be chosen for Lynn, whither I would not go, because I must have gone; I go to Callington again, whither I don't go. My brother chooses Lord Luxborough³ for Castle Rising. Would you know the connection? This Lord keeps Mrs. Horton the player: *we* keep Miss Norsa the player: Rich the harlequin is an intimate of all; and to cement the harlequinity, somebody's brother (excuse me if I am not perfect in such genealogy) is to marry the Jewess's sister. This *coup de théâtre* procured Knight his Irish coronet, and has now stuffed him into Castle Rising, about

LETTER 255.—¹ Members of Parliament were exempt from arrest for debt.

² Henry Hyde, only son of the last Earl of Clarendon. He died before his father. *Walpole*.

³ Robert Knight, eldest son of the famous cashier of the S. S. Company. *Walpole*. — Cr. (1746) Baron Luxborough of Shannon; cr. Earl of Catherlough, 1763; d. 1772.

which my brother⁴ had quarrelled with me, for not looking upon it as what he called a family borough. Excuse this ridiculous detail; it serves to introduce the account of the new peers, for Sir Jacob Bouverie⁵, a considerable Jacobite, who is made Viscount Folkestone, bought his ermine at twelve thousand pounds a yard of the *Duchess of Kendal*⁶ *d'aujourd'hui*. Sir Harry Liddel is Baron Ravensworth, and Duncombe Baron Feversham⁷; Archer⁸ and Rolle⁹ have only changed their Mr.-ships for Lordships. Lord Middlesex has lost one of his Lordships, that of the Treasury; is succeeded by the second Grenville¹⁰, and he by Ellis at the Admiralty. Lord Ashburnham had made a magnificent summer suit to wait, but Lord Cowper at last does not resign the Bedchamber. I intend to laugh over this *disgrazia* with the Chuteheds, when they return triumphant from Hampshire, where Whitehed has no enemy¹¹. Apropos to enemies! I believe the battle in Flanders is *compromised*, for one never hears of it.

The Duchess of Queensbury has at last been at court¹², a point she has been intriguing these two years. Nobody gave in to it. At last she snatched at the opportunity of her son¹³ being obliged to the King for a regiment in the Dutch service, and would not let him go to thank, till they sent for her too. Niccolini, who is next to her in

⁴ Hon. Edward Walpole.

⁵ Sir Jacob Bouverie (d. 1761), second Baronet, cr. Viscount Folkestone.

⁶ The Countess of Yarmouth.

⁷ Antony Duncombe (circ. 1695-1763), first Baron Feversham.

⁸ Thomas Archer (d. 1768), first Baron Archer.

⁹ Henry Rolle (1708-1750), first Baron Rolle.

¹⁰ George Grenville.

¹¹ Mr. Whitehead was candidate for Hampshire, and was returned as member on July 7, 1747.

¹² She was forbidden the court in 1729, in consequence of her indiscreet championship of the poet Gay, for whose printed sequel to the *Beggar's Opera* she had asked subscriptions in the drawing-room at St. James'.

¹³ Henry Douglas (1722-1754), Earl of Drumlanrig, eldest son of third Duke of Queensberry, whom he predeceased. He was killed by the accidental explosion of a pistol while travelling shortly after his marriage with his parents and wife.

absurdity and importance, is gone electioneering with Dodington.

I expect Pucci every day to finish my trouble with Riccardi; I shall take any ring, though he has taken care I should not take another tolerable one. If you will pay him, which I fancy will be the shortest way to prevent any *friponnerie*, I will put the money into your brother's hands.

My eagle is arrived—my eagle *tout court*, for I hear nothing of the pedestal: the bird itself was sent home in a store-ship; I was happy that they did not reserve the statue, and send its footstool. It is a glorious fowl! I admire it, and everybody admires it as much as it deserves. There never was so much spirit and fire preserved, with so much labour and finishing. It stands fronting the Vespasian: there are no two such morsels in England!

Have you a mind for an example of English *bizarrierie*? there is a Fleming here, who carves exquisitely in ivory, one Verskovis¹⁴; he has done much for me, and where I have recommended him; but he is starving, and returning to Rome, to carve for—the English, for whom, when he was there before, he could not work fast enough.

I know nothing, nor ever heard of the Mills's and Davisons¹⁵; and know less than nothing of whether they are employed from hence. There is nobody in town of whom to inquire; if there were, they would ask me for

¹⁴ James Francis Verskovis, mentioned in *Anecdotes of Painting* (ch. xxi).

¹⁵ 'We have two English here whom I can't understand, Mr. Mills and Mr. Davison. The first introduced himself into the town with the title of Colonel in the Empress's service, and then concealed that title; he came from Vienna with strong recommendations from Mr. Toussaint, and they say he is to command a battalion of Marines lately raised here. He appears to

have been much about London and knows everybody. He appears to be rich by the number of servants he keeps. Both he and Davison, who formerly travelled with Lord March, have made up laced uniforms, blue and red. The former speaks no language but English, and the latter very little French and Italian. They make continual jaunts to Leghorn and Pisa. Mr. Mills has lost one of his forefingers.' Mann to Walpole, June 6, 1747 (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i, p. 261).

what borough these men were to stand, and wonder that I could name people from any other motive. Adieu !

256. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, July 2, 1747.

Though we have no great reason to triumph, as we have certainly been defeated, yet the French have as certainly bought their victory dear¹: indeed, what would be very dear to us is not so much to them. However, their least loss is twelve thousand men ; as our least loss is five thousand. The truth of the whole is, that the Duke was determined to fight at all events, which the French, who determined not to fight but at great odds, took advantage of. His Royal Highness's valour has shone extremely, but at the expense of his judgement. Harry Conway, whom nature always designed for a hero of romance, and who is *déplacé* in ordinary life, did wonders, but was overpowered and flung down, where one French hussar held him by the hair, while another was going to stab him: at that instant, an English serjeant with a soldier came up, and killed the latter, but was instantly killed himself; the soldier attacked the other, and Mr. Conway escaped, but was afterwards taken prisoner; is since released on parole, and may come home to console his fair widow², whose brother, Harry Campbell³, is certainly killed, to the great concern of all widows who want consolation. The French have lost the Prince of Monaco⁴, the Comte de Bavière, natural brother to the last Emperor, and many officers of great rank. The French King saw the

LETTER 256.—¹ On July 2, N. S., 1747, the allied English, Austrians, and Hanoverians, under the Duke of Cumberland, were defeated by the French under Marshal Saxe, at Lafeldt.

² The Countess of Ailesbury.

³ Captain Henry Campbell, second son of Colonel John Campbell, of Mamore (afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll).

⁴ A false report. Honoré, Prince of Monaco, survived until 1795.

whole through a spying-glass, from a Hampstead Hill, environed with twenty thousand men. Our Guards did shamefully, and many officers. The King had a line from Huske in Zealand on the Friday night, to tell him we were defeated; of his son not a word: judge of his anxiety till three o'clock on Saturday! Lord Sandwich had a letter in his pocket all the while, and kept it there, which said the Duke was well.

We flourish at sea, have taken great part of the Domingo fleet⁵, and I suppose shall have more lords. The *Countess* touched twelve thousand for Sir Jacob Bouverie's coronet.

I know nothing of my own election, but suppose it is over; as little of Rigby's, and conclude it lost⁶. For franks, I suppose they don't begin till the whole is complete. My compliments to your brothers and sisters.

I am, dear George,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

257. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 8, 1747.

You would think it strange not to hear from me after a battle¹; though the printed relation is so particular, that I could only repeat what that contains. The sum total is, that we would fight, which the French did not intend; we gave them, or did not take, the advantage of situation; they attacked: what part of our army was engaged did wonders, for the Dutch ran away, and we had contrived to post the Austrians in such a manner that they could not assist us: we were overpowered by numbers, though the centre was first broke by the retreating Dutch; and though we retired,

⁵ On June 27 the *Kent* brought into Portsmouth Harbour fourteen merchant ships bound to France from San Domingo.

⁶ Rigby was returned for Sudbury in Suffolk.

LETTER 257.—¹ The battle of Lafeldt. *Walpole*.

we killed twelve thousand of the enemy, and lost six ourselves. The Duke was very near taken, having, through his short sight, mistaken a body of French for his own people. He behaved as bravely as usual ; but his prowess is so well established, that it grows time for him to exert other qualities of a general.

We shine at sea ; two-and-forty sail of the Domingo fleet have fallen into our hands, and we expect more. The ministry are as successful in their elections : both Westminster and Middlesex have elected court candidates, and the City of London is taking the same step, the first time of many years that the two latter have been Whig ; but the non-subscribing at the time of the Rebellion has been most successfully played off upon the Jacobites ; of which stamp great part of England was till—the Pretender came. This would seem a paradox in any other country, but contradictions are here the only rule of action. Adieu !

258. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 28, 1747.

THIS is merely one of my letters of course, for I have nothing to tell you. You will hear that Bergen-op-zoom still holds out, and is the first place that has not said *yes*, the moment the French asked it the question¹. The Prince of Waldeck has resigned, on some private disgust with the Duke. Mr. Chute received a letter from you yesterday, with the account of the deliverance of Genoa, which had reached us before, and had surprised nobody². But when you wrote, you did not know of the great victory obtained by eleven battalions of Piemontese over six-and-forty of the French³,

LETTER 258.—¹ Bergen-op-Zoom was taken on Sept. 16, 1747.

² The Austrians had raised the siege.

³ On July 19, 1747, the French were repulsed with heavy loss by the Piemontese in an attack on Exilles in Piedmont.

and of the lucky but brave death of their commander, the Chevalier de Belleisle⁴. He is a great loss to the French, none to Count Saxe; an irreparable one to his own brother, whom, by the force of his parts, he had pushed so high, at the same time always declining to raise himself, lest he should eclipse the Marshal, who seems now to have missed the ministry by his Italian scheme, as he did before by his ill success in Germany. We talk of nothing but peace: I hope we shall not make as bad an one as we have made a war, though one is the natural consequence of the other.

We have at last discovered the pedestal for my glorious eagle, at the bottom of the store-ship; but I shall not have it out of the Custom-house till the end of this week. The lower part of the eagle's beak has been broke off and lost. I wish you would have the head only of your *gesse* cast, and send it me, to have the original restored from it.

The commission for the scagliuola tables was given me without any dimensions; I suppose there is a common size. If the original friar⁵ can make them, I shall be glad: if not, I fancy the person would not care to wait so long as you mention, for what would be less handsome than mine.

I am almost ashamed to send you this summer-letter; but nobody is in town; even election news are all over. Adieu!

259. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1747.

YOUR two last are of August 1st and 22nd. I fear my last to you was of July 28th. I have no excuse, but having nothing to tell you, and having been in the country. Berg-

⁴ Louis Charles Armand-Fouquet (1693-1747), Chevalier de Belleisle, brother of the Maréchal de Belleisle.

⁵ Scagliola is a composition, which was made only at Florence by Father

Hugford, an Irish friar. *Walpole*.—Ferdinando Enrico Hugford (1696-1771), a monk at Vallombrosa, who brought the art of scagliola to high perfection.

op-Zoom still holds out; the French have lost great numbers before it, though at first, at least, it was not at all well defended. Nothing else is talked of, and opinions differ so much about the event, that I don't pretend to guess what it will be. It appears now that if the Dutch had made but decent defences of all the other towns, France would have made but slow progress in the conquest of Flanders, and wanted many thousand men that now threaten Europe.

There are not ten people in London besides the Chuteheds and me; the White one¹ is going into Hampshire; I hope to have the other a little with me at Twickenham, whither I go to-morrow for the rest of the season.

I don't know what to say to you about Mr. Mill; I can learn nothing about him: my connections with anything ministerial are as little as possible; and were they bigger, the very commission, that you apprehend, would be a reason to make them keep it secret from you, on whose account alone they would know I inquired. I cannot bring myself to believe that he is employed from hence; and I am always so cautious of meddling about you, for fear of risking you in any light, that I am the unfittest person in the world to give you any satisfaction on this head: however, I shall continue to try.

I never heard anything so unreasonable as the Pope's request to that Cardinal Guadagni; but I suppose they will make him comply².

You will, I think, like Sir James Grey³; he is very civil and good-humoured, and sensible. Lord ——⁴ is the two former; but alas! he is returned little wiser than he went.

Is there a bill of exchange sent to your brother? or may

LETTER 259.—¹ Francis Whitehead.

² The Pope wished him to resign a piece of preferment in favour of the Cardinal of York.

³ He had been appointed Minister at Venice.

⁴ So in MS.

not I pay him without? it is fifty pounds and three zechins, is not it? Thank you.

Pandolfini is gone with Count Harrache; Panciatici goes next week: I believe he intended staying longer; but either the finances fail, or he does not know how to dispose of these two empty months alone; for Niccolini is gone with the Prince to Cliefden. I have a notion the latter would never leave England, if he could but bring himself to change his religion; or, which he would like as well, if he could persuade the Prince to change his. Good night!

260. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, Oct. 1, 1747.

I wish I could have answered your invitation from the Tigress's¹ with my own person, but it was impossible. I wish your farmer would answer invitations with the persons of more hens and fewer cocks; for I am raising a breed, and not recruits. The time before he sent two to one, and he has done so again. I had a letter from Mr. Conway, who is piteously going into prison again: our great Secretary has let the time slip for executing the cartel, and the French have reclaimed their prisoners. The Duke is coming back—I fear his candles are gone to bed to Admiral Vernon's! He has been ill; there are whisperings, as if his head had been more disordered than his body. Marshal Saxe sent him Cardinal Polignac's² *Anti-Lucretius*³ to send to Lord Chesterfield.—If he won't let him be a general, at least 'tis hard to reduce him to a courier.

When I saw you at *Kyk in de Pot*⁴, I forgot to tell you

LETTER 260.—¹ Mrs. Henry Talbot, *née* Clopton. She was a cousin of Catherine, Lady Walpole. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 22, 1898.)

² Cardinal Melchior de Polignac (1661–1741).

³ A Latin poem published in 1745 in two small volumes.

⁴ *Kyk in de Pot* was an outlying fortification of Bergen-op-Zoom, whose prolonged resistance to the French was attracting general in-

that seven more volumes of the Journals are delivering: there's employment for Moreland. I go back to *Kyk in de Pot* to-morrow. Did you dislike it so much that you could not bring yourself to persuade your brother to try it with you for a day or two? I shall be there till the birthday, if you will come.

George Selwyn says, people send to Lord Pembroke to know how the bridge⁵ rested. You know George never thinks but *à la tête tranchée*: he came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal. My compliments to your family.

I am, yours ever,
H. W.

261. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 2, 1747.

I AM glad the Chuteheds are as idle as I am, for then you will believe it is nothing but idleness. I don't know that it is absolutely so; I rather flatter myself that it is want of materials that has made me silent, I fear, above these five weeks. Literally nothing has happened but the treachery at Bergen-op-Zoom¹, and of that all the world knows at least as much as I do. The Duke is coming home, and both armies are going into quarters, at least for the present: the French, I suppose, will be in motion again with the first frosts. Holland seems gone!—how long England will remain after it, Providence and the French must determine!

terest at this time. By 'Kyk in de Pot' here Horace Walpole evidently means his residence at Strawberry Hill. (See *Athenæum*, March 11, 1899.)

⁵ Lord Pembroke was greatly interested in Westminster Bridge, at

this time in course of construction. One of the piers had settled some sixteen inches.

LETTER 261.—¹ Its surrender was stated to be due to the treachery of its defenders.

This is too ample a subject to write but little upon, and too obvious to require much.

The Chuteheds have been extremely good, and visited and stayed with me at Twickenham—I am sorry I must, at your expense, be so happy. If I were to say all I think of Mr. Chute's immense honesty, his sense, his wit, his knowledge, and his humanity, you would think I was writing a dedication. I am happy in him: I don't make up to him for you, for he loves nothing a quarter so well; but I try to make him regret you less—do you forgive me? Now I am commending your friends, I reproach myself with never having told you how much I love your brother Gal²—you yourself have not more constant good-humour—indeed he has not such trials with illness as you have, you patient soul! but he is like you, and much to my fancy. Now I live a good deal at Twickenham I see more of him, and like to see more of him: you know I don't throw my liking about the street.

Your Opera must be fine, and that at Naples glorious: they say we are to have one, but I doubt it. Lady Middlesex is breeding—the child will be well-born; the Sackville is the worst blood it is supposed to swell with. Lord Holderness has lost his son³. Lady Charlotte Finch, when she saw company on her lying-in, had two toilets spread in her bedchamber with her own and Mr. Finch's dressing-plate. This was certainly a stroke of vulgarity that my Lady Pomfret copied from some *festino* in Italy.

Lord Bath and his Countess and his son have been making a tour: at Lord Leicester's⁴ they forgot to give anything to the servants that showed the house; upon recollection—and deliberation, they sent back a man and horse six miles

² Galfridus Mann, twin brother of Horace Mann. *Walpole*.

³ George Darcy, Lord Darcy and Conyers, only son of fourth Earl of

Holderness, died an infant on Sept. 27, 1747.

⁴ At Holkham in Norfolk.

with—half a crown! What loads of money they are saving for the French!

Adieu! my dear child—perhaps you don't know that I 'cast many a southern look⁵' towards Florence—I think within this half-year I have thought more of making you a visit, than in any half-year since I left you. I don't know whether the difficulties will ever be surmounted, but you cannot imagine how few they are; I scarce think they are in the plural number.

262. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Twickenham, Monday.

You are desired to have business to hinder you from going to Northampton, and you are desired to have none to hinder you from coming to Twickenham. The autumn is in great beauty; my Lord Radnor's baby-houses lay eggs every day, and promise new swarms; Mrs. Chandler treads, but don't lay; and the neighbouring dowagers order their visiting coaches before sunset—can you resist such a landscape? only send me a line that I may be sure to be ready for you, for I go to London now and then to buy coals.

I believe there cannot be a word of truth in Lord Granville's going to Berlin; by the clumsiness of the thought, I should take it for ministerial wit—and so, and so.

The Twickenham Alabouches say that Legge is to marry the eldest Pelhamine infant¹; he loves a minister's daughter²—I shall not wonder if he intends it, but can the parents?

⁵ Shakspeare, *Henry IV.*—'Cast many a northern look to see his father bring up his powers.' *Walpole*.

'Threw many a northward look to see his father

Bring up his powers.'

² *Henry IV.*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

LETTER 262.—Wrongly placed in C. among letters of 1756.

¹ This did not happen.

² During the life of Sir Robert Walpole, Legge had wished to marry Lady Mary Walpole. See letter to Mann, Jan. 26, 1748.

Mr. Conway mentioned nothing to me but of the prisoners of the last battle³, and I hope it extends no farther, but I vow I don't see why it should not. Adieu !

Yours, &c.,

H. W.

263. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 10, 1747.

I CAME to town but last week ; but on looking over the dates of my letters, I find I am six weeks in arrear to you. This is a period that ought to make me blush, and beyond what I think I was ever guilty ; but I have not had a tittle to tell you ; that is, nothing little enough has happened, nor big enough, except Admiral Hawke's¹ great victory² ; and for that I must have transcribed the gazettes.

The Parliament met this morning, the House extremely full, and many new faces. We have done nothing but choose a Speaker, and, in choosing him, flattered Mr. Onslow, who is re-chosen. In about ten days one shall be able to judge of the complexion of the winter ; but there is not likely to be much opposition. The Duke was coming, but is gone back to Breda for a few days. When he does return, it will be only for three weeks. He is to watch the French and the negotiations for peace, which are to be opened—I believe not in earnest³.

Whithed has made his entrance into Parliament ; I don't expect he will like it. The first session is very tiresome with elections, and without opposition there will be little spirit.

¹ The battle of Laffeld. See letter to Montagu, Oct. 1, 1747.

LETTER 263. —¹ Rear - Admiral (afterwards Admiral) Edward Hawke (1710-1781), cr. Baron Hawke, 1776 ; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1766-71 ; Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, 1768.

² On Oct. 14, 1747, Admiral Hawke had totally defeated the French fleet off Rochelle.

³ The Allies delayed the beginning of the negotiations in the hope that some military success might enable them to dictate terms to France.

Lady Middlesex has popped out her child before its time ; it is put into spirits, and my Lord, very *loyally*, cries over it. Lady Gower carried a niece to Leicester Fields ⁴ the other day, to present her : the girl trembled—she pushed her : ‘What are you so afraid of? Don’t you see that musical clock? Can you be afraid of a man that has a musical clock?’

Don’t call this a letter ; I don’t call it one ; it only comes to make my letter’s excuses. Adieu !

264. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 24, 1747.

YOU say so many kind things to me in your letter of Nov. 7th, on my talking of a journey to Florence, that I am sorry I mentioned it to you. I did it to show you that my silence is far from proceeding from any forgetfulness of you ; and as I really think continually of such a journey, I name it now and then ; though I don’t find how to accomplish it. In short, my affairs are not so independent of everybody, but that they require my attending to them to make them go smoothly : and unless I could get them into another situation, it is not possible for me to leave them. Some part of my fortune is in my Lord O.’s ¹ hands ; and if I were out of the way of giving him trouble, he has not generosity enough to do anything that would be convenient to me. I will say no more on this subject, because it is not a pleasant one ; nor would I have said this, but to convince you that I did not mention returning to Florence out of *gaieté de cœur*. I never was happy but there ; have a million of times repented returning to England, where I never was happy, nor expect to be.

For Mr. Chute’s silence, next to myself, I can answer for him : he always loves you, and I am persuaded wishes

⁴ The Prince of Wales lived at Leicester House, in Leicester Fields.

LETTER 264.—¹ Horace Walpole’s eldest brother, the Earl of Orford.

nothing more than himself at Florence. I did hint to him your kind thought about Venice, because, as I saw no daylight to it, it could not disappoint him ; and because I knew how sensible he would be to this mark of your friendship. There is not a glimmering prospect of our sending a minister to Berlin ; if we did, it would be a person of far greater consideration than Sir James Grey ; and even if he went thither, there are no means of procuring his succession for Mr. Chute. My dear child, you know little of England, if you think such and so quiet merit as his likely to meet friends here. Great assurance or great quality are the only recommendations. My father was abused for employing low people with parts—that complaint is totally removed.

You reproach me with telling you nothing of Berg-op-Zoom : seriously, I know nothing but what was in the papers : and in general, on those great public events, I must transcribe the Gazette, if you will have me talk to you. You will have seen by the King's Speech that a congress is appointed at Aix-la-Chapelle, but nobody expects any effect from it. Except Mr. Pelham, the ministry in general are for the war ; and, what is comical, the Prince and the opposition are so too. We have had but one division yet in the House, which was on the Duke of Newcastle's interfering in the Seaforth election. The numbers were, 247 for the court, against 96. But I think it very probable that, in a little time, a stronger opposition will be formed, for the Prince has got some new and very able speakers ; particularly a young Mr. Potter², son of the last Archbishop³, who promises

² Thomas, son of Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, was appointed Secretary to the Princess of Wales, in which post he remained till the death of the Prince : he made two celebrated speeches on the Seaforth election, and on the contest between Aylesbury and Buckingham for the

Summer Assizes ; but did not long support the character here given of him. *Walpole*.—Paymaster-General, 1756 ; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1756 ; d. 1759.

³ John Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, d. 1747.

very greatly; the world is already matching him against Mr. Pitt.

I sent Niccolini the letter; and here is another from him. I have not seen him this winter, nor heard of him: he is of very little consequence, when there is anything else that is.

I have lately had Lady Mary Wortley's Eclogues⁴ published; but they don't please, though so excessively good. I say so confidently, for Mr. Chute agrees with me: he says, for the Epistle to Arthur Grey⁵, scarce any woman could have written it, and no man; for a man who had had experience enough to paint such sentiments so well, would not have had warmth enough left. Do you know anything of Lady Mary? her adventurous son⁶ is come into Parliament, but has not opened. Adieu! my dear child: *nous nous reverrons un jour!*

265. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 12, 1748.

I HAVE just received a letter from you of the 19th of last month, in which you tell me you was just going to complain of me, when you received one from me: I fear I am again as much to blame, as far as not having written; but if I had, it could only be to repeat what you say would be

⁴ Some of these Eclogues had been printed long before: they were now published with other of her poems by Dodsley, in quarto, and soon after with others reprinted in his *Miscellany*. Walpole.

⁵ Epistle from Arthur Grey, the Footman, to Mrs. Murray, mentioned by Lady Louisa Stuart in the *Introductory Anecdotes* prefixed to Lady Mary's Correspondence.

⁶ Edward Wortley-Montagu, after a variety of adventures in various characters, was taken up at Paris with Mr. Taaffe, another Member of

Parliament, for cheating and robbing a Jew. Walpole. — Wortley-Montagu, who appears to have been more or less insane, was born in 1713, and spent the greater part of his life abroad. He was the first native of the United Kingdom to undergo inoculation for smallpox. After a chequered career, including various experiments in matrimony, and several changes of religion, he died at Pisa in 1776. He had at this time just entered Parliament as Member for Huntingdon.

sufficient, but what I flatter myself I need not repeat. The town has been quite empty ; and the Parliament, which met but yesterday, has been adjourned these three weeks. Except elections, and such tiresome squabbles, I don't believe it will produce anything : it is all harmony. From Holland we every day hear bad news, which, though we don't believe at the present, we agree it is always likely to be true by to-morrow. Yet, with no prospect of success, and scarce with a possibility of beginning another campaign, we are as martial as ever : I don't know whether it is because we think a bad peace worse than a bad war, or that we don't look upon misfortunes and defeats abroad as enough our own, and are willing to taste of both at home. We are in no present apprehension from domestic disturbances, nor, in my private opinion, do I believe the French will attempt us, till it is for themselves. They need not be at the trouble of sending us Stuarts ; that ingenious house could not have done the work of France more effectually than the Pelhams and the Patriots have.

I will tell you a secret : there is a transaction going on to send Sir Charles Williams to Turin ; he has asked it, and it is pushed. In my private opinion, I don't believe Villettes¹ will be easily overpowered ; though I wish it, from loving Sir Charles and from thinking meanly of the other ; but talents are no passports. Sir Everard Falkener² is going to Berlin. General Sinclair³ is presently to succeed Wentworth⁴ : he is Scotchissime, in all the latitude of the word, and not very able ; he made a poor business of it at Port l'Orient.

LETTER 265.—¹ Minister at Turin, afterwards in Switzerland. *Walpole*.

² He had been Ambassador at Constantinople : he was not sent to Berlin, but was Secretary to the Duke, and one of the General Postmasters. *Walpole*.

³ General Hon. James Sinclair (d. 1762), second son of eighth Baron Sinclair. He was subsequently Minister at Vienna and at Turin.

⁴ General Wentworth (lately deceased) held an appointment at the court of Turin.

Lord Coke⁵ has demolished himself very fast ; I mean his character : you know he was married but last spring ; he is always drunk, has lost immense sums at play, and seldom goes home to his wife till eight in the morning. The world is vehement on her side ; and not only her family, but his own, give him up. At present, matters are patching up by the mediation of my brother, but I think can never go on : she married him extremely against her will, and he is at least an out-pensioner of Bedlam : his mother's family⁶ have many of them been mad.

I thank you, I have received the eagle's head : the bill is broken off individually in the same spot with the original ; but, as the piece is not lost, I believe it will serve.

I should never have expected you to turn Lorrain⁷ : is your Madame de Givrecourt⁸ a successor⁹ of my sister ? I think you hint so. Where is the Princess, that you are so reduced ? Adieu ! my dear child. I don't say a kind word to you, because you seem to think it necessary, for assuring you of the impossibility of my ever forgetting, or loving you less.

266. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 26, 1748.

I HAVE again talked over with our Chute the affair of Venice ; but, besides seeing no practicability in it, we think you will not believe that Sir James Grey will be so simple

⁵ Edward, only son of Thomas, Earl of Leicester, married Mary, youngest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, from whom he was parted ; he died in 1752. *Walpole*.

⁶ She was a Tufton, daughter of sixth Earl of Thanet.

⁷ The Emperor kept a Lorrain regiment at Florence ; but there was little intercourse between the two nations. *Walpole*,

⁸ Mann had written (Dec. 19, 1747) of 'a daughter of old Mme. Sarasin, whose wig you must remember. This newcomer is Comtesse Giovecourt [*sic*], a mighty good sort of woman, and extremely intimate with Richcourt.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 271.)

⁹ With Count Richcourt. *Walpole*.

as to leave Venice, whither with difficulty he obtained to be sent, when you hear that Mr. Legge¹ has actually kissed hands, and sets out on Friday for Berlin, as envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary. We thought Sir Everard Falkener sure; but this has come forth very unexpectedly. Legge is certainly a wiser choice; nobody has better parts; and if art and industry can obtain success, I know no one would use more: but I don't think that the King of Prussia, with half parts and much cunning, is so likely to be the dupe of more parts and as much cunning, as the people with whom Legge has so prosperously pushed his fortune. My father was fond of him to the greatest degree of partiality, till he endeavoured to have a nearer tie than flattery gave him, by trying to marry Lady Mary: after that my Lord could never bear his name. Since that, he has wriggled himself in with the Pelhams, by being the warmest friend and servant of their new allies, and is the first favourite of the little Duke of Bedford. Mr. Villiers² was desired to go to Berlin, but refused, and proposed himself for the Treasury, till they could find something else for him. They laughed at this; but he is as fit for one employment as the other. We have a stronger reason than any I have mentioned against going to Venice; which is, the excuse it might give to the Vine³ to forget we were in being; an excuse which his hatred of our preferment would easily make him embrace, as more becoming a good Christian brother!

The ministry are triumphant in their Parliament: there

LETTER 266. — ¹ Henry Legge, second son of the Earl of Dartmouth, was made Secretary of the Treasury by Sir Robert Walpole; and was afterwards Surveyor of the Roads, a Lord of the Admiralty, a Lord of the Treasury, Treasurer of the Navy, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had been bred to the

sea, and was for a little time Minister at Berlin. *Walpole*.

² Thomas Villiers, brother of the Earl of Jersey, had been Minister at Dresden, and was afterwards a Lord of the Admiralty. *Walpole*.

³ Antony Chute, of the Vine, in Hampshire, elder brother of J. Chute; died in 1754. *Walpole*.

have been great debates on the new taxes, but no division: the House is now sitting on the Wareham election, espousing George Pitt's uncle ⁴, one of the most active Jacobites, but of the coalition and in place, against Drax ⁵, a great favourite of the Prince, but who has already lost one question on this election by a hundred.

Admiral Vernon has just published a series of Letters to himself, among which are several of Lord Bath, written in the height of his opposition: there is one in particular, to congratulate Vernon on taking Portobello, wherein this great virtuous Patriot advises him *to do nothing more*, assuring him that his inactivity would all be imputed to my father. One does not hear that Lord Bath has called him to any account for this publication, though as villainous to these correspondents as one of them was in writing such a letter; or as the Admiral himself was, who used to betray all his instructions to this enemy of the government. Nobody can tell why he has published these letters now, unless to get money. What ample revenge every year gives my father against his Patriot enemies! Had he never deserved well himself, posterity must still have the greatest opinion of him, when they see on what rascal foundations were built all the pretences to virtue which were set up in opposition to him! Pulteney counselling the Admiral who was entrusted with the war not to pursue it, that its mismanagement might be imputed to the minister; the Admiral communicating his orders to such an enemy of his country! This enemy triumphant, seizing honours and employments for himself and friends, which he had so avowedly disclaimed; other friends, whom he had neglected, pursuing him for gratifying his ambition—accomplishing his ruin, and prostituting themselves even more than he had done! all of them blowing up

⁴ John Pitt, one of the Lords of Trade. *Walpole*.

⁵ Hen. Drax, the Prince's Secretary, died in 1755. *Walpole*.

a rebellion, by every art that could blacken the King in the eyes of the nation, and some of them promoting the trials and sitting in judgement on the wretches whom they had misled and deserted! How black a picture! what odious portraits, when time shall write the proper names under them!

As famous as you think your Mr. Mill⁶, I can find nobody who ever heard his name. Projectors make little noise here; and even any one who only *has* made a noise, is forgotten as soon as out of sight. The knaves and fools of the day are too numerous to leave room to talk of yesterday. The pains that people, who have a mind to be named, are forced to take to be very particular, would convince you how difficult it is to make a lasting impression on such a town as this. Ministers, authors, wits, fools, Patriots, whores, scarce bear a second edition. Lord Bolingbroke, Sarah Malcolm⁷, and old Marlborough, are never mentioned but by elderly folks to their grandchildren, who had never heard of them. What would last Pannoni's⁸ a twelvemonth is forgotten here in twelve hours. Good night!

267. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 16, 1748.

I AM going to tell you nothing but what Mr. Chute has told you already—that my Lord Chesterfield has resigned the seals¹, that the Duke of Newcastle has changed his province², and that the Duke of Bedford is the new Secretary

⁶ Mann (writing in Jan. 1748), mentioned him as 'the famous Mr. Mill, who is known, I am told, in England, by the name of Mill the Projector.'

⁷ A washerwoman at the Temple, executed for three murders. *Walpole*. — Horace Walpole possessed Hogarth's portrait of her, painted

the day before her execution in 1738.

⁸ The coffee-house at Florence. *Walpole*.

LETTER 267. — ¹ As Secretary of State for the Northern Province.

² He changed the Southern Province for the Northern.

of State. I think you need be under no apprehension from this change; I should be frightened enough if you had the least reason, but I am quite at ease. Lord Chesterfield, who I believe had no quarrel but with his partner, is gone to Bath; and his youngest brother, John Stanhope³, comes into the Admiralty, where Sandwich is now First Lord. There seems to be some hitch in Legge's embassy; I believe we were overhasty. Proposals of peace were expected to be laid before Parliament, but that talk is vanished. The Duke of Newcastle, who is going greater lengths in *everything* for which he overturned Lord Granville, is all military; and makes more courts than one⁴ by this disposition. The Duke goes to Holland this week, and I hear we are going to raise another million. There are prodigious discontents in the army: the town had got a list of a hundred and fifty officers who desired at once to resign, but I believe this was exaggerated. We⁵ are great and very exact disciplinarians; our partialities are very strong, especially on the side of aversions, and none of these articles tally exactly with English tempers. Lord Robert Bertie⁶ received a reprimand the other day by an aide-de-camp, for blowing his nose as he relieved the guard under a window⁷; where very exact notice is constantly taken of very small circumstances.

We divert ourselves extremely this winter; plays, balls, masquerades, and pharaoh are all in fashion. The Duchess

³ Hon. John Stanhope (1705-1748), third son of third Earl of Chesterfield; sometime Secretary to the Embassy at the Hague, and M.P. for Nottingham and Derby; Lord of the Admiralty, 1748.

⁴ i.e. to the King and the Duke of Cumberland, who were also 'all military.'

⁵ The Duke of Cumberland.

⁶ Third son of first Duke of Ancaster; Lord of the Bedchamber; M.P. for Whitechurch; Colonel of the

second troop of Guards and General in the army (1777); d. 1782. 'On May 20th, 1756, he was on board the *Ramillies* (then intending to join his regiment in Minorca) with Admiral Byng, in the engagement with the French fleet off that island, and gave a very clear and candid evidence in behalf of the Admiral at his trial in January following.' (Collins, *Peerage*, ed. 1812, vol. ii. p. 22.)

⁷ The Duke's. *Walpole*.

of Bedford has given a great ball, to which the King came with thirty masks. The Duchess of Queensberry is to give him a masquerade. Operas are the only consumptive entertainment. There was a new comedy last Saturday, which succeeds, called *The Foundling*⁸. I like the old *Conscious Lovers*⁹ better, and that not much. The story is the same, only that the Bevil of the new piece is in more hurry, and consequently more natural. It is extremely well acted by Garrick and Barry, Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Woffington. My sister was brought to bed last night of another boy. Sir C. Williams, I hear, grows more likely to go to Turin: you will have a more agreeable correspondent than your present voluminous brother¹⁰. Adieu!

268. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 11, 1748.

I HAVE had nothing lately to tell you but illnesses and distempers: there is what they call a miliary fever raging, which has taken off a great many people. It was scarce known till within these seven or eight years, but apparently increases every spring and autumn. They don't know how to treat it, but think they have discovered that bleeding is bad for it. The young Duke of Bridgewater¹ is dead of it. The Marquis of Powis² is dead too, I don't know of what; but though a Roman Catholic, he has left his whole fortune to Lord Herbert³, the next male of his family, but a very distant relation. It is twelve thousand pounds a year, with a very rich mine upon it; there is a debt, but the money

⁸ By Edward Moor. *Walpole*.

⁹ By Richard Steele, produced at Drury Lane in 1722.

¹⁰ Mr. Villettes. *Walpole*.

LETTER 268. —¹ John Egerton (1727-1748), second Duke of Bridgewater.

² William Herbert (circ. 1698-1748), third Marquis of Powis.

³ Henry Arthur Herbert, Lord Herbert, afterwards created Earl of Powis, married the young lady on whom the estate was entailed: his brother died unmarried. *Walpole*.

and personal estate will pay it. After Lord Herbert and his brother⁴, who are both unmarried, the estate is to go to the daughter⁵ of Lord Waldegrave's sister⁶, by her first husband, who was the Marquis's brother⁷ . . .

In defiance of all these deaths, we are all diversions; Lady Dalkeith⁸ and a company of Scotch nobility have formed a theatre, and have acted *The Revenge* several times; I can't say excellently: the Prince and Princess were at it last night. The Duchess of Queensberry gives a masquerade to-night, in hopes of drawing the King to it: but he will not go. I do; but must own it is wondrous foolish to dress one's self out in a becoming dress *in cold blood*. There has been a new comedy, called *The Foundling*; far from good, but it took. Lord Hobart and some more young men made a party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil, and with sticking plaisters for *Bubby's* fair hair; but it did not come to action. Garrick was impertinent, and the pretty men gave over their plot the moment they grew to be in the right.

I must now notify to you the approaching espousals of the most illustrious Prince Pigwiggin⁹ with Lady Rachel Cavendish, third daughter of the Duke of Devonshire: the

⁴ Richard Herbert (d. 1754), second son of Francis Herbert, of Oakley Park, Montgomeryshire.

⁵ Barbara, posthumous daughter and heiress of Lord Edward Herbert (only brother to third Marquis of Powis); m. (1751) Henry Arthur Herbert, first Earl of Powis (n. c.); d. 1786.

⁶ Lady Henrietta Waldegrave (d. 1753), only daughter of first Earl Waldegrave; m. 1. (1734) Lord Edward Herbert; 2. (1739) John Beard, actor and vocalist.

⁷ Here follows a passage obliterated in the original,

⁸ Caroline, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, married the eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, who dying before his father, she afterwards married Charles Townshend, second son of the Lord Viscount Townshend. *Walpole*. — She was created Baroness Greenwich (her father, who died without male issue, having been Duke of Argyll and Greenwich) in 1767, and died in 1794.

⁹ Horatio Walpole, eldest son of Horatio Walpole, brother of Sir Robert. *Walpole*.

victim does not dislike it! my uncle makes great settlements; and the Duke is to get a peerage for Pigwiggin, upon the foot that the father cannot be spared out of the House of Commons! Can you bear this old buffoon making himself of consequence, and imitating my father!

The Princess of Orange¹⁰ has got a son¹¹, and we have taken a convoy that was going to Berg-op-Zoom; two trifling occurrences that are most pompously exaggerated, when the whole of both is, that the Dutch, who before sold themselves to France, will now grow excellent patriots when they have a master entailed upon them¹²; and we shall run ourselves more into danger, on having got an advantage which the French don't feel.

Violent animosities are sprung up in the House of Commons upon a sort of private affair between the Chief Justice Willes and the Grenvilles, who have engaged the ministry in an extraordinary step, of fixing the assizes at Buckingham by Act of Parliament in their favour. We have had three long days upon it in our House, and it is not yet over; but though they will carry it both there and in the Lords, it is by a far smaller majority than any they have had in this Parliament. The other day, Dr. Lee and Mr. Potter had made two very strong speeches against Mr. Pelham on this subject; he rose with the greatest emotion, fell into the most ridiculous passion, was near crying, and not knowing how to return it on the two, fell upon the Chief Justice (who was not present), and accused him of ingratitude. The eldest Willes¹³ got up extremely moved, but with great propriety and cleverness told Mr. Pelham 'that his father had no obligation to any man now in the

¹⁰ Anne, Princess Royal (d. 1759), eldest daughter of George II; m. (1734) William Charles Henry, Prince of Orange (afterwards Stadtholder).

¹¹ Prince William, who succeeded his father as Stadtholder in 1751.

He was deprived of his dominions in 1795, and died in 1806.

¹² The office of Stadtholder had recently been declared hereditary.

¹³ John Willes (d. 1784), M.P. for Banbury.

ministry; that he had been obliged to one of the greatest ministers that ever was¹⁴, who is now no more; that the person who accused his father of ingratitude was now leagued with the very men who had ruined that minister, to whom he (Mr. Pelham) owed his advancement, and without whom he would have been nothing!' This was daggers! not a word of reply.

I had begun my letter before the masquerade, but had not time to finish it: there were not above one hundred persons; the dresses pretty; the Duchess as mad as you remember her. She had stuck up orders about dancing, as you see at public bowling-greens; turned half the company out at twelve; kept those she liked to supper; and, in short, contrived to do an agreeable thing in the rudest manner imaginable; besides having dressed her husband in Scotch plaid, which just now is one of the things in the world that is reckoned most offensive; but you know we are all mad, so good night!

269. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 29, 1748.

I KNOW I have not writ to you the Lord knows when, but I waited for something to tell you, and I have now what there was not much reason to expect. The preliminaries to the Peace¹ are actually signed by the English, Dutch, and French: the Queen², who would remain the only sufferer, though vastly less than she could expect, protests against this treaty, and the Sardinian Minister has refused to sign too, till farther orders. Spain is not mentioned, but France answers for them, and that they shall

¹⁴ Sir Robert Walpole.

LETTER 269,—¹ Of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The Peace was concluded on Oct. 18, 1748.

² Of Hungary.

give us a new assiento³. The armistice is for six weeks, with an exception to Maestricht⁴; upon which the Duke sent Lord George Sackville⁵ to Marshal Saxe, to tell him that, as they are so near being friends, he shall not endeavour to raise the siege and spill more blood, but hopes the Marshal will give the garrison good terms, as they have behaved so bravely. The conditions settled are a general restitution on all sides, as Modena to its Duke, Flanders to the Queen, the Dutch towns to the Dutch, Cape Breton to France, and Final to the Genoese; but the Sardinian to have the cessions made to him⁶ by the Queen, who, you see, is to be made observe the Treaty of Worms, though we do not. Parma and Placentia are to be given to Don Philip⁷; Dunkirk to remain as it is, on the land-side; but to be *Utrecht'd* again to the sea⁸. The Pretender to be renounced with all his descendants, male and female, even

³ The Assiento Treaty (1713) secured to the English the monopoly of the slave-trade to the Spanish colonies. It was now revived for four years.

⁴ The French forces were now concentrated before Maestricht, which surrendered on May 7, 1748.

⁵ Lord George Sackville (1716-1785), third son of first Duke of Dorset; M.P. for Dover. He took the name of Germain (1770) on succeeding to Lady Betty Germain's estate of Drayton, and was created Viscount Sackville in 1782. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1751-56; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1765-66; Lord of Trade, 1775-79; Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1775-82. He entered the army in 1737; was present at the battle of Fontenoy (1743), where he was wounded; became a Major-General in 1755; was second in command of the expedition which landed in Cancale Bay in 1757; was appointed in 1758 Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in Germany under Prince Ferdinand

of Brunswick. By his failure to order the advance of the English cavalry at the battle of Minden (1759), he incurred the censure of Prince Ferdinand, and was shortly afterwards dismissed from the army. His alleged cowardice was publicly execrated; he was tried by court-martial in 1760, and pronounced unfit for the King's service. In 1762 he returned to active political life, and subsequently held high office. His reputation was to a great extent rehabilitated by his conduct in a duel with Governor Johnstone (1770). He was a good speaker, and an active politician, and one of the most vigorous advocates of severity towards the revolted colonists. The authorship of the *Letters of Junius* has been attributed to him.

⁶ In Italy.

⁷ Second son of Philip V of Spain, by his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese.

⁸ The destruction of the fortifications of Dunkirk towards the sea was one of the conditions of the Treaty of Utrecht (1713).

in stronger terms than by the Quadruple Alliance⁹; and the cessation of arms to take place in all other parts of the world, as in the year 1712. The contracting powers agree to think of means of making the other powers come into this treaty, in case they refuse.

This is the substance; and wonderful it is what can make the French give us such terms, or why they have lost so much blood and treasure to so little purpose! for they have destroyed very little of the fortifications in Flanders. Monsieur de St. Séverin¹⁰ told Lord Sandwich, that he had full powers to sign now, but that the same courier that should carry our refusal, was to call at Namur and Bergen-op-Zoom, where are mines under all the works, which were immediately to be blown up. There is no accounting for this, but from the King's aversion to go to the army, and to Marshal Saxe's fear of losing his power with the loss of a battle. He told Count Flemming, the Saxon minister, who asked him if the French were in earnest in their offer of peace, '*Il est vrai, nous demandons la paix comme des lâches, et ne pouvons pas l'obtenir.*'

Stocks rise; the ministry are in high spirits, and *peu s'en faut* but we shall admire this peace as our own doing! I believe two reasons that greatly advanced it are, the King's wanting to go to Hanover, and the Duke's wanting to go into a salivation.

We had last night the most magnificent masquerade that ever was seen: it was by subscription at the Haymarket: everybody who subscribed five guineas had four tickets. There were about seven hundred people, all in chosen and very fine dresses. The supper was in two rooms, besides those for the King and Prince, who, with the foreign ministers, had tickets given them.

⁹ Formed in 1718, between England, France, Austria, and Holland, for the maintenance of the Treaty of

Utrecht.

¹⁰ The French plenipotentiary.

You don't tell me whether the seal of which you sent me the impression, is to be sold : I think it fine, but not equal to the price which you say was paid for it. What is it? Homer or Pindar?

I am very miserable at the little prospect you have of success in your own affair: I think the person¹¹ you employed has used you scandalously. I would have you write to my uncle; but my applying to him would be very far from doing you service. Poor Mr. Chute has got so bad a cold that he could not go last night to the masquerade. Adieu! my dear child! there is nothing well that I don't wish you, but my wishes are very ineffectual!

270. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

May 18, 1748.

HERE I am with the poor Chutehed, who has put on a shoe but to-day for the first time. He sits at the receipt of custom, and one passes most part of the day here; the other part I have the misfortune to pass *en* Pigwigin. The ceremony of dining¹ is not over yet: I cannot say that either the Prince or the Princess look the comelier for what has happened. The town says, my Lady Anson² has no chance for looking different from what she did before she was married: and they have a story of a gentleman going to the Chancellor to assure him, that if he gave his daughter to the Admiral, he would be obliged hereafter to pronounce a sentence of dissolution of the marriage. The Chancellor replied, that his daughter had been taught to think of the union of the soul, not of the body: the gentleman then

¹¹ Mr. Stone. *Walpole*.

LETTER 270.—Not among Kimbolton MSS.

¹ These dinners were given to celebrate the marriage of Horatio Walpole, junior (Horace Walpole's

first cousin), to Lady Rachel Cavendish.

² Hon. Elizabeth Yorke (d. 1760), eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; m. (April 28, 1748) George Anson, first Baron Anson.

made the same confidence to the Chancelloress³, and received much such an answer: that her daughter had been bred to submit herself to the will of God. I don't at all give you all this for true; but there is an ugly circumstance in his Voyages⁴ of his not having the curiosity to see a beautiful captive, that he took on board a Spanish ship. There is no record of Scipio's having been in Doctors' Commons. I have been reading these Voyages, and find them very silly and contradictory. He sets out with telling you, that he had no soldiers sent with him but old invalids without legs or arms; and then in the middle of the book there is a whole chapter to tell you what they would have done if they had set out two months sooner, and that was no less than conquering Peru and Mexico with this disabled army. At the end there is an account of the neglect he received from the Viceroy of Canton, till he and forty of his sailors put out a great fire in that city, which the Chinese and five hundred firemen could not do, which he says proceeded from their awkwardness; a new character of the Chinese! He was then admitted to an audience, and found two hundred men at the gate of the city, and ten thousand in the square before the palace, all new dressed for the purpose. This is about as true as his predecessor Gulliver p—g out the fire at Lilliput. The King is still wind-bound⁵; the fashionable *bon-mot* is, that the Duke of Newcastle has tied a stone about his neck and sent him to sea. The City grows furious about the Peace; there is one or two very uncouth Hanover articles, besides a persuasion of a pension to the Pretender, which is so very

³ Margaret Cocks (widow of John Lygon), m. (1719) Philip Yorke (afterwards first Earl of Hardwicke and Lord Chancellor); d. 1761.

⁴ Anson's *Voyage round the World*, compiled under his direction by the Rev. Richard Walter (chaplain of

Anson's ship the *Centurion*), was first published in 1748.

⁵ The King (who was on his way to Hanover) was detained at Harwich by contrary winds from May 15-19.

ignominious, that I don't know how to persuade myself it is true. The Duke of Argyll has made them give him three places for life of a thousand and twelve hundred a year for three of his court, to compensate for their making a man President of the Session⁶ against his inclination. The Princess of Wales has got a confirmed jaundice, but they reckon her much better. Sir Harry Calthrop is gone mad: he walked down Pall Mall t'other day with his red ribbon tied about his hair; said he was going to the King, and would not submit to be blooded till they told him the King commanded it.

I went yesterday to see Marshal Wade's house⁷, which is selling by auction: it is worse contrived on the inside than is conceivable, all to humour the beauty of the front. My Lord Chesterfield said, that to be sure he could not live in it, but intended to take the house over against it to look at it. It is literally true, that all the direction he gave my Lord Burlington was to have a place for a large cartoon of Rubens⁸ that he had bought in Flanders; but my Lord found it necessary to have so many correspondent doors, that there was no room at last for the picture; and the Marshal was forced to sell the picture to my father: it is now at Houghton.

As Windsor is so charming, and particularly, as you have got so agreeable a new neighbour at Frogmore, to be sure you cannot wish to have the prohibition taken off of your coming to Strawberry Hill. However, as I am an admirable Christian, and as I think you seem to repent of your errors, I will give you leave to be so happy as to come to me when you like, though I would advise it to be after you have been at Roel⁹, which you would not be able to

⁶ Robert Dundas of Arniston (1685-1753), Lord President of the Court of Session, 1748-53.

⁷ He died on Feb. 14, 1748.

⁸ Meleager and Atalanta; it was hung in the gallery at Houghton.

⁹ A house of Montagu's in Gloucestershire.

bear after my paradise. I have told you a vast deal of something or other, which you will scarce be able to read; for now Mr. Chute has the gout, he keeps himself very low and lives upon very thin ink. My compliments to all your people. Yours ever.

271. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, May 26, 1748.

Good b'ye to you! I am going to my Roel too. I was there yesterday to dine, and it looked so delightful, think what you will, that I shall go there to-morrow to settle, and shall leave this odious town to the whores, and the Regency, and the dowagers; to my Lady Townshend, who is not going to Windsor, to old Cobham, who is not going out of the world yet, and to the Duchess of Richmond, who does not go out with her twenty-fifth pregnancy: I shall leave too, more disagreeable Ranelagh, which is so crowded, that going there t'other night in a string of coaches we had a stop of six-and-thirty minutes. Princess Emily, finding no marriage articles for her settled at the congress, has at last determined to be old and ugly, and out of danger, and accordingly has ventured to Ranelagh, to the great improvement of the pleasures of the place. The Prince has given a silver cup to be rowed for, which carried everybody upon the Thames, and afterwards there was a great ball at Carleton House. There have two good events happened at that court: the town was alarmed t'other morning by the firing of guns, which proved to be only from a large merchantman come into the river. The City construed them into the King's return, and the Peace broke; but Chancellor Bootle and the Bishop of Oxford¹, who loves a labour next to promoting the cause of it, concluded the

Princess was brought to bed, and went to court upon it. Bootle, finding her dressed, said, 'I have always heard, Madam, that women *in your country* have very easy labours, but I could not have believed it was so well as I see.' The other story is of Prince Edward. The King, before he went away, sent Stainberg to examine the Prince's children in their learning. The Baron told Prince Edward, that he should tell the King what great proficiency his Highness had made in his Latin, but that he wished he would be a little more perfect in his German grammar, and that it would be of signal use to him. The child squinted at him, and said, 'German grammar! why any dull child can learn that.'—There, I have told you Royalties enough!

My Pigwiggin dinners are all over, for which I truly say grace. I have had difficulties to keep my countenance at the wonderful clumsiness and uncouth nicknames that the Duke has for all his offspring: Mrs. Hopeful, Mrs. Tiddle, Guts and Gundy, Puss, Cat and Toe, sound so strange in the middle of a most formal banquet! The day the Peace was signed, his Grace could find nobody to communicate joy with him: he drove home, and bawled out of the chariot to Lady Rachael, 'Cat! Cat!' She ran down, staring over the balustrade; he cried 'Cat! Cat! the Peace is made, and you must be very glad, for I am very glad.'

I send you the only new pamphlet worth reading, and this is more the matter than the manner. My compliments to all your tribe. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. The divine Ashton has got an ague, which he says prevents his coming amongst us.

272. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 7, 1748.

DON'T reproach me in your own mind for not writing, but reproach the world for doing nothing; for making peace as slowly as they made war. When anybody commits an event, I am ready enough to tell it you; but I have always declared against inventing news; when I do, I will set up a newspaper.

The Duke of Newcastle is not gone; he has kissed hands, and talks of going this week: the time presses, and he has not above three days left to fall dangerously ill. There are a thousand wagers laid against his going: he has hired a transport, for the yacht is not big enough to convey all the tables and chairs and conveniences that he trails along with him, and which he seems to think don't grow out of England. I don't know how he proposes to lug them through Holland and Germany, though any objections that the map can make to his progress don't count, for he is literally so ignorant, that when one goes to take leave of him, he asks your commands into *the north*, concluding that Hanover is north of Great Britain, because it is in the Northern Province, which he has just taken: you will scarce believe this, but upon my honour it is true.

The preliminaries wait the accession of Spain, before they can ripen into peace. Niccolini goes to Aix-la-Chapelle, and will be much disappointed if his advice is not asked there: he talks of being at Florence in October.

Sir William Stanhope has just given a great ball to Lady Caroline Petersham, to whom he takes extremely, since his daughter¹ married herself to Mr. Ellis; and as the Peter-

LETTER 272.—¹ Elizabeth (d. 1761), only daughter and heiress of Hon. Sir William Stanhope; m. (1747)

Welbore Ellis (afterwards Lord Mendenip).

shams are relations, they propose to be his heirs. The Chuteheds agreed with me, that the house, which is most magnificently furnished, all the ornaments designed by Kent, and the whole *festino*, put us more in mind of Florence, than anything we had seen here. There were silver pharaoh and whisk for the ladies that did not dance, deep basset and quinze for the men ; the supper very fine.

I am now returning to my villa, where I have been making some alterations: you shall hear from me from *Strawberry Hill*, which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house ; so pray, never call it Twickenham again. I like to be there better than I have liked being anywhere since I came to England. I sigh after Florence, and wind up all my prospects with the thought of returning there. I have days when I even set about contriving a scheme for going to you, and though I don't love to put you upon expecting me, I cannot help telling you, that I wish more than ever to be with you again. I can truly say, that I never was happy but at Florence, and you must allow that it is very natural to wish to be happy once more. Adieu !

273. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY,

Strawberry Hill, June 27, 1748.

I have full as little matter for writing as you can find in a camp. I don't call myself farmer or country gentleman ; for though I have all the ingredients to compose those characters, yet, like the ten pieces of card in the trick you found out, I don't know how to put them together. But, in short, planting and fowls and cows and sheep are my whole business, and as little amusing to relate to anybody else as the events of a still-born campaign.

If I write to anybody, I am forced to live upon what news I hoarded before I came out of town; and the first article of that, as I believe it is in everybody's gazette, must be about my Lord Coke. They say, that since he has been at Sunning Hill with Lady Mary, she has made him a declaration in form, that she hates him, that she always did, and that she always will. This seems to have been a very unnecessary notification. However, as you know his part is to be extremely in love, he is very miserable upon it; and relating his woes at White's, probably at seven in the morning, he was advised to put an end to all this history and shoot himself—an advice they would not have given him if he were not insolvent. He has promised to consider of it.

The night before I left London, I called at the Duchess of Richmond's, who has stayed at home with the apprehension of a miscarriage. The porter told me there was no Drawing-room till Thursday. In short, he did tell me what amounted to as much, that her Grace did not see company till Thursday, and then she should see everybody: no excuse, that she was gone out or not well. I did not stay till Thursday to kiss hands, but went away to Vauxhall: as I was coming out, I was overtaken by a great light, and retired under the trees of Marble Hall to see what it should be. There came a long procession of Prince Lobkowitz's footmen in very rich new liveries, the two last bearing torches; and after them the Prince himself, in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold button-holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat fringed, leading Madame l'Ambassadrice de Venise in a green sack with a straw hat, attended by my Lady Tyrawley¹, Wall² the

¹ Hon. Mary Stewart (d. 1769), daughter of second Viscount Mountjoy; m. James O'Hara, second Baron Tyrawley.

² Lieutenant-General Richard Wall (1694-1778), an Irishman, who entered the Spanish service in 1718. He was Spanish Ambassador in

private Spanish agent, the two Miss Molyneux's, and some other men. They went into one of the Prince of Wales's barges, had another barge filled with violins and hautboys, and an open boat with drums and trumpets. This was one of the *fêtes des adieux*. The nymph weeps all the morning and says she is sure she shall be poisoned by her husband's relations when she returns, for her behaviour with this Prince.

I have no other news, but that Mr. Fitzpatrick³ has married his Sukey Young, and is very impatient to have the Duchess of Bedford come to town to visit her new relation⁴.

Is not my Lady Ailesbury weary of her travels? Pray make her my compliments,—unless she has made you any such declaration as Lady Mary Coke's. I am delighted with your description of the bed-chamber of the House of Orange, as I did not see it; but the sight itself must have been very odious, as the hero and heroine are so extremely ugly. I shall give it my Lady Townshend as a new topic of matrimonial satire.

Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary have been with me two or three days, and are now gone to Sunning. I only tell you this, to hint that my house will hold a married pair: indeed, it is not quite large enough for people who lie, like the patriarchs, with their whole genealogy and men-servants, and maid-servants, and oxes, and asses, in the same chamber with them. Adieu! do let this be the last letter, and come home.

Yours ever,
H. W.

London, 1748–52, and was recalled to take the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs, which he held till 1764. He was much liked in England.

³ Probably Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick, second son of first Baron Gowran. According to Collins's *Peer-*

age (ed. 1812, vol. viii, p. 308) he married 'Anne, daughter of Mr. Usher, of London.'

⁴ Mr. Fitzpatrick's brother, Lord Gowran (afterwards first Earl of Upper Ossory), married the Hon. Evelyn Leveson-Gower, sister of the Duchess of Bedford.

274. TO HORACE MANN.

Mistley, July 14, 1748.

I WOULD by no means resent your silence while you was at Pisa, if it were not very convenient ; but I cannot resist the opportunity of taking it ill, when it serves to excuse my being much more to blame ; and therefore, pray mind, I am very angry, and have not written, because you had quite left me off—and if I say nothing from hence¹, do not imagine it is because I am at a gentleman's house whom you don't know, and threescore miles from London, and because I have been but three days in London for above this month : I could say a great deal if I pleased, but I am very angry, and will not. I know several pieces of politics from Ipswich that would let you into the whole secret of the Peace ; and a quarrel at Dedham assembly, that is capable of involving all Europe in a new war—nay, I know what Admiral Vernon² knows of what you say has happened in the West Indies, and of which nobody else in England knows a word—but please to remember that you have been at the baths, and don't deserve that I should tell you a tittle—nor will I. In revenge, I will tell you something that happened to me four months ago, and which I would not tell you now, if I had not forgot to tell it you when it happened—nay, I don't tell it you now for yourself, only that you may tell it the Princess³ : I truly and seriously this winter won and was paid a *milleleva* at pharaoh ; literally received a thousand and twenty-three sixpences for one : an event that never happened in the annals of pharaoh, but to Charles II's Queen Dowager, as the Princess herself

LETTER 274.—¹ Mistley, near Manningtree, in Essex, the seat of Richard Rigby, Esq. *Walpole*.

² He lived near Ipswich. *Walpole*.

³ The Princess Craon.

informed me: ever since I have treated myself as Queen Dowager, and have some thoughts of being drawn so.

There are no good anecdotes yet arrived of the Duke of Newcastle's travels, except that at a review which the Duke made for him, as he passed through the army, he hurried about with his glass up to his eye, crying, 'Finest troops! finest troops! greatest general!' then broke through the ranks when he spied any Sussex man, kissed him in all his accoutrements,—'my dear Tom such an one!' chattered of Lewes races; then back to the Duke with 'Finest troops! greatest general!'—and in short was a much better show than any review. The Duke is expected over immediately; I don't know if to stay, or why he comes—I mean, I do know, but am angry, and will not tell.

I have seen Sir James Grey, who speaks of you with great affection, and recommends himself extremely to me by it, when I am not angry with you; but I cannot possibly be reconciled till I have finished this letter, for I have nothing but this quarrel to talk of, and I think I have worn that out—so adieu! you odious, shocking, abominable monster!

275. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Mistley, July 14, 1748.

I CAME hither yesterday, having staid but three days in London, which is a desert; but in those three days, and from all those Nobodies, I heard the history of Lord Coke three thousand different ways. I expect next winter to hear of no Whigs and Jacobites, no courtiers and Patriots, but of the Cokes and the Campbells—I do assure you, the violence is incredible with which this affair is talked over—as the Irish mobs used to cry, Butleraboo and Crumaboo, you will see the women in the assemblies will be holloaing Campbellaboo!—But with the leave of their violence,

I think the whole affair of sending Harry Ballenden first to bully Coke, and then to murder him, is a very shocking story, and so bad that I will not believe Lady Mary's family could go so far as to let her into the secret of an intention to pistol her husband. I heard the relation in an admirable way at first, from my Lady Suffolk¹, who is one of the ringleaders of the Campbelloos, and, indeed, a woful story she made of it for poor Coke, interlarding it every minute with very villainous epithets bestowed on his lordship by Noll Bluff, and when she had run over her string of rascal, scoundrel, &c., she would stop and say, *Lady Dorothy², do I tell your story right; for you know I am very deaf, and perhaps did not hear it exactly.* I have compiled all that is allowed on both sides, and it is very certain, for Coke's honour, that his refusing to fight was till he could settle the affair of his debts. But two or three wicked

LETTER 275.—¹ Henrietta Hobart (1681–1767), daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, fourth Baronet, of Blickling, Norfolk; m. 1. (1706) Hon. Charles Howard, afterwards ninth Earl of Suffolk (d. 1733); 2. Hon. George Berkeley (d. 1747), youngest son of second Earl of Berkeley. She was Bedchamber-woman to Caroline of Anspach, both as Princess of Wales and as Queen, and on her first husband's becoming Earl of Suffolk (1731) she became Groom of the Stole to the Queen. She was for many years the mistress of George II, but had practically no political influence, owing to the superior abilities of the Queen, whose sneers and slights increased the difficulties of her position. In 1733 a bequest from her father enabled her to retire from court to her villa, Marble Hill at Twickenham, which she had built in 1724. In later life she became almost stone deaf, but her accurate memory rendered her society peculiarly acceptable to Horace Walpole, who frequently resorted to her for

information to supplement his own knowledge of transactions at the courts of George I and II, great part of which was afterwards embodied in his *Reminiscences*. He was a frequent visitor at Marble Hill, and wrote to Lady Suffolk at intervals during his absence from home. She was not, apparently, clever, but was distinguished by tact and good sense, and was greatly esteemed by the most eminent men of her day. Pope and Peterborough celebrated her in verse (the former in the well-known lines, *On a certain Lady at Court*). Pope, with Bathurst, laid out the grounds at Marble Hill, while the house was designed by Lords Pembroke and Burlington.

² Lady Dorothy Hobart (d. 1798), only surviving daughter of first Earl of Buckinghamshire, and niece of Lady Suffolk; m. (1752) Charles Hotham, who afterwards succeeded as eighth Baronet, and took the name of Thompson after that of Hotham.

circumstances on t'other side, never to be got over, are Ballenden's stepping close up to him after Coke had fired his last pistol, and saying, *You little dog, now I will be the death of you*, and firing, but the pistol missed—and what confirms the intention of these words is, its having come out that the Duke of Argyll³ knew that Coke, on having been told that his Grace complained of his usage of Lady Mary, replied very well, *Does he talk! Why, it is impossible I should use my wife worse than he did his*. When Harry Ballenden left Coke on the road from Sunning the day before the duel, he crossed over to the Duke, which his Grace flatly denied, but Lord Gower proved it to his face. I have no doubt but a man who would dispatch his wife, would have no scruple at the assassination of a person that should reproach him with it.

I don't like your not wanting me at the Tygers⁴; I think I shall scarce go if you don't, unless the Duchess of Queensberry drives me from Strawberry Hill, as is very probable, for t'other night we met her coming from making me a visit. She had been upstairs, and wrote a card that began—*She has been to see Mr. W.* I have another distress; my brother Ned's eldest girl⁵ is come to Mrs. Scott, the painter's⁶ wife at next door. The child is in a consumption; and seeing her so ill lodged, I could not help offering her my house, for I can't be angry when I see people unhappy. I found afterwards that my brother had intended to borrow it while I am here—I can conceive forgiveness; I can conceive using people ill—but how does one feel to use anybody very ill without provocation, and then ask favours of them?—Well, he must think of that—I shall be glad if I can save the poor girl's life.

³ The Duke of Argyll was uncle to Lady Mary Coke.

⁴ Henry Talbot. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 22, 1898.)

⁵ Laura Walpole, afterwards Mrs.

Keppel.

⁶ Samuel Scott, marine painter (d. 1772), sometimes called the 'English Canaletto.'

My compliments to all your house. I have not got the fish, for t'other brother has sent me word they must not be disturbed—stuff—he will borrow my house next.

Yours ever,

H. W.

I had almost forgot to tell you a pleasant bit. I had been to visit the Vere Beauclercs, at Hanworth⁷, and had pried about for a portrait of the black grandmother, but to no purpose. As to old Chambers's⁸ black leg, I did not expect to find him stepping it forth like the King of Clubs. I went another evening with Mrs. Leneve; Lady Vere then carried us into all the lodging rooms; over one private bed-chamber chimney, what did I view but the most deplorable sooty gentlewoman that was ever beheld. I immediately guessed that this was the black house-maid flattered, for it was not absolutely negro. I asked, Mrs. Leneve hemmed and coughed, and was ready to die—Lady Vere answered, 'It was her grandmother's picture, a *Portuguese*, that her grandfather had married at Fort St. George—a very bad likeness.'—Adieu! Rigby sends you a great many compliments. We call his black nothing but the Portuguese.

276. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Mistley, July 25, 1748.

I have wished you with me extremely; you would have liked what I have seen. I have been to make a visit of two or three days to Nugent¹, and was carried to see the last remains of the glory of the old Aubrey de Veres, Earls of Oxford. They were once masters of almost this entire county, but quite reduced even before the extinction of

⁷ Near Hounslow in Middlesex.

Beauclerc.

⁸ Thomas Chamber, of Hanworth, Middlesex, father of Lady Vere

LETTER 276.—¹ At Gosfield, in Essex.

their house ; the last Earl's² son died at a miserable cottage, that I was shown at a distance ; and I think another of the sisters, besides Lady Mary Vere, was forced to live upon her beauty.

Henningham Castle³, where Harry the Seventh was so sumptuously banqueted⁴, and imposed that villainous fine for his entertainment, is now shrunk to one vast ruinous tower, that stands on a spacious mount raised on a high hill with a large fossé. It commands a fine prospect, and belongs to Mr. Ashurt, a rich citizen, who has built a trumpery new house close to it. In the parish church is a fine square monument of black marble of one of the Earls, and there are three more tombs of the family at Earl's Colne, some miles from the castle. I could see but little of them, as it was very late, except that one of the Countesses has a head-dress exactly like the description of Mount Parnassus, with two tops. I suppose you have heard much of Gosfield, Nugent's seat. It is extremely in fashion, but did not answer to me, though there are fine things about it ; but being situated in a country that is quite blocked up with hills upon hills, and even too much wood, it has not an inch of prospect. The park is to be sixteen hundred acres, and is bounded with a wood of five miles round ; and the lake, which is very beautiful, is of seventy acres, directly in a line with the house, at the bottom of a fine lawn, and broke with very pretty groves, that fall down a slope into it. The house is vast, built round a very old court that has never been fine ; the old windows and gateway left, and the old gallery, which is

² Aubrey de Vere (1626-1703), eleventh Earl of Oxford. His only son (Charles de Vere) died in infancy.

³ Now Castle Hedingham, just off the road between Halstead and Haverhill, in Essex. The owner's name was not Ashurt, but Ashurst.

⁴ By John de Vere (1443-1513), fourth Earl of Oxford, who was fined 15,000 marks by Henry VII for having exceeded the legal number of livery servants when he received that sovereign at Castle Hedingham.

a bad narrow room, and hung with all the late Patriots⁵, but so ill done, that they look like caricatures done to expose them, since they have so much disgraced the virtues they pretended to. The rest of the house is all modernized, but in patches, and in the bad taste that came between the charming venerable Gothic and pure architecture. There is a great deal and plenty of good furniture, but no one room very fine; no tolerable pictures. Her⁶ dressing-room is very pretty, and furnished with white damask, china, japan, loads of easy-chairs, bad pictures, and some pretty enamels. But what charmed me more than all I had seen, is the library chimney, which has existed from the foundation of the house; over it is an alto-relievo in wood, far from being ill done, of the battle of Bosworth Field. It is all white, except the helmets and trappings, which are gilt, and the shields, which are properly blazoned with the arms of all the chiefs engaged. You would adore it. We passed our time very agreeably; both Nugent and his wife are very good-humoured, and easy in their house to a degree. There was nobody else but the Marquis of Tweedale who indeed did not enliven us; his new Marchioness⁷, who is infinitely good-humoured and good company, and sung a thousand French songs mighty prettily; a sister of Nugent's, who does not figure; and a Mrs. Eliot⁸ (sister to Mrs. Nugent), who crossed over and figured in with Nugent: I mean she has turned Catholic, as he has Protestant. She has built herself a very pretty small house in the park, and is only a daily visitor. Nugent was extremely communicative of his own labours; repeated us an ode of ten thousand

⁵ The members of the 'Patriot Opposition' to Sir Robert Walpole—the 'Messieurs de la galerie' mentioned lower down.

⁶ Mrs. Nugent.

⁷ Daughter of Earl Granville.

⁸ Elizabeth, second daughter and

co-heir of James Craggs the elder; m. 1. Edward Eliot, of Port Eliot; 2. (1749) Hon. John Hamilton (d. 1755), second son of seventh Earl of Abercorn, by whom she was the mother of the first Marquis of Abercorn.

stanzas to abuse Messieurs de la galerie, and read me a whole tragedy, which has really a great many pretty things in it; not indeed equal to his glorious Ode⁹ on religion and liberty, but with many of those absurdities which are so blended with his parts. One thing indeed he communicated to me for which I abominated him . . .¹⁰ I agree extremely that the woman is shocking and a great fool, but when she has given him above an hundred thousand pound, from her son, I cannot away with his infidelity to her, and was very far from admiring him for it. We were overturned coming back, but, thank you, we were not at all hurt, and have been to-day to see a large house and a pretty park belonging to a Mr. Williams; it is to be sold.

You have seen in the papers that Dr. Bloxholme¹¹ is dead. He cut his throat. They say he never has been easy since he so passively let Dr. Thompson murder Winington. He always was nervous and vapoured; and so good-natured, that he left off his practice from not being able to bear seeing so many melancholy objects. I remember him with as much wit as ever I knew; there was a pretty correspondence of Latin odes that passed between him and Hedges¹².

You will be diverted to hear that the Duchess of Newcastle was received at Calais by Locheil's¹³ regiment under arms, who did duty upon her himself while she staid. The Duke of Grafton is going to Scarborough; don't you love that endless backstairs policy?—and at his time of life! This fit of ill health is arrived on the Prince's going to shoot for a fortnight at Thetford, and his Grace is afraid of not being civil enough to him—or too civil.

⁹ His Ode to William Pulteney, beginning 'Remote from liberty and truth.'

¹⁰ Passage omitted. By 'the woman' is meant Mrs. Nugent.

¹¹ Noel Broxholme, formerly phy-

sician to the Prince of Wales.

¹² Charles Hedges, formerly Secretary of State.

¹³ Donald Cameron of Lochiel (d. 1748). He commanded the regiment of Albany in the French service.

Since I wrote my letter I have been fishing in Rapin¹⁴ for any particulars relating to the Veres, and have already found that Robert de Vere¹⁵, the great Duke of Ireland, and favourite of Richard the Second, is buried at Earl's Colne, and probably under one of the tombs I saw there; I long to be certain that the lady with the strange coiffure is Lancerona, the joiner's daughter, that he married after divorcing a princess of the blood¹⁶ for her. I have found, too, that King Stephen's Queen¹⁷ died at Henningham, a castle belonging to Alberic de Vere¹⁸: in short, I am just now Vere-mad, and extremely mortified to have Lancerona and Lady Vere Beauclerc's *Portuguese* grandmother blended with this brave old blood. Adieu! I go to town the day after to-morrow, and immediately from thence to Strawberry Hill. Yours ever.

277. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, —.

I BEG you will let me know whether the Peace is arrived in Italy, or if you have heard anything of it; for in this part of the world nobody can tell what has become of it. They say, the Empress Queen has stopped it; that she will not take back the towns in Flanders, which she says she knows are very convenient for us, but of no kind of use to her, and that she chooses to keep what she has got

¹⁴ Paul Rapin de Thoiras (1661–1725), whose *Histoire d'Angleterre* was translated into English by Nicholas Tindal.

¹⁵ Robert de Vere (1862–1392), ninth Earl of Oxford, cr. Duke of Ireland, 1386.

¹⁶ Robert de Vere married Philippa, daughter of Ingelram, Sire de Couci (sometime Earl of Bedford), by the Lady Isabella Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward III. He

is said to have divorced her in order to marry one Lancerona, who came from Bohemia in the suite of Anne, consort of Richard II.

¹⁷ Matilda of Boulogne, d. May 3, 1152.

¹⁸ Alberic or Aubrey de Vere, first Earl of Oxford, d. 1194.

LETTER 277.—Placed by C. before the previous letter. (See *Notes and Queries*, Sept. 23, 1899.)

in Italy. However, we are determined to have peace at any rate, and the conditions must jumble themselves together as they can. These are the politics of Twickenham, my metropolis; and, to tell you the truth, I believe pretty near as good as you can have anywhere.

As to my own history, the scene is at present a little gloomy: my Lord Orford is in an extreme bad state of health, not to say a dangerous state: my uncle is going off¹ in the same way my father did. I don't pretend to any great feelings of affection for two men because they are dying, for whom it is known I had little before, my brother especially having been as much my enemy as it was in his power to be; but I cannot with indifference see the family torn to pieces, and falling into such ruin as I foresee; for should my brother die soon, leaving so great a debt, so small an estate to pay it off, two great places² sinking, and a wild boy of nineteen to succeed, there would soon be an end of the glory of Houghton, which had my father proportioned more to his fortune, would probably have a longer duration. This is an unpleasant topic to you who feel for us—however, I should not talk of it to one who would not feel. Your brother Gal and I had a very grave conversation yesterday morning on this head; he thinks so like you, so reasonably and with so much good nature, that I seem to be only finishing a discourse that I have already had with you. As my fears about Houghton are great, I am a little pleased to have finished a slight memorial³ of it, a description of the pictures, of which I have just printed an hundred, to give to particular people: I will send you one, and shall beg Dr. Cocchi to accept another.

¹ Lord Orford survived until 1751, and Horace Walpole, senior, until 1757.

² Auditor of the Exchequer and Master of the Buckhounds. *Walpole*.

³ *Aedes Walpoleanae, or a description of the pictures at Houghton-hall, in Norfolk*, first printed in 1747, and again in 1752. *Walpole*.

If I could let myself wish to see you in England, it would be to see you here: the little improvements I am making have really turned Strawberry Hill into a charming villa: Mr. Chute, I hope, will tell you how pleasant it is: I mean literally tell you, for we have a glimmering of a *Venetian* prospect: he is just going from hence to town by water, down our *Brenta*.

You never say a word to me from the Princess, nor any of my old friends: I keep up our intimacy in my own mind; for I will not part with the idea of seeing Florence again. Whenever I am displeased here, the thoughts of that journey are my resource; just as cross devout people, when they have quarrelled with all the world, begin packing up for Paradise. Adieu!

278. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 11, 1748.

I AM arrived at great knowledge in the annals of the house of Vere, but though I have twisted and twined their genealogy and my own a thousand ways, I cannot discover, as I wished to do, that I am descended from them anyhow but from one of their Christian names; the name of *Horace* having travelled from them into Norfolk by the marriage of a daughter¹ of Horace, Lord Vere of Tilbury², with a Sir Roger Townshend, whose family baptized some of us with it. But I have made a really curious discovery; the lady with the strange head-dress at Earl's Colne, which I mentioned to you, is certainly Lancerona, *the Portuguese*; for I have found in Rapin, from one of the old chronicles, that

LETTER 278.—¹ Mary, married (1) Sir Roger Townshend, first Baronet; (2) Mildmay Fane, second Earl of Westmoreland.

² Horace Vere (1565–1635), grand-

son of sixth Earl of Oxford, cr. Baron Vere of Tilbury, 1625. He was a distinguished soldier, and sometime Governor of Brill and Master of the Ordnance.

Anne of Bohemia, to whom she had been Maid of Honour, introduced the fashion of *piked horns*, or high heads, which is the very attire on this tomb, and ascertains it to belong to Robert de Vere, the great Earl of Oxford, made Duke of Ireland by Richard the Second, who, after the banishment of this minister, and his death at Louvain, occasioned by a boar at a great hunting match, caused the body to be brought over, would have the coffin opened once more to see his favourite, and attended it himself in high procession to its interment at Earl's Colne. I don't know whether the *Craftsman* some years ago would not have found out that we were descended from this Vere, at least from his name and ministry: my comfort is, that Lancerona was Earl Robert's *second* wife! But in this search I have crossed upon another descent, which I am taking great pains to verify (I don't mean a pun), and that is a probability of my being descended from Chaucer, whose daughter, the Lady Alice³, before her espousals with Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury⁴, and afterwards with William de la Pole, the great Duke of Suffolk⁵ (another famous favourite!), was married to a Sir John Philips, who I hope to find was of Picton Castle, and had children by her; but I have not yet brought these matters to a consistency; Mr. Chute is persuaded I shall, for he says anybody with two or three hundred years of pedigree may find themselves descended from whom they please; and thank my stars and my good cousin, the present Sir J. Philipps, I have sufficient pedigree to work upon; for he drew us up one by which *Ego et rex meus* are derived hand in hand from Cadwallader, and the

³ Alice Chaucer was daughter of the poet's so-called son Thomas, and widow (at the time of her second marriage) of Sir John Philip, by whom she had no issue.

⁴ Thomas de Montacute, fourth Earl of Salisbury, mortally wounded

at the siege of Orléans in 1428.

⁵ William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk, murdered in a boat off Dover in 1450. He was groundlessly supposed to be the favourite of Margaret of Anjou.

English Baronetage says from the Emperor Maximus (by the Philipps's, who are Welsh, *s'entend*). These Veres have thrown me into a deal of this old study ; t'other night I was reading to Mrs. Leneve and Mrs. Pigot, who has been here a few days, the description in Hall's Chronicle of the meeting of Harry the Eighth and Francis the First, which is so delightfully painted in your Windsor. We came to a paragraph, which I must transcribe, for though it means nothing in the world, it is so ridiculously worded in the old English that it made us laugh for three days :

And the twer twoo kynges serued with a banket, & after mirthē, had communicacion in the banket tyme, and there shewed the one the other their pleasure.

Would not one swear that old Hal showed all that is showed at the Tower ?

I am now in the act of expecting the house of Pritchard⁶, Dame Clive, and Mrs. Metheglin to dinner, but I promise you the Clive and I will not show one another our pleasure in the banket time or afterwards. In the evening we go to a play at Kingston, where the places are twopence a head. Our great company at Richmond and Twickenham has been torn to pieces by civil dissensions, but they continue acting. Mr. Lee⁷, the ape of Garrick, not liking his part, refused to play it, and had the confidence to go into the pit as spectator. The actress, whose benefit was in agitation, made her complaints to the audience, who obliged him to mount the stage ; but since that he is retired from the company. I am sorry he was such a coxcomb, for he was our best.

You say, why won't I go to Lady Mary's ? I say, why won't you go to the Talbots' ? Mary is busied about many things, is dancing the hays between three houses ; but I will

⁶ Mrs. Pritchard the actress and her son, who was treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre.

⁷ Probably John Lee (d. 1781), afterwards a theatrical manager in Edinburgh.

go with you for a day or two to the Talbots' if you like it, and you shall come hither to fetch me. I have been to see Mr. Hamilton's near Cobham⁸, where he has really made a fine place out of a most cursed hill. Esher I have seen again twice, and prefer it to all villas, even to Southcote's⁹; Kent is Kentissime there. I have been laughing too at Claremont house; the gardens are improved since I saw them: do you know that the pine-apples are literally sent to Hanover by couriers? I am serious. Since the Duke of N. went, and upon the news of the Duke of Somerset's illness, he has transmitted his commands through the King, and by him through the Bedford to the University of Cambridge to forbid their electing anybody—but the most ridiculous person they could elect—his Grace of Newcastle. The Prince hearing this, has wrote to them, that having heard of his Majesty's commands, he should by no means oppose them. This is sensible; but how do the two secretaries answer such a violent act of authority? Nolkejumskoi¹⁰ has let down his dignity and his discipline, and invites continually all officers that are members of Parliament. Dodington's sentence of expulsion is sealed; Lyttelton is to have his place¹¹ (the second time he has tripped up his heels); Lord Barrington is to go into the Treasury, and Dick Edgecumbe into the Admiralty. Rigby is gone from hence to Sir William Stanhope's, for the Aylesbury races, where the Grenvilles and their Peggy Banks design to appear and avow their triumph¹². Gray has been here a few days, and is transported with your story of Madame Bentley's diving, and her white man, and in short with all your stories.—Room for cuckolds, here comes my company—

⁸ Painshill, the seat of the Hon. Charles Hamilton.

⁹ Woburn Farm, the seat of Philip Southcote.

¹⁰ The Duke of Cumberland.

¹¹ This does not appear to have taken place.

¹² They had procured the removal of the assizes from Aylesbury to Buckingham.

Aug. 12.

I had not time to finish my letter last night, for we did not return from the dismal play, which was in a barn at Kingston, till twelve o'clock at night. Our dinner passed off very well; the Clive was very good company; you know how much she admires Ashton's preaching. She says she is always vastly good for two or three days after his sermons, but by the time that Thursday comes, all their effect is worn out. I never saw more proper decent behaviour than Mrs. Pritchard's, and I assure you even Mr. Treasurer Pritchard was far better than I expected. Adieu! Yours ever,

CHAUCERIDES.

279. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY,

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1748.

Whatever you may think, a campaign at Twickenham furnishes as little matter for a letter as an abortive one in Flanders. I can't say indeed that my generals wear black wigs, but they have long full-bottomed hoods which cover as little entertainment to the full.

There's General my Lady Castlecomer¹, and General my Lady Dowager Ferrers²! Why, do you think I can extract more out of them than you can out of Hawley or Honeywood? Your old women dress, go to the Duke's levee, see that the soldiers cock their hats right, sleep after dinner, and soak with their led-captains till bed-time, and tell a thousand lies of what they never did in their youth. Change hats for head-clothes, the rounds for visits, and led-captains for toad-eaters, and the life is the very same.

LETTER 279.—¹ Hon. Frances Pelham, daughter of first Lord Pelham, and sister of the Duke of Newcastle; m. (1717) Christopher Wandsford, second Viscount Castlecomer; d.

1756.

² Selina, daughter of George Finch, of London; m. (1699) Sir Robert Shirley, afterwards Viscount Tamworth and Earl Ferrers; d. 1762.

In short, these are the people I live in the midst of, though not with; and it is for want of more important histories that I have wrote to you so seldom; not, I give you my word, from the least negligence. My present and sole occupation is planting, in which I have made great progress, and talk very learnedly with the nurserymen, except that now and then a lettuce run to seed overturns all my botany, as I have more than once taken it for a curious West Indian flowering shrub. Then the deliberation with which trees grow, is extremely inconvenient to my natural impatience. I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded that a hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip-roots. I have even begun a treatise or panegyric on the great discoveries made by posterity in all arts and sciences, wherein I shall particularly descant on the great and cheap convenience of making trout-rivers—one of the improvements which Mrs. Kerwood wondered Mr. Hedges would not make at his country-house, but which was not then quite so common as it will be. I shall talk of a secret for roasting a wild boar and a whole pack of hounds alive, without hurting them, so that the whole chase may be brought up to table; and for this secret, the Duke of Newcastle's grandson, if he can ever get a son, is to give a hundred thousand pounds. Then the delightfulness of having whole groves of humming-birds, tame tigers taught to fetch and carry, pocket spying-glasses to see all that is doing in China, with a thousand other toys, which we now look upon as impracticable, and which pert posterity would laugh in one's face for staring at, while they are offering rewards for perfecting discoveries, of the principles of which we have not the least conception! If ever this book should come forth, I must expect to have all the

learned in arms against me, who measure all knowledge backward: some of them have discovered symptoms of all arts in Homer; and Pineda³ had so much faith in the accomplishments of his ancestors, that he believed Adam understood all sciences but politics. But as these great champions for our forefathers are dead, and Boileau not alive to hitch me into a verse with Perrault⁴, I am determined to admire the learning of posterity, especially being convinced that half our present knowledge sprung from discovering the errors of what had formerly been called so. I don't think I shall ever make any great discoveries myself, and therefore shall be content to propose them to my descendants, like my Lord Bacon, who, as Dr. Shaw⁵ says very prettily in his preface to Boyle, 'had the art of inventing arts': or rather like a Marquis of Worcester⁶, of whom I have seen a little book which he calls *A Century of Inventions*, where he has set down a hundred machines to do impossibilities with, and not a single direction how to make the machines themselves.

If I happen to be less punctual in my correspondence than I intend to be, you must conclude I am writing my book, which being designed for a panegyric, will cost me a great deal of trouble. The dedication, with your leave, shall be addressed to your son that is coming, or, with my Lady Ailesbury's leave, to your ninth son, who will be unborn nearer to the time I am writing of; always provided that she does not bring three at once, like my Lady Berkeley⁷.

³ Pineda was a Spanish Jesuit, and a professor of theology. He died in 1637, after writing voluminous commentaries upon several books of the Holy Scriptures, besides an universal History of the Church. *Walpole*.

⁴ Charles Perrault (1628-1703), upon whom Boileau wrote several epigrams.

⁵ Peter Shaw (1694-1763), who edited the *Philosophical Works* (in three volumes 8vo, 1725) of Hon. Robert Boyle (1627-1691).

⁶ Edward Somerset (1601-1667), second Marquis of Worcester and Earl of Glamorgan, of whom an account is given in *Royal and Noble Authors*.

⁷ In July, 1748, Lady Berkeley gave

Well! I have here set you the example of writing nonsense when one has nothing to say, and shall take it ill if you don't keep up the correspondence on the same foot. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

280. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday night, Sept. 3, 1748.

ALL my sins to Mrs. Talbot you are to expiate; I am here quite alone, and want nothing but your fetching, to go to her. I have been in town for a day, just to see Lord Bury, who is come over with the Duke; they return next Thursday. The Duke is fatter, and it is now not denied that he has entirely lost the sight of one eye. This did not surprise me so much as a *bon-mot* of his. Gumley¹, who you know is grown Methodist², came to tell him, that as he was on duty, a tree in Hyde Park, near the powder magazine, had been set on fire; the Duke replied, *he hoped it was not by the new light*. This nonsensical *new light* is extremely in fashion, and I shall not be surprised if we see a revival of all the folly and cant of the last age. Whitfield preaches continually at my Lady Huntingdon's³, at Chelsea; my Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Bath, my Lady Townshend,

birth to three daughters, who died shortly afterwards.

LETTER 280.—¹ Colonel Samuel Gumley, brother of the Countess of Bath.

² Charles Wesley lived latterly in a house (No. 1, Chesterfield Street, Marylebone) of which the lease was presented to him by Mrs. Gumley.

³ Lady Selina Shirley (d. 1791), second daughter and co-heiress of second Earl Ferrers; m. (1728) Theophilus

Hastings, ninth Earl of Huntingdon (who died in 1746). She was the foundress of a sect of Methodists known as 'Lady Huntingdon's Connexion,' and of a training college for ministers at Trevecca in North Wales, which was transferred to Cheshunt in 1792. She received Whitefield at Chelsea on his return from America in this year (1748), and shortly afterwards appointed him her chaplain.

my Lady Thanet, and others, have been to hear him. What will you lay that, next winter, he is not run after, instead of Garrick?

I am just come from the play at Richmond, where I found the Duchess of Argyll and Lady Betty Campbell, and their court. We had a new actress, a Miss Clough; an extremely fine tall figure, and very handsome: she spoke very justly, and with spirit. Garrick is to produce her next winter; and a Miss Charlotte Ramsay⁴, a poetess, and deplorable actress. Garrick, Barry, and some more of the players, were there to see these new comedians; it is to be their seminary.

Since I came home I have been disturbed with a strange, foolish woman, that lives at the great corner house yonder; she is an attorney's wife, and much given to her bottle. By the time she has finished that and daylight, she grows afraid of thieves, and makes the servants fire minute guns out of the garret windows. I remember persuading Mrs. Kerwood that there was a great smell of thieves, and this drunken dame seems literally to smell it. The divine Ashton, who I suppose you will have seen when you receive this, will give you an account of the astonishment we were in last night at hearing guns; I began to think that the Duke had brought some of his defeats from Flanders.

I am going to tell you a long story, but you will please to remember that I don't intend to tell it well; therefore, if you discover any beauties in the relation where I never intended them, don't conclude, as you did in your last, that I know they are there. If I had not a great command of my pen, and could not force it to write whatever nonsense I had heard last, you would be enough to pervert all one's letters, and put one upon keeping up one's character; but

⁴ Afterwards Mrs. Lennox. She wrote *The Female Quixote*, and other novels, besides plays and poems, and died in 1804.

as I write merely to satisfy you, I shall take no care but not to write well: I hate letters that are called good letters.

You must know then, but did you know a young fellow that was called Handsome Tracy⁵? He was walking in the Park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty; they followed them; but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy.—(There are now three more guns gone off successively—she must be very drunk.) He followed to Whitehall gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them, he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him, and after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters; and in the last offered two hundred pounds a year to her, and a hundred a year to Signora la Madré. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers—'Aye,' says she, 'but if I should, and should lose him by it.' However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the Park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would

⁵ A man about town of whom nothing further appears to be known. He may be identical with the Beau Tracy who figures, under a feigned

name, in a novel by the notorious Dr. Dodd, mentioned in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1777 (p. 339).

do nothing, she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street: the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May Fair⁶. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the King, but that he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did. The mother borrowed a pair of sheets, and they consummated at her house; and the next day they went to their own palace. In two or three days the scene grew gloomy; and the husband coming home one night, swore he could bear it no longer—'Bear! bear what?'—'Why, to be teased by all my acquaintance for marrying a butterwoman's daughter. I am determined to go to France, and will leave you a handsome allowance.'—'Leave me! why you don't fancy you shall leave me? I will go with you.'—'What, you love me then?'—'No matter whether I love you or not, but you shan't go without me.' And they are gone!—If you know anybody that proposes marrying and travelling, I think they cannot do it in a more compendious method.

I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray: he is the worst company in the world—from a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily—all his words

⁶ Mayfair Chapel, where four 'Fleet parsons' (deputies of Alexander Keith, the incumbent, then in prison) celebrated marriages without banns or licence. Tracy's marriage was performed by the Rev. Peter Symson, one of the above-mentioned deputies. It is recorded

as follows in the register of St. George's Chapel, Mayfair (Harleian Society, p. 327), under date 1748:—

'Aug. 4. Robert Tracy, of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, B., and Susannah Owens, of St. Margaret's, Westminster, S.' (See *Notes and Queries*, Sept. 5, 1896.)

are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences; his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable.

There are still two months to London: if you could discover your own mind for any three or four days of that space, I will either go with you to the Tigers or be glad to see you here; but I positively will ask you neither one nor t'other any more. I have raised seven-and-twenty bantams from the patriarchs you sent me. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

281. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 18, 1748.

I HAVE two letters of yours to account for, and nothing to plead but my old insolvency. Oh! yes, I have to scold you, which you find is an inexhaustible fund with me. You sent me your *démêlé*¹ with the whole city of Florence, and charged me to keep it secret—and the first person I saw was my Lord Hobart, who was full of the account he had received from you. You might as well have told a woman a bawdy secret, and expected to have it kept! but you may be very easy, for unless it reaches my Lady Pomfret or my Lady Orford, I dare say it will never get back to Florence; and for those two ladies, I don't think it likely that they should hear it, for the first is in a manner retired from the world, and the world is retired from the second. Now I have vented my anger, I am seriously sorry for you, to be exposed to the impertinence of those silly Florentine women: they deserve a worse term than silly, since they pretend to

LETTER 281.—¹ A Madame Ubal-dini having raised a scandalous story of two persons whom she saw together in Mr. Mann's garden at one of his assemblies, and a scurrilous

sonnet having been made upon the occasion, the Florentine ladies for some time pretended that it would hurt their characters to come any more to his assembly. *Walpole.*

any characters. . . .² How could you act with so much temper ? If they had treated me in this manner, I should have avowed ten times more than they pretended you had done : but you are an absolute minister !

I am much obliged to Prince Beauvau for remembering me, and should be extremely pleased to show him all manner of attentions here : you know I profess great attachment to that family for their civilities to me. But how gracious the Princess³ has been to you ! I am quite jealous of her dining with you : I remember what a rout there was to get her for half of half a quarter of an hour to your assembly.

The Bishop of London⁴ is dead ; having, luckily for his family, as it proves, refused the archbishopric. We owe him the justice to say, that though he had broke with my father, he always expressed himself most handsomely about him, and without any resentment or ingratitude.

Your brothers are coming to dine with me ; your brother Gal is extremely a favourite with me : I took to him for his resemblance to you, but am grown to love him upon his own fund.

The Peace is still in a cloud : according to custom, we have hurried on our complaisance before our new friends were at all ready with theirs. There was a great Regency⁵ kept in town, to take off the prohibition of commerce with Spain : when they were met, somebody asked if Spain was ready to take off theirs ?—‘Oh, Lord ! we never thought of that !’ They sent for Wall⁶, and asked him if his court would take the same step with us ? He said, ‘he believed

² Passage omitted.

³ Princess Craon.

⁴ Dr. Edmund Gibson had been very intimate with Sir R. W., and was designed by him for Archbishop, after the death of Wake ; but setting himself at the head of the clergy against the Quaker Bill, he broke with Sir Robert, and lost the Arch-

bishoprick, which was given to Potter ; but on his death, the succeeding ministry offered it to Dr. Gibson. *Walpole*.

⁵ A meeting of the persons composing the Regency during the King's absence in Hanover. *Dover*.

⁶ General Wall, the Spanish Ambassador. *Walpole*.

they might, but he had no orders about it.' However, we proceeded, and hitherto are bit.

Adieu! by the first opportunity I shall send you the two books of Houghton, for yourself and Dr. Cocchi. My Lord Orford is much mended: my uncle has no prospect of ever removing from his couch.

282. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1748.

I SHALL write you a very short letter, for I don't know what business we have to be corresponding when we might be together. I really wish to see you, for you know I am convinced of what you say to me. It is few people I ask to come hither, and if possible, still fewer that I wish to see here. The disinterestedness of your friendship for me has always appeared, and is the only sort that for the future I will ever accept, and consequently I never expect any more friends—as to trying to make any by obligations, I have had such woful success, that, for fear of thinking still worse than I do of the world, I will never try more. But you are abominable to reproach me with not letting you go to Houghton: have not I offered a thousand times to carry you there? I mean, since it was my brother's: I did not expect to prevail with you before, for you are so unaccountable, that you not only will never do a dirty thing, but you won't even venture the appearance of it. I have often applied to you in my own mind a very pretty passage that I remember in a letter of Chillingworth¹; *you would not do that for preferment that you would not do but for preferment.* You oblige me much in what you say about my nephews, and make me happy in the character you have heard of Lord Malpas; I am extremely inclined to believe he deserves

LETTER 282.—¹ William Chillingworth, theologian (1602-1644).

it. I am as sorry to hear what a companion Lord Walpole has got: there has been a good deal of noise about him, but I had laughed at it, having traced the worst reports to his gracious mother, who is now sacrificing the character of her son to her aversion for her husband. If we lived under the Jewish dispensation, how I should tremble at my brother's leaving no children by her, and its coming to my turn to raise him up issue!

Since I gave you the account of the Duchess of Ireland's *piked horns* among the tombs of the Veres, I have found a long account in Bayle of the friar, who, as I remember to have read somewhere, preached so vehemently against that fashion: it was called *Hennin*², and the monk's name was Thomas Conecte. He was afterwards burnt at Rome for censuring the lives of the clergy. As our histories say that Anne of Bohemia introduced the fashion here, it is probable that the French learnt it from us, and were either long before they caught it, or long in retaining the mode, for the Duke of Ireland died in 1389, and Conecte was burnt in 1434. There were, indeed, several years between his preaching down Hennins and his death, but probably not near five and forty years, and half that term was a long duration for so outrageous a fashion. But I have found a still more entertaining fashion in another place in Bayle, which was, the women wearing looking-glasses upon their bellies: I don't conceive for what use, unless it was in the days of the huge codpieces. Adieu! don't write any more, but come.

Yours ever,

H. W.

² 'Cette singulière coiffure... affectait soit la forme d'un cornet revêtu de drap d'or, de velours, de satin, de perles, et surmonté de joyaux, d'où s'échappait un voile de mousseline légère, soit la figure de cornes couvertes également d'un voile. . . . Sous ces

cornes ou *hennins* les cheveux étaient complètement cachés, et les femmes élégantes se faisaient épiler ou couper ras les quelques mèches qui eussent pu paraître sur le front ou aux tempes.' (Viollet-Le-Duc.)

283. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY,

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 6, 1748.

I am sorry our wishes clash so much. Besides that I have no natural inclination for the Parliament, it will particularly disturb me now in the middle of all my planting; for which reason I have never inquired when it will meet, and cannot help you to guess—but I should think not hastily—for I believe the Peace, at least the evacuations¹, are not in so prosperous a way as to be ready to make any figure in the King's Speech. But I speak from a distance; it may all be very toward: our ministers enjoy the consciousness of their wisdom, as the good do of their virtue, and take no pains to make it shine before men. In the mean time, we have several collateral emoluments from the pacification: all our milliners, tailors, tavern-keepers, and young gentlemen are tiding to France for our improvement and luxury; and as I foresee we shall be told on their return that we have lived in a total state of blindness for these six years, and gone absolutely retrograde to all true taste in every particular, I have already begun to practise walking on my head, and doing everything the wrong way. Then Charles Frederick² has turned all his *virtù* into fireworks, and, by his influence at the Ordnance, has prepared such a spectacle for the proclamation of the Peace as is to surpass all its predecessors of bouncing memory. It is to open with a concert of fifteen

LETTER 283.—¹ In view of that article of the Peace which provided for the restitution of all conquests.

² Charles Frederick (1709–1785), afterwards K.B., third son of Sir Thomas Frederick, Knight, Governor of Fort St. George. He was Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and Clerk of the Deliveries in the Ordnance Office; M.P. for New Shoreham. He was a good draughtsman

and a prominent member of the Antiquarian Society. Three volumes of drawings of tombs executed by him in conjunction with the antiquary Smart Lethenillier were in Horace Walpole's possession. 'As comptroller of the ordnance and fireworks, he directed the splendid exhibition in the Green Park on the peace in 1749. (*Gent. Mag.*, 1785, p. 1010).

hundred hands, and conclude with so many hundred thousand crackers all set to music, that all the men killed in the war are to be wakened with the crash, as if it was the day of judgement, and fall a-dancing, like the troops in the *Rehearsal*. I wish you could see him making squibs of his papillotes, and bronzed over with a patina of gunpowder, and talking himself still hoarser on the superiority that his firework will have over the Roman *naumachia*.

I am going to dinner with Lady Sophia Thomas³ at Hampton Court, where I was to meet the Cardigans; but I this minute receive a message that the Duchess of Montagu⁴ is extremely ill, which I am much concerned for on Lady Cardigan's⁵ account, whom I grow every day more in love with; you may imagine, not her person, which is far from improved lately; but, since I have been here, I have lived much with them, and, as George Montagu⁶ says, *in all my practice* I never met a better understanding, nor more really estimable qualities: such a dignity in her way of thinking; so little idea of anything mean or ridiculous, and such proper contempt for both! Adieu! I must go dress for dinner, and you perceive that I wish I had, but have nothing to tell you.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

³ Lady Sophia Keppel, only daughter of first Earl of Albemarle; m. General John Thomas, second son of Sir Edmund Thomas, second Baronet, of Wenvoe Castle, Glamorgan; d. 1773.

⁴ She was mother to Lady Cardigan, and daughter to the great Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole*.—She died in 1751.

⁵ Lady Mary Montagu, third daughter of John, Duke of Montagu, and wife of George Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, afterwards created Duke of Montagu. *Walpole*.

⁶ Nephew to the Earl of Halifax, and elder brother of Colonel, afterwards Sir Charles Montagu, K.B. *Walpole*.

284. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 20, 1748.

You are very formal to send me a ceremonious letter of thanks; you see I am less punctilious, for having nothing to tell you, I did not answer your letter. I have been in the empty town for a day: Mrs. Muscovy and I cannot devise where you have planted jasmine; I am all plantation, and sprout away like any chaste nymph in the *Metamorphosis*.

They say the old monarch at Hanover has got a new mistress—I fear he ought to have got something else new first. Now I talk of getting, Mr. Fox has got the ten thousand pound prize; and the Violette, as it is said, Coventry for a husband. It is certain that at the fine masquerade he was following her, as she was under the Countess's arm, who, pulling off her glove, moved her wedding ring up and down her finger . . .¹ which it seems was to signify that no other terms would be accepted. It is the year of contraband marriages, though I do not find Fanny Murray's is certain. I liked her spirit in an instance I heard t'other night; she was complaining of want of money; Sir Richard Atkins² immediately gave her a twenty pound note; she said 'Damn your twenty pound, what does that signify!'—clapped it between two pieces of bread and butter, and eat it.—Adieu! nothing should make me leave off so shortly but that my gardener waits for me, and you must allow that he is to be preferred to all the world.

Yours ever,

H. W.

LETTER 284.—¹ Passage omitted.² Sir Richard Atkins, sixth Baronet, d. 1756.

285. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1748.

I HAVE laughed heartily at your adventure of Milord Richard Onslow¹; it is an admirable adventure! I am not sure that Riccardi's absurdity was not the best part of it. Where were the Rinuncinis, the Panciaticis, and Pandolfinis? were they as ignorant too? What a brave topic it would have been for Niccolini, if he had been returned, to display all his knowledge of England!

Your brothers are just returned from Houghton, where they found my brother extremely recovered: my uncle too, I hear, is better; but I think that an impossible recovery². Lord Walpole is setting out on his travels: I shall be impatient to have him at Florence; I flatter myself you will like him: I, who am not troubled with partiality to my family, admire him much. Your brother has got the two books of Houghton³, and will send them by the first opportunity: I am by no means satisfied with them; they are full of faults, and the two portraits⁴ wretchedly unlike.

The Peace is signed between us, France, and Holland, but does not give the least joy; the stocks do not rise, and the merchants are unsatisfied; they say France will sacrifice us to Spain, which has not yet signed⁵: in short, there has not been the least symptom of public rejoicing; but the government is to give a magnificent firework.

I believe there are no news, but I am here all alone,

LETTER 285.—¹ One Daniel Bets, a Dutchman or Fleming, who called himself my Lord Richard Onslow, and pretended to be the Speaker's son, having forged letters of credit, and drawn money from several bankers, came to Florence, and was received as an Englishman of quality by Marquis Riccardi, who could not be convinced by Mr. Mann of the

imposture till the adventurer ran away on foot to Rome in the night. *Walpole*.

² Yet he did in great measure recover by the use of soap and lime water. *Walpole*.

³ The *Aedes Walpolianae*.

⁴ Of Sir Robert and Lady Walpole.

⁵ Spain signed on October 20.

planting. The Parliament does not meet till the 29th of next month: I shall go to town but two or three days before that. The Bishop of Salisbury⁶, who refused Canterbury, accepts London, upon a near prospect of some fat fines. Old Tom Walker⁷ is dead, and has left vast wealth and good places; but I have not heard where either are to go. Adieu! I am very paraphrical, and you see have nothing to say.

286. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 2, 1748.

OUR King is returned and our Parliament met: we expected nothing but harmony and tranquillity, and love of the peace; but the very first day opened with a black cloud, that threatens a stormy session. To the great surprise of the ministry, the Tories appear in intimate league with the Prince's party, and both agreed in warm and passionate expressions on the treaty: we shall not have the discussion till after Christmas. My uncle, who is extremely mended by soap, and the hopes of a peerage, is come up, and the very first day broke out in a volley of treaties: though he is altered, you would be astonished at his spirits.

We talk much of the Chancellor's¹ resigning the seals, from weariness of the fatigue, and being made President of the Council, with other consequent changes, which I will write you if they happen; but as this has already been a discourse of six months, I don't give it you for certain.

Mr. Chute, to whom alone I communicated Niccolini's banishment, though it is now talked of from the Duke of Bedford's office, says 'he is sorry the Abbé is banished for the only thing which he ever saw to commend in him,—his

⁶ Dr. Sherlock. *Walpole*.⁷ He was Surveyor of the Roads, had been a kind of toad-eater to Sir R. W. and Lord Godolphin, was agreat frequenter of Newmarket, and a notorious usurer. *Walpole*.LETTER 286.—¹ Lord Hardwicke.

abusing the Tuscan ministry.' I must tell you another admirable *bon mot* of Mr. Chute, now I am mentioning him. Passing by the door of Mrs. Edwards, who died of drams, he saw the motto which the undertakers had placed to her escutcheon, *Mors janua vitae*, he said 'it ought to have been *Mors aqua vitae*.'

The burlettas are begun ; I think, not decisively liked or condemned yet : their success is certainly not rapid, though Pertici is excessively admired. Garrick says he is the best comedian he ever saw : but the women are execrable, not a pleasing note amongst them. Lord Middlesex has stood a trial with Monticelli for arrears of salary, in Westminster Hall, and even let his own handwriting be proved against him ! You may imagine he was cast. Hume Campbell, Lord Marchmont's brother, a favourite advocate, and whom the ministry have pensioned out of the opposition into silence, was his counsel, and protested, striking his breast, that he had never set his foot but once into an opera-house in his life. This affectation of British patriotism is excellently ridiculous in a man so known : I have often heard my father say, that of all the men he ever knew, Lord Marchmont and Hume Campbell were the most abandoned in their professions to him on their coming into the world : he was hindered from accepting their services by the present Duke of Argyll, of whose faction they were not. They then flung themselves into the opposition, where they both have made great figures, till the elder was shut out of Parliament by his father's death, and the younger, being very foolishly dismissed from being Solicitor to the Prince, in favour of Mr. Bathurst², accepted a pension from the court, and

² Hon. Henry Bathurst (1714-1794), second son of first Earl Bathurst, whom he succeeded in 1775; Solicitor to Prince of Wales, 1746; Attorney-General to the Princess Dowager of Wales, 1751-54;

Commissioner of the Great Seal, 1770; Lord Chancellor, 1771-78; cr. (1771) Baron Apsley of Apsley; Lord President of the Council, 1779-82.

seldom comes into the House, and has lately taken to live on roots and to study astronomy. Lord Marchmont, you know, was one of Pope's heroes, had a place in Scotland on Lord Chesterfield's coming into the ministry, though he had not power to bring him into the sixteen; and was very near losing his place last winter, on being supposed the author of the famous apology³ for Lord Chesterfield's resignation. This is the history of these Scotch brothers, which I have told you for want of news.

Two Oxford scholars⁴ are condemned to two years' imprisonment for treason; and their Vice-Chancellor⁵, for winking at it, is soon to be tried. What do you say to the young Pretender persisting to stay in France? It will not be easy to persuade me that it is without the approbation of that court. Adieu!

287. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 15, 1748.

I CONCLUDE your Italy talks of nothing but the young Pretender's imprisonment at Vincennes¹. I don't know whether he be a Stuart, but I am sure by his extravagance

³ *An Apology for a late Resignation, in a Letter from an English Gentleman to his Friend at the Hague.* Horace Walpole, in his *Memoirs of George II*, states that it was 'supposed to be drawn up by Lord Marchmont under his [Lord Chesterfield's] direction and was very well written.' (Ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 44.)

⁴ John Whitmore of Balliol, and James Dawes of St. Mary Hall. Their sentence was 'to be fined five nobles each, to suffer two years' imprisonment in the King's Bench prison, and to find two sureties for their good behaviour for seven years; themselves bound in £500 each, and their sureties in £250 each; and to

walk immediately round Westminster Hall, with a libel affixed to their foreheads, denoting their crime and sentence; and to ask pardon of the several courts.' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1748, p. 522.)

⁵ John Purnell, Warden of New College 1740-64. His trial, originally fixed for Feb. 6, 1749, appears to have been indefinitely postponed.

LETTER 287.—¹ On Dec. 11, Prince Charles Edward (who had refused to leave Paris in accordance with the conditions of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle) was seized and conveyed to Vincennes, where he was imprisoned for some days.

he has proved himself of English extraction! What a mercy that we had not him here! with a temper so impetuous and obstinate, as to provoke a French government when in their power, what would he have done with an English government in his power? An account came yesterday that he, with his Sheridan² and a Mr. Stafford (who was a creature of my Lord Bath), are transmitted to Pont Beauvoisin³, under a solemn promise never to return into France (I suppose, unless they send for him). It is said that a Mr. Dun, who married Alderman Parsons's eldest daughter, is in the Bastile for having struck the officer when the young man was arrested.

Old Somerset⁴ is at last dead, and the Duke of Newcastle Chancellor of Cambridge, to his heart's content. Somerset tendered his pride even beyond his hate; for he has left the present Duke all the furniture of his palaces, and forbore to charge the estate, according to a power he had, with five-and-thirty thousand pounds. To his Duchess⁵, who has endured such a long slavery with him, he has left nothing but one thousand pounds and a small farm, besides her jointure; giving the whole of his unsettled estate, which is about six thousand pounds a year, equally between his two daughters, and leaving them absolutely in their own powers now, though neither are of age; and to Lady Frances⁶, the eldest, he has additionally given the fine house built by Inigo Jones, in Lincoln's Inn Fields (which he had bought of the Duke of Ancaster⁷ for the Duchess), hoping that his

² Probably a son or relative of Thomas Sheridan, formerly the Prince's governor, who died at Rome in 1746.

³ In Savoy.

⁴ The sixth Duke, known as the 'Proud Duke.'

⁵ Charlotte Finch, sister of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, second wife of Charles Seymour, Duke

of Somerset; by whom she had two daughters, Lady Frances, married to the Marquis of Granby, and Lady Charlotte to Lord Guernsey, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesford. *Walpole*.

⁶ Lady Frances Seymour, m. (1750) John Manners, Marquis of Granby, eldest son of third Duke of Rutland; d. 1760.

⁷ Peregrine Bertie (circ. 1720-

daughter will let her mother live with her. To Sir Thomas Bootle he has given half a borough, and a whole one⁸ to his grandson Sir Charles Windham⁹, with an estate that cost him fourteen thousand pounds. To Mr. O'Brien¹⁰, Sir Charles Windham's brother, a single thousand; and to Miss Windham¹¹ an hundred a year, which he gave her annually at Christmas, and is just such a legacy as you would give to a housekeeper to prevent her from going to service again. She is to be married immediately to the second Grenville; they have waited for a larger legacy. The famous settlement¹² is found, which gives Sir Charles Windham about twelve thousand pounds a year of the Percy estate after the present Duke's death; the other five, with the barony of Percy, must go to Lady Betty Smithson¹³. I don't know whether you ever heard that, in Lord Granville's administration, he had prevailed with the King to grant the earldom of Northumberland to Sir Charles; Lord Hertford represented against it; at last the King said he would give it to whoever they would make it appear was to have the Percy estate; but old Somerset refused to let anybody see his writings, and so the affair dropped, everybody believing there was no such settlement.

John Stanhope of the Admiralty is dead, and Lord Chester-

1778), third Duke of Ancaster; Master of the Horse to Queen Charlotte, 1765.

⁸ Midhurst in Sussex. *Dover*.

⁹ Afterwards (1750) Earl of Egremont.

¹⁰ Created (1756) Earl of Thomond.

¹¹ Elizabeth (d. 1769), daughter of Sir William Windham, third Baronet, m. (1749) Hon. George Grenville.

¹² The Duke's first wife was the heiress of the house of Northumberland: she made a settlement of her estate, in case her sons died without heirs-male, on the children of her daughters. Her eldest daughter, Catherine, married Sir William

Windham, whose son, Sir Charles, by the death of Lord Beauchamp, only son of Algernon, Earl of Hertford, and afterwards Duke of Somerset, succeeded to the greatest part of the Percy estate, preferably to Elizabeth, daughter of the same Algernon, who was married to Sir Hugh Smithson. *Walpole*.

¹³ Lady Elizabeth Seymour, only daughter of seventh Duke of Somerset; m. (1740) Sir Hugh Smithson, fourth Baronet (who was afterwards created Duke and Earl of Northumberland and took the name of Percy). She was Lady in Waiting to Queen Charlotte, 1761-75, and died in 1776.

field gets thirty thousand pounds for his life: I hear Mr. Villiers is most likely to succeed to that board. You know all the Stanhopes are a family *aux bons-mots*: I must tell you one of this John. He was sitting by an old Mr. Curzon¹⁴, a nasty wretch, and very covetous: his nose wanted blowing, and continued to want it: at last Mr. Stanhope, with the greatest good-breeding, said, 'Indeed, Sir, if you don't wipe your nose, you will lose that drop.'...¹⁵

I am extremely pleased with Monsieur de Mirepoix's¹⁶ being named for this embassy; and I beg you will desire Princesse Craon to recommend me to Madame¹⁷, for I would be particularly acquainted with her as she is their daughter. Hogarth has run a great risk since the peace; he went to France, and was so imprudent as to be taking a sketch of the drawbridge at Calais. He was seized and carried to the governor, where he was forced to prove his vocation by producing several *caricaturas* of the French; particularly a scene¹⁸ of the shore, with an immense piece of beef landing for the Lion d'Argent, the English inn at Calais, and several hungry friars following it. They were much diverted with his drawings, and dismissed him.

Mr. Chute lives at the Heralds' Office in your service, and yesterday got particularly acquainted with your great-great-grandmother. He says, by her character, she would be extremely shocked at your *wet-brown-paperiness*, and that she was particularly famous for breaking her own pads. Adieu!

¹⁴ A son of Sir Nathaniel Curzon, second Baronet.

¹⁵ Passage omitted.

¹⁶ Charles Pierre Gaston François de Lévis (1699-1758), Marquis, afterwards Duc, de Mirepoix; Ambassador in London, 1749; Lieutenant-General of Languedoc, 1755; Maréchal de France, 1757.

¹⁷ Anne Marguerite Gabrielle de Beauvau-Craon; m. (1739) Marquis, afterwards Duc, de Mirepoix. This was her second marriage, her first

husband having been the Prince de Lixin, who was killed in a duel by the Duc de Richelieu. She was *Dame d'Honneur* to Queen Marie Leczinska, and took a prominent part in court intrigues. She paid great court to Madame de Pompadour, and countenanced Madame du Barri.

¹⁸ He engraved and published it on his return. *Walpole*.—The print entitled 'The Roast Beef of Old England.'

288. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 26, 1748.

DID you ever know a more absolute country-gentleman? Here am I come down to what you call keep my Christmas! indeed it is not in all the forms; I have stuck no laurel and holly in my windows, I eat no turkey and chine, I have no tenants to invite, I have not brought a single soul with me. The weather is excessively stormy, but has been so warm, and so entirely free from frosts the whole winter, that not only several of my honeysuckles are come out, but I have literally a blossom upon a nectarine-tree, which I believe was never seen in this climate before on the 26th of December. I am extremely busy here planting; I have got four more acres, which makes my territory prodigious in a situation where land is so scarce, and villas as abundant as formerly at Tivoli and Baïæ. I have now about fourteen acres, and am making a terrace the whole breadth of my garden on the brow of a natural hill, with meadows at the foot, and commanding the river, the village, Richmond Hill, and the Park, and part of Kingston—but I hope never to show it you. What you hint at in your last, increase of character, I should be extremely against your stirring in now: the whole system of embassies is in confusion, and more candidates than employments. I would have yours pass, as it is, for settled. If you were to be talked of, especially for a higher character at Florence, one don't know whom the additional dignity might tempt. Hereafter, perhaps, it might be practicable for you, but I would by no means advise your soliciting it at present. Sir Charles Williams is the great obstacle to all arrangement: Mr. Fox makes a point of his going to Turin; the ministry, who do not love him, are not for his going anywhere. Mr. Villiers is talked of for Vienna, though just made a Lord of the

Admiralty. There were so many competitors, that at last Mr. Pelham said he would carry in two names to the King, and he should choose (a great indulgence!). Sir Peter Warren and Villiers were carried in; the King chose the latter. I believe there is a little of Lord Granville in this, and in a Mr. Hooper, who was turned out with the last ministry, and is now made a Commissioner of the Customs: the pretence is, to vacate a seat in Parliament for Sir Thomas Robinson, who is made a Lord of Trade; a scurvy reward after making the peace. Mr. Villiers, you know, has been much *gazetted*, and had his letters to the King of Prussia printed¹; but he is a very silly fellow. I met him the other day at Lord Granville's, where, on the subject of a new play, he began to give the Earl an account of Coriolanus, with reflections on his history. Lord Granville at last grew impatient, and said, 'Well! well! it is an old story; it may not be true.' As we went out together, I said, 'I like the approach to this house².'—'Yes,' said Villiers, 'and I love to be in it; for I never come here but I hear something I did not know before.' Last year, I asked him to attend a controverted election in which I was interested; he told me he would with all his heart, but that he had resolved not to vote in elections for the first session, for that he owned he could not understand them—not understand them!

Lord St. John³ is dead; he had a place in the Custom House of 1,200*l.* a year, which his father⁴ had bought of the Duchess of Kendal for two lives, for 4,000*l.* Mr. Pelham has got it for Lord Lincoln and his child⁵.

LETTER 288.—¹ He had been Minister in Berlin.

² Lord Granville's house in Arlington Street was the lowest on the Green Park side.

³ John St. John (circ. 1695–1748), second Viscount St. John; Comp-

troller of the Customs of London, 1740. He was half-brother of Lord Bolingbroke.

⁴ Henry St. John (1652–1742), first Viscount St. John.

⁵ George Clinton, Lord Clinton, d. 1752.

I told you in my last a great deal about old Somerset's will: they have since found 150,000*l.* which goes, too, between the two daughters⁶. It had been feared that he would leave nothing to the youngest; two or three years ago, he waked after dinner and found himself upon the floor; she used to watch him, had left him, and he had fallen from his couch. He forbade everybody to speak to her; but yet to treat her with respect as his daughter. She went about the house for a year, without anybody daring openly to utter a syllable to her; and it was never known that he had forgiven her. His whole stupid life was a series of pride and tyranny.

There have been great contests in the Privy Council about the trial of the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford: the Duke of Bedford and Lord Gower pressed it extremely. The latter asked the Attorney-General⁷ his opinion, who told him the evidence did not appear strong enough: Lord Gower said, 'Mr. Attorney, you seem to be very lukewarm for your party.' He replied, 'My lord, I never was lukewarm for my party, *nor ever was but of one party.*' There is a scheme for vesting in the King the nomination of the Chancellor of that University⁸, who has much power—and much noise it would make! The Lord Chancellor is to be High Steward of Cambridge, in succession to the Duke of Newcastle.

The families of Devonshire and Chesterfield have received a great blow at Derby, where, on the death of John Stanhope, they set up another of the name. One Mr. Rivett, the Duke's chief friend and manager, stood himself, and carried it by a majority of seventy-one⁹. Lord Chesterfield had sent

⁶ Lady Frances and Lady Charlotte Seymour, married respectively to the Marquis of Granby and Lord Guernsey (afterwards Earl of Aylesford).

⁷ Sir Dudley Ryder. *Walpole*.

⁸ In consequence of the Jacobite

leanings of Oxford at that time.

⁹ 'A very worthy gentleman, Capt. Thomas Stanhope, was recommended by the D. of Dev— and the Earl of Ch—, but the independent Whigs, without any dislike to either, resenting that some few had secretly under-

down credit for ten thousand pounds. The Cavendishes, however, are very happy, for Lady Hartington¹⁰ has produced a son¹¹.

I asked a very intelligent person if there could be any foundation for the story of Niccolini's banishment taking its rise from complaints of our court: he answered very sensibly, that even if our court had complained, which was most unlikely, it was not at all probable that the court of Vienna would have paid any regard to it. There is another paragraph in your same letter in which I must set you right: you talk of the sudden change of my opinion about Lord Walpole: I never had but one opinion about him, and that was always most favourable: nor can I imagine what occasioned your mistake, unless my calling him *a wild boy*, where I talked of the consequences of his father's death. I meant nothing in the world by *wild*, but the thoughtlessness of a boy of nineteen, who comes to the possession of a peerage and an estate. My partiality, I am sure, could never let me say anything else of him.

Mr. Chute's sister is dead. When I came from town Mr. Whithed had heard nothing of her will: she had about four thousand pounds. The brother¹² is so capricious a monster, that we almost hope she has not given the whole to our friend.

You will be diverted with a story I am going to tell you; it is very long, and so is my letter already; but you perceive I am in the country and have nothing to hurry me. There is about town a Sir William Burdett, a man of a very good

taken for his election, to preserve their liberties, set up their townsman Mr. Revett, who had 380 to 311.' (Letter from Derby, quoted in *Gent. Mag.* 1748, p. 573.)

¹⁰ Lady Charlotte Boyle, second daughter of Richard, Earl of Burlington and Cork, and wife of Wil-

liam, Marquis of Hartington. *Walpole*.

¹¹ William Cavendish (1748-1811), styled Marquis of Hartington, 1755-64; succeeded his father as fifth Duke of Devonshire, 1764; K.G., 1782.

¹² Antony Chute.

family, but most infamous character. He formerly was at Paris with a Mrs. Penn, a Quaker's wife, whom he there bequeathed to the public, and was afterwards a sharper at Brussels, and lately came to England to discover a plot for poisoning the Prince of Orange, in which I believe he was poisoner, poison, and informer all himself. In short, to give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the bet-book at White's (a MS. of which I may one day or other give you an account), that the first baronet that will be hanged is this Sir William Burdett. About two months ago he met at St. James's a Lord Castledurrough¹³, a young Irishman, and no genius as you will find, and entered into conversation with him: the Lord, seeing a gentleman, fine, polite, and acquainted with everybody, invited him to dinner for next day, and a Captain Rodney¹⁴, a young seaman, who has made a fortune by very gallant behaviour during the war. At dinner it came out, that neither the Lord nor the Captain had ever been at any Pelham-levees. 'Good God!' said Sir William, 'that must not be so any longer; I beg I may carry you to both the Duke and Mr. Pelham: I flatter myself I am very well with both.' The appointment was made for the next Wednesday and Friday: in the mean time, he invited the two young men to dine with him the next day. When they came, he presented them to a lady, dressed foreign, as a princess of the house of Brandenburg: she had a toad-eater, and there was another man, who gave himself for a count. After dinner Sir William looked at his

¹³ Henry Flower, Lord Castledurrough, afterwards created Viscount Ashbrook.

¹⁴ George Brydges Rodney (1718-1792), created a Baronet in 1764, and a peer (as Baron Rodney of RodneyStoke, Somersetshire) in 1782; Admiral of the White, 1778; Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, 1781. His principal exploits were the destruc-

tion of the harbour of Havre, 1759; the capture of Martinique, 1762; the defeat of the Spanish fleet, and relief of Gibraltar, 1780; and the defeat of the French fleet under the Comte de Grasse, April 12, 1782. In command of the *Eagle*, Rodney had distinguished himself in Hawke's victory over the French on Oct. 14, 1747.

watch, and said, 'Jesus! it is not so late as I thought by an hour; Princess, will your Highness say how we shall divert ourselves till it is time to go to the play!' 'Oh!' said she, 'for my part you know I abominate everything but pharaoh.' 'I am very sorry, Madam,' replied he, very gravely, 'but I don't know whom your Highness will get to tally to you; you know I am ruined by dealing.' 'Oh!' says she, 'the Count will deal to us.' 'I would with all my soul,' said the Count, 'but I protest I have no money about me.' She insisted: at last the Count said, 'Since your Highness commands us peremptorily, I believe Sir William has four or five hundred pounds of mine, that I am to pay away in the City to-morrow; if he will be so good as to step to his bureau for that sum, I will make a bank of it.' Mr. Rodney owns he was a little astonished at seeing the Count shuffle with the faces of the cards upwards; but concluding that Sir William Burdett, at whose house he was, was a relation or particular friend of Lord Castledurrough, he was unwilling to affront my Lord. In short, my Lord and he lost about a hundred and fifty apiece, and it was settled that they should meet for payment the next morning at breakfast at Ranelagh. In the mean time Lord C. had the curiosity to inquire a little into the character of his new friend the baronet; and being *au fait*, he went up to him at Ranelagh and apostrophized him; 'Sir William, here is the sum I think I lost last night; since that I have heard that you are a professed pickpocket, and therefore desire to have no farther acquaintance with you.' Sir William bowed, took the money and no notice; but as they were going away, he followed Lord Castledurrough and said, 'Good God, my Lord, my equipage is not come; will you be so good as to set me down at Buckingham Gate?' and without staying for an answer, whipped into the chariot, and came to town with him. If you don't admire the coolness of this impudence,

I shall wonder. Adieu! I have written till I can scarce write my name¹⁵.

289. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1749.

I HAVE been so shut up in the House of Commons for this last fortnight or three weeks, that I have not had time to write you a line: we have not had such a session since the famous beginning of last Parliament. I am come hither for a day or two of rest and air, and find the additional pleasure of great beauty in my improvements: I could talk to you through the whole sheet, and with much more satisfaction, upon this head; but I shall postpone my own amusement to yours, for I am sure you want much more to know what has been doing in Parliament than at Strawberry Hill. You will conclude that we have been fighting over the Peace; but we have not. It is laid before Parliament, but will not be taken up; the opposition foresee that a vote of approbation would pass, and therefore will not begin upon it, as they wish to reserve it for censure in the next reign—or perhaps the next reign does not care to censure now what he must hereafter maintain—and the ministry do not seem to think their treaty so perfect as not to be liable to blame, should it come to be canvassed. We have been then upon several other matters: but first I should tell you, that from the utmost tranquillity and impotence of a minority, there is at once started up so formidable an opposition as to divide 137 against 203. The minority is headed by the Prince, who has continued opposing, though very unsuccessfully, ever since the removal of Lord Granville, and the desertion of the Patriots. He stayed till the Pelhams had bought off every man of parts in his train, and then began to form his

¹⁵ N.B.—The letter which immediately followed this miscarried, *Walpole*.

party. Lord Granville has never come into it, for fear of breaking with the King; and seems now to be patching up again with his old enemies. If Lord Bath has dealt with the Prince, it has been underhand. His ministry has had at the head of it poor Lord Baltimore, a very good-natured, weak, honest man; and Dr. Lee, a civilian, who was of Lord Granville's Admiralty, and is still much attached to him. He is a grave man, and a good speaker, but of no very bright parts, and, from his way of life and profession, much ignorant of, and unfit for, a ministry. You will wonder what new resources the Prince has discovered—why, he has found them all in Lord Egmont, whom you have heard of under the name of Lord Perceval; but his father¹, an Irish Earl, is lately dead. As he is likely to make a very considerable figure in our history, I shall give you a more particular account of him. He has always earnestly studied our history and constitution and antiquities, with very ambitious views; and practised speaking early in the Irish Parliament. Indeed, this turn is his whole fund, for though he is between thirty and forty, he knows nothing of the world, and is always unpleasantly dragging the conversation to political dissertations. When very young, as he has told me himself, he dabbled in writing *Craftsmen* and party papers; but the first event that made him known, was his carrying the Westminster election at the end of my father's ministry, which he amply described in the history of his own family, a genealogical work called *The History of the House of Yvery*², a work which cost him three thousand pounds, as the Heralds informed Mr. Chute and me, when we went to their office on your business; and which was so ridiculous, that he has since tried to suppress all the copies. It concluded with the

LETTER 289.—¹ John Perceval (1683–1748), first Earl of Egmont.

² The materials for this work were collected by the first Earl of Egmont

with his son's assistance, and it was compiled by James Anderson and William Whiston.

description of the Westminster election, in these or some such words, 'And here let us leave this young nobleman struggling for the dying liberties of his country!' When the change in the ministry happened, and Lord Bath was so abused by the remnant of the Patriots, Lord Egmont published his celebrated pamphlet, called *Faction Detected*, a work which the Pitts and Lytteltons have never forgiven him; and which, though he continued voting and sometimes speaking with the Pelhams, made him quite unpopular during all the last Parliament. When the new elections approached, he stood on his own bottom at Weobly in Herefordshire; but his election being contested, he applied for Mr. Pelham's support, who carried it for him in the House of Commons. This will always be a material blot in his life: for he had no sooner secured his seat, than he openly attached himself to the Prince, and has since been made a Lord of his Bedchamber. At the opening of this session, he published an extreme good pamphlet, which has made infinite noise, called *An Examination of the Principles and Conduct of the two Brothers* (the Pelhams), and as Dr. Lee has been laid up with the gout, Egmont has taken the lead in the opposition, and has made as great a figure as perhaps was ever made in so short a time. He is very bold and resolved, master of vast knowledge, and speaks at once with fire and method. His words are not picked and chosen like Pitt's, but his language is useful, clear, and strong. He has already by his parts and resolution mastered his great unpopularity, so far as to be heard with the utmost attention, though I believe nobody had ever more various difficulties to combat. All the old corps hate him, on my father's and Mr. Pelham's account; the new part of the ministry on their own. The Tories have not quite forgiven his having left them in last Parliament: besides that, they are now governed by one Prowse, a cold plausible fellow, and a great well-

wisher to Mr. Pelham. Lord Strange³, a busy Lord of a party by himself, yet voting generally with the Tories, continually clashes with Lord Egmont; and besides all this, there is a faction in the Prince's family, headed by Nugent, who are for moderate measures.

Nugent is most affectedly an humble servant of Mr. Pelham, and seems only to have attached himself to the Prince, in order to make the better bargain with the ministry: he has great parts, but they never know how to disentangle themselves from bombast and absurdities. Besides these, there are two young men who make some figure in the rising opposition, Bathurst, Attorney to the Prince; and Potter, whom I believe you have had mentioned in my letters of last year; but he has a bad constitution, and is seldom able to be in town. Neither of these are in the scale of moderation.

The opposition set out this winter with trying to call for several negotiations during the war; but the great storm which has so much employed us of late, was stirred up by Colonel Lyttelton⁴; who, having been ill-treated by the Duke, has been dealing with the Prince. He discovered to the House some innovations in the Mutiny Bill⁵, of which, though he could not make much, the opposition have, and fought the bill for a whole fortnight; during the course of which the world has got much light into many very arbitrary proceedings of the Commander-in-Chief⁶, which have been the more believed too by the defection of my Lord Town-

³ James Smith-Stanley (1717-1771), styled (erroneously) Lord Strange; eldest son of eleventh Earl of Derby, whom he predeceased; M.P. for Lancashire; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1762-71. Lord Strange should have been styled Lord Stanley; the barony of Strange having devolved upon the second Duke of Athol, as heir-general of the seventh Earl of Derby.

⁴ Richard, third son of Sir Thomas, and brother of Sir George Lyttelton; he married the Duchess Dowager of Bridgewater, and was afterwards made a Knight of the Bath. *Walpole*.

⁵ For details concerning this bill, see Lecky, *Hist. Eighteenth Cent.*, ed. 1892, vol. ii. pp. 140-4.

⁶ The Duke of Cumberland.

shend's eldest son⁷, who is one of his aide-de-camps. Though the ministry, by the weight of numbers, have carried their point in a great measure, yet you may be sure great heats have been raised; and those have been still more inflamed by a correspondent practice in a new Navy Bill⁸, brought in by the direction of Lord Sandwich and Lord Anson, but vehemently opposed by half the fleet, headed by Sir Peter Warren, the conqueror of Cape Breton, richer than Anson, and absurd as Vernon. The bill has even been petitioned against, and the mutinous were likely to go great lengths, if the Admiralty had not bought off some by money, and others by relaxing in the material points. We began upon it yesterday, and are still likely to have a long affair of it—so much for politics; and as for anything else, I scarce know anything else. My Lady Huntingdon⁹, the Queen of the Methodists, has got her daughter named for Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses; but it is all off again, as she will not let her play at cards on Sundays. It is equally absurd on both sides, to refuse it, or to insist upon it.

Pray tell Dr. Cocchi that I shall be extremely ready to do him any service in his intended edition of the old physicians, but that I fear it is a kind of work that will lie very little within my sphere to promote. Learning is confined to very narrow bounds at present, and those seldom within the circle in which I necessarily live; but my regard for him and for you would make me take any pains. You see, I believe, that I do take pains for you—I have not writ such a letter to anybody these three years. Adieu!

P.S. I am very sorry for your sake that the Prince and Princess¹⁰ are leaving Florence: if ever I return thither, as

⁷ Hon. George, afterwards first Marquis Townshend.

⁸ It consisted of a code of Articles of War which remained in force till 1865.

⁹ Selina, daughter of the Earl Ferrers, and widow of Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon. *Walpole*.

¹⁰ Craon. *Walpole*.

I always flatter myself I shall, I should miss them extremely.
Lord Albemarle goes ambassador to Paris.

290. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1749.

OUR debates on the two military bills, the naval one of which is not yet finished, have been so tedious, that they have rather whittled down the opposition than increased it. In the Lords, the Mutiny Bill passed pretty easily, there happening a quarrel between Lord Bathurst and Lord Bath on the method of their measures; so there never divided above sixteen in the minority, and those scarce any of the Prince's Lords. Duke William was there and voted, which was too indecent in a rigorous bill calculated for his own power. There is great disunion among the ministers on the naval bill: Mr. Pelham and Pitt (the latter out of hatred and jealousy of Lord Sandwich) gave up the Admiralty in a material point, but the paramount little Duke of Bedford has sworn that they shall recant on the report—what a figure they will make! This bill was chiefly of Anson's projecting, who grows every day into new unpopularity. He has lately had a sea-piece drawn of the victory for which he was lorded, in which his own ship in a cloud of cannon was boarding the French Admiral. This circumstance, which was as true as if Mademoiselle Scudéry had written his life (for he was scarce in sight when the Frenchman struck to Boscawen), has been so ridiculed by the whole tarhood, that the romantic part has been forced to be cancelled, and one only gun remains firing at Anson's ship. The two Secretaries of State¹ grow every day nearer to a breach: the King's going abroad is to decide the contest. Newcastle, who Hanoverises more and more every day, pushes on the

LETTER 290.—¹ The Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford.

journey, as he is to be the attendant minister: his lamentable brother is the constant sacrifice of all these embroils.

At Leicester House the jars are as great: Dodington, who has just resigned the Treasuryship of the Navy, in hopes of once more governing that court (and there is no court where he has not once or twice tried the same scheme!) does not succeed: Sir Francis Dashwood and Lord Talbot are strongly for him—could one conceive that he could still find a dupe? Mr. Fox had a mind to succeed him, but both King and Duke have so earnestly pressed him to remain Secretary at War, that he could not refuse. The King would not hear of any of the newer court; and Legge, who of the old was next oars, has managed the Prussian business so clumsily, that the King would not bear him in his closet: but he has got the Navy Office, which Lyttelton would have had, but could not be rechosen at his borough², which he had stolen by surprise from his old friend and brother Tom Pitt³. The Treasury is to be filled up with that toad-eater and spy to all parties, Harry Vane⁴: there is no enumerating all the circumstances that make his nomination scandalous and ridiculous!—but such is our world! General Charles Howard⁵ and a Mr. Saville⁶ are named to the red riband.

My friend the Duke of Modena is again coming hither, which astonishes me, considering how little reason he had to be satisfied with his first visit; and sure he will have less now! I believe I told you that King Theodore⁷ is here: I am to drink coffee with him to-morrow at Lady Schaub's. I have curiosity to see him, though I am not commonly fond

² Oakhampton.

³ Thomas Pitt (d. 1760) of Boconoc, Cornwall. He married Lyttelton's sister.

⁴ Eldest son of Lord Barnard, and afterwards Earl of Darlington. *Walpole*.

⁵ Lieutenant-General (afterwards

General) Hon. Charles Howard, second son of third Earl of Carlisle; d. 1765.

⁶ John Savile (1719–1778), of Methley, Yorkshire, cr. Viscount Pollington, co. Longford, in 1753, and Earl of Mexborough in 1769.

⁷ The 'King' of Corsica.

of sights, but content myself with the oil-cloth picture of them that is hung out, and to which they seldom come up. There are two black Princes of Anamaboe⁸ here, who are in fashion at all the assemblies, of whom I scarce know any particulars, though their story is very like Oroonoko's: all the women know it—and ten times more than belongs to it. Apropos to Indian histories, half our thoughts are taken up—that is, my Lord Halifax's are—with colonizing in Nova Scotia⁹: my friend Colonel Cornwallis¹⁰ is going thither Commander-in-Chief. The Methodists will scarce follow him as they did Oglethorpe; since the period of his expedition¹¹ their lot is fallen in a better land. Methodism is more fashionable than anything but brag; the women play devilish deep at both—as deep, it is much suspected, as the matrons of Rome did at the mysteries of the Bona Dea. If gracious Anne was alive, she would make an admirable defendress of the new faith, and build fifty more churches for female proselytes. . . .¹²

The burlettas don't much succeed, though there never were two better comedians than Pertici and Laschi.

If I had more paper or time, I could tell you an excellent long history of my brother Ned's envy, which was always up

⁸ The son of the Prince of Anamaboe (on the Gold Coast), and another African youth, who had been entrusted to an English sea-captain to bring to England to be educated, and who had been treacherously sold as slaves by him. The captain died shortly afterwards, and on the return of the ship to England, the officers revealed the transaction. The boys were ransomed by the government, brought to England, and put under the care of Lord Halifax (as First Lord of Trade and Plantations), who caused them to be properly clothed and educated. An account of them and of their emotion on witnessing the tragedy of *Oroonoko*

is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1749 (p. 90).

⁹ In order to benefit the officers and men discharged at the Peace, and to develop the resources of Nova Scotia, an extensive system of emigration was organized by the government. It proved highly successful, and the town founded by the colonists received the name of Halifax, to commemorate that Lord's interest in the scheme.

¹⁰ Hon. Edward Cornwallis, sixth son of fourth Baron Cornwallis.

¹¹ General Oglethorpe was the great promoter of the colony of Georgia. *Walpole*.

¹² Passage omitted.

at high-water mark, but since the publication of my book of Houghton (one should have thought a very harmless performance), has overflowed on a thousand ridiculous occasions. Another great object of his jealousy is my friendship with Mr. Fox: my brother made him a formal visit at nine o'clock the other morning, and in a set speech of three quarters of an hour, begged his pardon for not attending the last day of the Mutiny Bill, which, he said, was so particularly brought in by him, though Mr. Fox assured him that he had no farther hand in it than from his office. Another instance: when my brother went to live at Frogmore, Mr. Fox desired him to employ his tradesmen at Windsor, by way of supporting his interest in that borough. My brother immediately went to the Duke of St. Albans¹³, to whom he had never spoke (nor indeed was his acquaintance with Mr. Fox much greater), and notified to him, that if seven years hence his Grace should have any contest with Mr. Fox about that borough, he should certainly espouse the latter. Guess how the Duke stared at so strange and unnecessary a declaration!

Pigwigin's Princess has mis-pigged, to the great—joy, I believe, of that family, for you know a child must have eaten. Adieu!

291. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 3, 1749.

I AM come hither for a few days, to repose myself after a torrent of diversions, and am writing to you in my charming bow-window with a tranquillity and satisfaction which, I fear, I am grown old enough to prefer to the hurry of amusements, in which the whole world has lived for this last week. We have at last celebrated the Peace, and that as

¹³ Charles Beauchere (1696–1751), second Duke of St. Albans; Constable and Governor of Windsor

Castle and Warden of Windsor Forest, 1730–51; K.G., 1741.

much in extremes as we generally do everything, whether we have reason to be glad or sorry, pleased or angry. Last Tuesday it was proclaimed: the King did not go to St. Paul's, but at night the whole town was illuminated. The next day was what was called 'a jubilee-masquerade in the Venetian manner' at Ranelagh: it had nothing Venetian in it, but was by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw: nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock, and, about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masked, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scararouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, &c., and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated; and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange-trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches too were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw. It is to be once more, and probably

finer as to dresses, as there has since been a subscription-masquerade, and people will go in their rich habits. The next day were the fireworks, which by no means answered the expense, the length of preparation, and the expectation that had been raised: indeed, for a week before, the town was like a country fair, the streets filled from morning to night, scaffolds building wherever you could or could not see, and coaches arriving from every corner of the kingdom. This hurry and lively scene, with the sight of the immense crowds in the Park and on every house, the guards, and the machine itself, which was very beautiful, was all that was worth seeing. The rockets, and whatever was thrown up into the air, succeeded mighty well; but the wheels, and all that was to compose the principal part, were pitiful and ill-conducted, with no changes of coloured fires and shapes: the illumination was mean, and lighted so slowly that scarce anybody had patience to wait the finishing; and then, what contributed to the awkwardness of the whole, was the right pavilion catching fire, and being burnt down in the middle of the show. The King, the Duke, and Princess Emily saw it from the Library¹, with their courts: the Prince and Princess, with their children, from Lady Middlesex's; no place being provided for them, nor any invitation given to the Library. The Lords and Commons had galleries built for them and the chief citizens along the rails of the Mall: the Lords had four tickets apiece, and each Commoner, at first, but two, till the Speaker bounced and obtained a third. Very little mischief was done, and but two persons killed: at Paris, there were forty killed and near three hundred wounded, by a dispute between the French and Italians in the management, who, quarrelling for precedence in lighting the fires, both lighted at once and blew up the whole. Our

LETTER 291.—¹ The Library built by Queen Caroline on ground now occupied by Stafford House.

mob was extremely tranquil, and very unlike those I remember in my father's time, when it was a measure in the opposition to work up everything to mischief, the Excise and the French players, the Convention and the Gin Act. We are as much now in the opposite extreme, and in general so pleased with the Peace, that I could not help being struck with a passage I read lately in Pasquier², an old French author, who says, 'that in the time of Francis I the French used to call their creditors "Des Anglois," from the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many.' On Saturday we had a serenata at the Opera-house, called *Peace in Europe*, but it was a wretched performance. On Monday there was a subscription-masquerade, much fuller than that of last year, but not so agreeable or so various in dresses. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*. The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady Mayoress in the time of James I; and Lord Delawar, Queen Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington: they were admirable masks. Lady Rochford, Miss Evelyn³, Miss Bishop, Lady Strafford, and Mrs. Pitt⁴, were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the Duke in *Don Quixote*, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia, but so

² Étienne Pasquier (1529-1615).

³ Probably Miss Elizabeth Evelyn, afterwards married to Peter Bathurst, nephew of first Earl Bathurst. Her charms are celebrated in Horace Walpole's poem *The Beauties*.

⁴ Penelope, only daughter of Sir

William Atkins, first Baronet, of Clapham, Surrey; m. (1746) George Pitt, of Strathfieldsaye, Hampshire (afterwards Lord Rivers); d. 1795. She retained her beauty until old age.

naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda ; and Lady Betty Smithson had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon⁵ in Grammont.

You will conclude that, after all these diversions, people begin to think of going out of town—no such matter: the Parliament continues sitting, and will till the middle of June ; Lord Egmont told us we should sit till Michaelmas. There are many private bills, no public ones of any fame. We were to have had some chastisement for Oxford, where, besides the late riots, the famous Dr. King⁶, the Pretender's great agent, made a most violent speech at the opening of the Ratcliffe Library. The ministry denounced judgement, but, in their old style, have grown frightened, and dropped it. However, this menace gave occasion to a meeting and union between the Prince's party and the Jacobites, which Lord Egmont has been labouring all the winter. They met at the St. Alban's Tavern, near Pall-mall, last Monday morning, an hundred and twelve Lords and Commoners. The Duke of Beaufort⁷ opened the assembly with a panegyric on the stand that had been made this winter against so corrupt an administration, and hoped it would continue, and desired harmony. Lord Egmont seconded this strongly, and begged they would come up to Parliament early next winter. Lord Oxford⁸ spoke next ; and then Potter with great humour, and to the great abashment of the Jacobites, said he was very glad to see this union, and from thence hoped, that if another attack like the last Rebellion should be made

⁵ Lady Margaret de Burgh (d. 1698), daughter of first Marquis of Clanricarde ; m. (1) Viscount Muskerry, (2) Viscount Purbeck, (3) Robert Fielding. She figures in Grammont's *Mémoires* as Viscountess Muskerry.

⁶ William King (1685-1763), Principal of St. Mary Hall, and Public

Orator.

⁷ Lord Noel Somerset, who succeeded his brother in the dukedom. *Walpole*.

⁸ Edward Harley (circ. 1699-1755), third Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer.

on the Royal Family, they would all stand by them. No reply was made to this. Then Sir Watkyn Williams spoke, Sir Francis Dashwood, and Tom Pitt, and the meeting broke up. I don't know what this coalition may produce: it will require time with no better heads than compose it at present, though the great Mr. Dodington had carried to the conference the assistance of his. In France a very favourable event has happened for us, the disgrace of Maurepas⁹, one of our bitterest enemies, and the greatest promoter of their marine. Just at the beginning of the war, in a very critical period, he had obtained a very large sum for that service, but which one of the other factions, lest he should gain glory and credit by it, got to be suddenly given away to the King of Prussia.

Sir Charles Williams is appointed Envoy to this last King: here is an epigram which he has just sent over on Lord Egmont's opposition to the Mutiny Bill:

Why has Lord Egmont 'gainst this bill
 So much declamatory skill
 So tediously exerted?
 The reason's plain: but t'other day
 He mutinied himself for pay,
 And he has twice deserted.

I must tell you a *bon-mot* that was made the other night at the serenata of *Peace in Europe* by Wall, who is much in fashion, and a kind of Gondomar¹⁰. Grossatesta, the Modenese minister, a very low fellow, with all the jack-puddinghood of an Italian, asked, 'Mais qui est-ce qui représente mon maître?' Wall replied, 'Mais, mon Dieu! l'Abbé,

⁹ Jean Frédéric Phélypeaux (1701-1781), Comte de Maurepas, Minister of Marine. He had imprudently recited at Versailles some verses upon Madame de Pompadour, and was in consequence exiled. He re-

mained in exile till the death of Louis XV.

¹⁰ Count Gondomar was Spanish Ambassador in London in the reign of James I. He was a skilful diplomatist and a wit.

ne savez-vous pas que ce n'est pas un opéra bouffon?' and here is another *bon-mot* of my Lady Townshend: we were talking of the Methodists; somebody said, 'Pray, Madam, is it true that Whitfield has *recanted*?' 'No, Sir, he has only *canted*.'

If you ever think of returning to England, as I hope it will be long first, you must prepare yourself with Methodism. I really believe that by that time it will be necessary: this sect increases as fast as almost ever any religious nonsense did. Lady Fanny Shirley¹¹ has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty upon Jesus Christ; and Mr. Lyttelton is very near making the same sacrifice of the dregs of all those various characters that he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon—and indeed they have a plentiful harvest—I think what you call flagrancy was never more in fashion. Drinking is at the highest wine-mark; and gaming joined with it so violent, that at the last Newmarket meeting, in the rapidity of both, a bank-bill was thrown down, and nobody immediately claiming it, they agreed to give it to a man that was standing by. . . .¹²

I must tell you of Stosch's letter, which he had the impertinence to give you without telling the contents. It was to solicit the arrears of his pension, which I beg you will tell him I have no manner of interest to procure: and to tell me of a Galla Placidia, a gold medal lately found. It is not for myself, but I wish you would ask him the price for a friend of mine who would like to buy it.

Adieu! my dear child; I have been long in arrears to you, but I trust you will take this huge letter as an acquittal. You see my villa makes me a good correspondent;

¹¹ Lady Frances Shirley, fourth daughter of first Earl Ferrers by his second wife. She is referred to in verses by Pope and Chesterfield. The latter greatly admired her, and

his *penchant* is mentioned in Hanbury Williams' poem *Isabella, or the Morning*. Lady Fanny died unmarried in 1778.

¹² Passage omitted.

how happy I should be to show it you, if I could, with no mixture of disagreeable circumstances to you. I have made a vast plantation! Lord Leicester told me the other day that he heard I would not buy some old china, because I was laying out all my money in trees: 'Yes,' said I, 'my Lord, I used to love blue trees, but now I like green ones.'

292. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 17, 1749.

WE have not yet done diverting ourselves: the night before last the Duke of Richmond gave a firework; a codicil to the Peace. He bought the rockets and wheels that remained in the pavilion which miscarried, and took the pretence of the Duke of Modena being here to give a charming entertainment. The garden¹ lies with a slope down to the Thames, on which were lighters, from whence were thrown up, after a concert of water-music, a great number of rockets. Then from boats on every side were discharged water-rockets and fires of that kind; and then the wheels which were ranged along the rails of the terrace were played off; and the whole concluded with the illumination of a pavilion on the top of the slope, of two pyramids on each side, and of the whole length of the balustrade to the water. You can't conceive a prettier sight; the garden filled with everybody of fashion, the Duke, the Duke of Modena, and the two black Princes. The King and Princess Emily were in their barge under the terrace; the river was covered with boats, and the shores and adjacent houses with crowds. The Duke of Modena played afterwards at brag, and there was a fine supper for him and the foreigners, of whom there are numbers here; it is grown as much the fashion to travel hither as to France or Italy. Last week

there was a vast assembly and music at Bedford House² for this Modenese; and to-day he is set out to receive his doctor's degree at the two Universities. His appearance is rather better than it used to be, for, instead of wearing his wig down to his nose to hide the humour in his face, he has taken to paint his forehead white, which, however, with the large quantity of red that he always wears on the rest of his face, makes him ridiculous enough. I cannot say his manner is more polished: Princess Emily asked him if he did not find the Duke much fatter than when he was here before? He replied, 'En vérité il n'est pas si effroyable qu'on m'avoit dit.' She commended his diamonds; he said, 'Les vôtres sont bien petits.' As I had been so graciously received at his court, I went into his box the first night at the Opera: the first thing he did was to fall asleep; but as I did not choose to sit waiting his *réveil* in the face of the whole theatre, I waked him, and would discourse him: but here I was very unlucky, for of the only two persons I could recollect at his court to inquire after, one has been dead these four years, and the other, he could not remember any such man. However, Sabbatini, his Secretary of State, flattered me extremely; told me he found me *beaucoup mieux*, and that I was grown very fat—I fear, I fear it was flattery! Eight years don't improve one,—and for my corpulence, if I am grown fat, what must I have been in my Modenese days!

I told you we were to have another jubilee-masquerade: there was one by the King's command for Miss Chudleigh, the Maid of Honour, with whom our gracious monarch has a mind to believe himself in love,—so much in love, that at one of the booths he gave her a fairing for her watch, which cost him five-and-thirty guineas,—actually disbursed out of his privy purse, and not charged on the civil list. Whatever you

² Bedford House occupied the whole of the north side of what is now Bloomsbury Square. The house was pulled down in 1800.

may think of it, this is a more magnificent present than the cabinet which the late King of Poland sent to the fair Countess Königsmark, replete with all kinds of baubles and ornaments, and ten thousand ducats in one of the drawers. I hope some future Holinshed or Stow will acquaint posterity 'that five-and-thirty guineas were an immense sum in those days!'

You are going to see one of our court-beauties in Italy, my Lady Rochford³: they are setting out on their embassy to Turin. She is large, but very handsome, with great delicacy and address. All the Royals have been in love with her; but the Duke was so in all the forms, till she was a little too much pleased with her conquest of his brother-in-law the Prince of Hesse. You will not find much in the correspondence of her husband: his person is good, and he will figure well enough as an ambassador; better as a husband where *cicisbés* don't expect to be molested. The Duke is not likely to be so happy with his new passion, Mrs. Pitt, who, besides being in love with her husband, whom you remember (Lady Mary Wortley's George Pitt), is going to Italy with him. I think you will find her one of the most glorious beauties you ever saw. You are to have another pair of our beauties, the Princess Borghese's Mr. Greville⁴ and his wife, who was the pretty Fanny M'Cartney⁵.

Now I am talking scandal to you, and court-scandal, I must tell you that Lord Conway's sister, Miss Jenny, is dead suddenly with eating lemonade at the last subscription-

³ Daughter of Edward Young, Esq., and wife of William, Earl of Rochford, had been Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales. *Walpole*.

⁴ Fulke Greville, son of Hon. Algernon Greville, second son of fifth Baron Brooke. He wrote a book called *Maxims and Characters*. His only daughter was the celebrated

Mrs. Crewe; one of his grandsons was Charles Greville, the diarist.

⁵ Frances, daughter of James Macartney. At her marriage she was given away by Charles (afterwards Dr.) Burney, who was an inmate of her husband's house. She was the authoress of an *Ode to Indifference*.

masquerade⁶. It is not quite unlucky for her: she had outlived the Prince's love and her own face, and nothing remained but her love and her person, which was exceedingly bad.

The graver part of the world, who have not been quite so much given up to rockets and masking, are amused with a book of Lord Bolingbroke, just published, but written long ago. It is composed of three letters, the first to Lord Cornbury on the *Spirit of Patriotism*; and two others to Mr. Lyttelton (but with neither of their names), on *The Idea of a Patriot King*, and the *State of Parties* on the late King's accession. Mr. Lyttelton had sent him word that he begged nothing might be inscribed to him that was to reflect on Lord Orford, for that he was now leagued with all Lord Orford's friends: a message as abandoned as the book itself: but indeed there is no describing the impudence with which that set of people unsay what they have been saying all their lives,—I beg their pardons, I mean the honesty with which they recant! Pitt told me coolly, that he had read this book formerly, when he admired Lord Bolingbroke more than he does now. The book by no means answered my expectation: the style, which is his *forte*, is very fine: the deduction and impossibility of drawing a consequence from what he is saying, as bad and obscure as in his famous *Dissertation on Parties*: you must know the man, to guess his meaning. Not to mention the absurdity and impracticability of this kind of systems, there is a long speculative dissertation on the origin of government, and even that greatly stolen from other writers, and that all on a sudden dropped, while he hurries into his own

⁶ This event was commemorated in the following doggrel lines:—

‘Poor Jenny Conway,
She drank lemonade
At a masquerade;
So now she's dead and gone away.’ *Dover*.

times, and then preaches (he, of all men!) on the duty of preserving decency! The last treatise would not impose upon an historian of five years old: he tells Mr. Lyttelton, that he may take it from him, that there was no settled scheme at the end of the Queen's reign to introduce the Pretender; and he gives this excellent reason; because, if there had been, he must have known it; and another reason as ridiculous, that no traces of such a scheme have since come to light. What, no traces in all the cases of himself, Atterbury, the Duke of Ormond, Sir William Windham, and others! and is it not known that the moment the Queen was expired, Atterbury proposed to go in his lawn sleeves and proclaim the Pretender at Charing Cross, but Bolingbroke's heart failing him, Atterbury swore, 'There was the best cause in Europe lost for want of spirit!' He imputes Jacobitism singly to Lord Oxford, whom he exceedingly abuses; and who, so far from being suspected, was thought to have fallen into disgrace with that faction for refusing to concur with them. On my father he is much less severe than I expected; and in general, so obliquely, that hereafter he will not be perceived to aim at him, though at this time one knows so much what was at his heart, that it directs one to his meaning.

But there is a preface⁷ to this famous book, which makes much more noise than the work itself. It seems, Lord Bolingbroke had originally trusted Pope with the copy, to have half a dozen printed for particular friends. Pope, who loved money infinitely beyond any friend, got fifteen hundred copies printed privately, intending to outlive Bolingbroke, and make great advantage of them: and not only did this, but altered the copy at his pleasure, and even made different alterations in different copies. Where Lord Bolingbroke had strongly flattered their common friend

⁷ Attributed to Mallet, who edited the book.

Lyttelton, Pope suppressed the panegyric: where, in compliment to Pope, he had softened the satire on Pope's great friend, Lord Oxford, Pope reinstated the abuse. The first part of this transaction is recorded in the preface; the two latter facts are reported by Lord Chesterfield and Lyttelton, the latter of whom went to Bolingbroke to ask how he had forfeited his good opinion. In short, it is comfortable to us people of moderate virtue to hear these demigods, and Patriots, and philosophers, inform the world of each other's villanies⁸. What seems to make Lord Bolingbroke most angry, and I suppose does, is Pope's having presumed to correct his work. As to his printing so many copies, it certainly was a compliment, and the more profit (which however could not be immense) he expected to make, the greater opinion he must have conceived of the merit of the work: if one had a mind to defend Pope, should not one ask if anybody ever blamed Virgil's executors for not burning the *Æneid*, as he ordered them⁹? Warburton¹⁰, I hear, does design to defend Pope; and my uncle Horace to answer the book: his style, which is the worst in the world, must be curious, in opposition to the other. But here comes full as bad a part of the story as any: Lord Bolingbroke, to buy himself out of the abuse in the Duke of Marlborough's Life, or to buy himself into the supervisal of it, gave these letters to Mallet, who is writing this Life for a legacy in the old Duchess's will (and which, with much humour, she gave, desiring it might not be written in verse), and Mallet sold them to a bookseller for a hundred and fifty pounds. Mallet had many obligations to Pope, no disobligations to him, and was one of his grossest flatterers; witness the

⁸ Pope's breach of faith was referred to in the preface.

⁹ This thought was borrowed by Mr. Spence, in a pamphlet published on this occasion in defence

of Pope. *Walpole*.

¹⁰ William Warburton (1698-1779); Dean of Bristol, 1757; Bishop of Gloucester, 1759. He was Pope's literary executor.

sonnet on his supposed death, printed in the notes to the *Dunciad*. I was this morning told an anecdote from the Dorset family that is no bad collateral evidence of the Jacobitism of the Queen's four last years. They wanted to get Dover Castle into their hands, and sent down Prior to the present Duke of Dorset, who loved him, and probably was his brother¹¹, to persuade him to give it up. He sent Prior back with great anger, and in three weeks was turned out of the government himself—but it is idle to produce proofs; as idle as to deny the scheme.

I have just been with your brother Gal, who has been laid up these two days with the gout in his ankle; an absolute professed gout in all the forms, and with much pain. Mr. Chute is out of town; when he returns, I shall set him upon your brother to reduce him to abstinence and health. Adieu!

293. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arlington Street, May 18, 1749.

Whatever you hear of the Richmond fireworks, that is short of the prettiest entertainment in the world, don't believe it; I really never passed a more agreeable evening. Everything succeeded, all the wheels played in time, Frederick was fortunate, and all the world in good humour. Then for royalty, Mr. Anstis¹ himself would have been glutted; there were all the Fitzes upon earth, the whole court of St. Germain's, the Duke, the Duke of Modena, and two Anamaboos. The King and Princess Emily bestowed themselves upon the mob on the river, and as soon as they were gone, the *Duke* hoisted the music into the garden, and himself, with my Lady Lincoln, Mrs. Pitt, Peggy Banks, and Lord Holderness, entertained the good

¹¹ There is no foundation for this statement.

LETTER 293.—¹ Garter King at Arms.

subjects with singing *God Save the King* to them over the rails of the terrace. The Duke of Modena supped there, and the Duke was asked, but he answered, it was impossible! In short, he could not adjust his dignity to a mortal banquet. There was another admirable scene: Lady Burlington brought the Violette, and the Richmonds had asked Garrick, who stood ogling and sighing the whole time, while my Lady kept a most fierce look out². Sabbatini, one of the Duke of Modena's court, was asking me who all the people were? and who is that? 'C'est Miladi Hartington, la belle fille du Duc de Devonshire.' 'Et qui est cette autre dame avec?' It was a distressing question; after a little hesitation, I replied, 'Mais c'est Mademoiselle Violette —' 'Et comment Mademoiselle Violette! j'ai connu une Mademoiselle Violette par exemple.'—I begged him to look at Miss Bishop.

In the middle of all these principalities and powers was the Duchess of Queensberry, in her old forlorn trim, a white apron and white hood, and would make the Duke swallow all her undress. T'other day she drove to Lady Sophia Thomas post, at Parsons Green, and told her that she was come to tell her something of importance—'What is it?' 'Why, take a couple of beef-steaks, clap them together as if they were for a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt; it is the best thing you ever tasted; I could not help coming to tell you this'—and away she drove back to town. Don't a course of folly for forty years make one very sick?

The weather is so hot, and the roads so dusty, that I can't get to Strawberry; but I shall begin negotiating with you now about your coming. You must not expect to find it in beauty; the turf is as brown as Lady Bell Finch, and there is no more shade than on Peggy Banks's forehead. I hope to get my bill³ finished in ten days; I have

² Garrick was married to Mlle. Violette on June 22, 1749.

³ Apparently a bill to enable him

to purchase Strawberry Hill, for which purpose an Act of Parliament was necessary, as it was the pro-

scrambled it through the Lords; but altogether, with the many difficulties and plagues, I am a good deal out of humour; my purchases hitch, and new proprietors start out of the ground, like the crop of soldiers in the *Metamorphosis*. I expect but an unpleasant summer; my indolence and inattention are not made to wade through leases and deeds. Mrs. Chenevix brought me one yesterday to sign, and her sister Bertrand, the toy-woman of Bath, for a witness. I showed them my cabinet of enamels instead of treating them with white wine. The Bertrand said, 'Sir, I hope you don't trust all sorts of *ladies* with this cabinet!'—What an entertaining assumption of dignity! I must tell you an anecdote that I found t'other day in an old French author, which is as great a drawback on *beaux sentiments* and romantic ideas. Pasquier, in his *Recherches de la France*, is giving an account of the Queen of Scots' execution; he says, the night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them which was sore. I believe I have told you, that in a very old trial of her, which I bought from Lord Oxford's collection, it is said that she was a large lame woman. Take sentiments out of their pantoufles, and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling off there is! I could not help laughing in myself t'other day, as I went through Holborn in a very hot day, at the dignity of human nature; all those foul old-clothes women panting without handkerchiefs, and mopping themselves all the way down within their loose jumps. Rigby gave me as

perty of minors. In his *Short Notes of my Life* Horace Walpole writes:—'In May 1747 I took a small house near Twickenham, for seven years. I afterwards bought it by Act of Parliament, it belonging to minors.' A statement in the *Description of Strawberry Hill* points to the pur-

chase having been made in 1748, but possibly this is owing to a lapse of memory:—'Mr. Walpole took the remainder of Mrs. Chenevix's lease in May 1747, and the next year bought it by Act of Parliament.'

strong a picture of nature : he and Peter Bathurst⁴ t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding⁵ ; who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttelton⁶, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper, that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting with a blind man⁷, three Irishmen, and a whore, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the cursedest dirtiest cloth ! He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams⁸, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilized. Millar⁹ the bookseller has done very generously by him ; finding *Tom Jones*, for which he had given him six hundred pounds, sell so greatly, he has since given him another hundred. Now I talk to you of authors, Lord Cobham's West¹⁰ has published his translation of Pindar : the poetry is very stiff, but prefixed to it there is a very entertaining account of the Olympic games, and that preceded by an affected inscription to Pitt and Lyttelton. The latter has declared his future match with Miss Rich¹¹. George Grenville has been married these two days to Miss Windham. Your friend Lord North is, I suppose you know, on the brink with the Countess of Rockingham¹² ; and I think your

⁴ Peter (d. 1768), second son of Sir Benjamin Bathurst and brother of first Earl Bathurst.

⁵ Henry Fielding the novelist (1707-1754).

⁶ Fielding's appointment was due to Lyttelton, who introduced him to the Duke of Bedford.

⁷ John Fielding (d. 1780), half-brother of the novelist. He succeeded his brother as magistrate, and was knighted in 1761.

⁸ A former schoolfellow of Fielding at Eton.

⁹ Andrew Millar (1707-1768). His liberal treatment of authors was praised by Johnson.

¹⁰ Gilbert West (1715-1756), nephew of Lord Cobham.

¹¹ Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Rich.

¹² Catherine (d. 1776), sister and co-heir of Sir Henry Furness, third Baronet, and daughter of Sir Robert

cousin Rice¹³ (but don't say that from my observation) is much inclined to double the family alliance with her sister Furnese¹⁴. It went on very currently for two or three days, but last night at Vauxhall his minionette face seemed to be sent to languish with Lord Robert Bertie's.

Was not you sorry for poor Cucumber¹⁵? I do assure you I was; it was shocking to be hurried away so suddenly, and in so much torment!

You have heard I suppose of Lord Harry Beauclerc's resignation, on his not being able to obtain a respite till November, though the lowest officer in his regiment has got much longer leave, in order to take the benefit of the act of insolvency and avoid paying his creditors. It is incredible how Nolkejumskoi has persecuted this poor man for these four years, since he could not be persuaded to alter his vote at a court-martial for the acquittal of a man whom the Duke would have had condemned. Lord Ossulston¹⁶, too, has resigned his commission.

I must tell you a good story of Charles Townshend¹⁷; you know his political propensity and importance; his brother George was at supper at the King's Arms with some more young men; the conversation somehow or other rambled

Furnese, second Baronet; m. (1736) Lewis Watson, second Earl of Rockingham (who d. 1745). Her marriage to Lord North did not take place until 1751.

¹³ George Rice, of Newton, Carmarthenshire, son of George Montagu's first cousin, Mrs. Rice, *née* Lucy Trevor. (See Table II.) He was Lord of Trade, 1761-70; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1770-79; d. 1779. He married the only daughter of Earl Talbot, who succeeded her father as Baroness Dynevor.

¹⁴ Selina, third daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Furnese; m. Sir Edward Dering, sixth Baronet, of Surrenden Dering.

¹⁵ Hon. Jane Conway, whose sudden death is mentioned in a previous letter.

¹⁶ Charles Bennet (1716-1767), Lord Ossulston, eldest son of second Earl Tankerville, whom he succeeded in 1753.

¹⁷ Hon. Charles Townshend (1725-1767), second son of third Viscount Townshend; M.P. for Yarmouth; Lord of Trade, 1748; Lord of the Admiralty, 1754; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1756; Secretary-at-War, 1761-62; President of the Board of Trade, 1763; Paymaster-General, 1765; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1766-67.

into politics, and it was started that the national debt was a benefit. 'I am sure it is not,' said Mr. Townshend; 'I can't tell why, but my brother Charles can, and I will send to him for arguments.' Charles was at supper at another tavern, but so much the dupe of this message, that he literally called for ink and paper, wrote four long sides of arguments, and sent word that, when his company broke up, he would come and give them more, which he did at one o'clock in the morning. I don't think you will laugh much less at what happened to me: I wanted a print out of a book, which I did not care to buy at Osborn's¹⁸ shop: the next day he sent me the print, and begged that when I had anything to publish, I would employ him.

I will now tell you, and finish this long letter, how I shocked Mr. Mackenzie¹⁹ inadvertently at Vauxhall; we had supped there a great party, and coming out, Mrs. More, who waits at the gate, said, 'Gentlemen and ladies, will you walk in and hear the *surprising alteration of voice?*' I, forgetting Mackenzie's connections, and that he was formerly of the band, replied, 'No, I have seen Patriots enough.'

Good night—I intend this letter shall last you till you come to Strawberry Hill; one might have rolled it out into half a dozen. My best compliments to your sisters.

Yours ever,

H. W.

294. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 4, 1749.

As summerly as June and Strawberry Hill may sound, I assure you I am writing to you by the fireside: English weather will give vent to its temper, and whenever it is out of humour it will blow east and north and all kinds of cold.

¹⁸ Thomas Osborne, bookseller; d. 1767.

¹⁹ Hon. James Stuart-Mackenzie.

Your brothers Ned and Gal dined with me to-day, and I carried the latter back to Richmond: as I passed over the green, I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half a dozen more of the White's Club sauntering at the door of a house which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and Sunday to play at whisk. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whisk in London on these two days as well as on the other five; indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go, though it be only into another town. It made me smile to see Lord Bath sitting there, like a citizen that has left off trade!

Your brother Ned has not seen Strawberry Hill since my great improvements; he was astonished: it is pretty: you never saw so tranquil a scene, without the least air of melancholy: I should hate it, if it was dashed with that. I forgot to ask Gal what is become of the books of Houghton which I gave him six months ago for you and Dr. Cocchi. You perceive I have got your letter of May 23rd, and with it Prince Craon's simple epistle to his daughter¹: I have no mind to deliver it: it would be a proper recommendation of a staring boy on his travels, and is consequently very suitable to my colleague, Master St. Leger; but one hates to be coupled with a romping greyhound puppy, '*qui est moins prudent que Monsieur Valpol!*' I did not want to be introduced to Madame de Mirepoix's assemblies, but to be acquainted with her, as I like her family: I concluded, simple as he is, that an old Frenchman knew how to make these distinctions. By thrusting St. Leger into the letter with me, and talking of my prudence, I shall not wonder if she takes me for his bear-leader, his travelling governor!

Mr. Chute, who went from hence this morning, and is

LETTER 294.—¹ The Marquise de Mirepoix.

always thinking of blazoning your pedigree² in the noblest colours, has turned over all my library, till he has tapped a new and very great family for you: in short, by your mother it is very clear that you are descended from Hubert de Burgh, Grand Justiciary to Richard the Second: indeed I think he was hanged³; but that is a misfortune that will attend very illustrious genealogies; it is as common to them as to the pedigrees about Paddington and Blackheath. I have had at least a dozen great-great-grandfathers that came to untimely ends. All your virtuosos in heraldry are content to know that they had ancestors who lived five hundred years ago, no matter how they died. A match with a low woman corrupts a stream of blood as long as the Danube,—tyranny, villany, and executions are mere flea-bites, and leave no stain. The good Lord of Bath, whom I saw on Richmond Green this evening, did intend, I believe, to ennoble my genealogy with another execution: how low is he sunk now from those views! and how entertaining to have lived to see all those virtuous Patriots proclaiming their mutual iniquities! Your friend Mr. Dodington, it seems, is so reduced as to be relapsing into virtue. In my last I told you some curious anecdotes of another part of the band, of Pope and Bolingbroke. The friends of the former have published twenty pamphlets against the latter; I say against the latter, for, as there is no defending Pope, they are reduced to satirize Bolingbroke. One of them tells him how little he would be known himself from his own writings, if he were not immortalized in Pope's; and still more justly, that if he destroys Pope's moral character, what will become of his own, which has been retrieved and sanctified by the embalming art of his friend? However,

² Count Richcourt and some Florentines, his creatures, had been very impertinent about Mr. Mann's family, which was very good, and

which made it necessary to have his pedigree drawn out, and sent over to Florence. *Walpole*.

³ He died a natural death.

there are still new discoveries made every day of Pope's dirty selfishness. Not content with the great profits which he proposed to make of the work in question, he could not bear that the interest of his money should be lost till Bolingbroke's death; and therefore told him that it would cost very near as much to have the press set for half a dozen copies as it would for a complete edition, and by this means made Lord Bolingbroke pay very near the whole expense of the fifteen hundred. Another story I have been told on this occasion, was of a gentleman who, making a visit to Bishop Atterbury in France, thought to make his court by commending Pope. The Bishop replied not: the gentleman doubled the dose: at last the Bishop shook his head, and said, '*Mens curva in corpore curvo!*' The world will now think justly of these men: that Pope was the greatest poet, but not the most disinterested man in the world; and that Bolingbroke had not all those virtues and not all those talents which the other so proclaimed; and that he did not even deserve the friendship which lent him so much merit; and for the mere loan of which he dissembled attachment to Pope, to whom in his heart he was as perfidious and as false as he has been to the rest of the world.

The Duke of Devonshire⁴ has at last resigned, for the unaccountable and unenvied pleasure of shutting himself up at Chatsworth with his ugly mad Duchess⁵; the more extraordinary sacrifice, as he turned her head, rather than give up a favourite match for his son. She has consented to live with him there, and has even been with him in town for a few days, but did not see either her son or Lady Hartington. On his resignation he asked and obtained an

⁴ William, third Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole*.—He was Lord Steward of the Household. His resigna-

tion was due to the dissensions in the Pelham ministry.

⁵ Catharine Hoskins. *Walpole*.

English barony for Lord Besborough⁶, whose son Lord Duncannon, you know, married the Duke's eldest daughter⁷. I believe this is a great disappointment to my uncle, who hoped he would ask the peerage for him or Pigwiggins. The Duke of Marlborough succeeds as Lord Steward. Adieu.

295. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 25, 1749.

DON'T flatter yourself with your approaching year of jubilee; its pomps and vanities will be nothing to the shows and triumphs we have had, and are having. I talk like an Englishman: here you know we imagine that a jubilee is a season of pageants, not of devotion; but our Sabbath has really been all tilt and tournament. There have been, I think, no less than eight masquerades, the fireworks, and a public act at Oxford: to-morrow is an installation of six Knights of the Bath, and in August of as many Garters: Saturday, Sunday, and Monday next, are the banquets at Cambridge, for the instalment of the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor¹. The whole world goes to it: he has invited, summoned, pressed the entire body of nobility and gentry from all parts of England. His cooks have been there these ten days, distilling essences of every living creature, and massacring and confounding all the species that Noah and Moses took such pains to preserve and distinguish. It would be pleasant to see pedants and professors searching for etymologies of strange dishes, and tracing more wonderful transformations than any in the *Metamorphoses*. How miserably

⁶ Brabazon Ponsonby (1679-1758), first Earl of Bessborough. He was created an English peer as Baron Ponsonby of Sysonby.

⁷ Lady Caroline Cavendish married (1739) William Ponsonby, Vis-

count Duncannon, who succeeded his father in 1758. She died in 1760.

LETTER 295.—¹ See Gray's letter to Wharton of August 8, 1749.

Horace's *unde et quo Catius* will be hacked about in clumsy quotations! I have seen some that will be very unwilling performers at the creation of this ridiculous *Mamamouchi*². I have set my heart on their giving a doctor's degree to the Duchess of Newcastle's favourite—this favourite is at present neither a lover nor an apothecary, but a common pig, that she brought from Hanover: I am serious; and Harry Vane, the new Lord of the Treasury, is entirely employed, when he is not at the Board, in opening and shutting the door for it. Tell me, don't you very often throw away my letters in a passion, and believe that I invent the absurdities I relate!—Were not we as mad when you was in England?

The King, who has never dined out of his own palaces, has just determined to dine at Claremont to-morrow—all the cooks are at Cambridge—imagine the distress!

Last Thursday, the Monarch of my last paragraph gave away the six vacant ribands: one to a Margrave of Anspach, a near relation of the late Queen; others to the Dukes of Leeds³ and Bedford, Lords Albemarle and Granville: the last, you may imagine, gives some uneasiness⁴. The Duke of Bedford has always been unwilling to take one, having tied himself up in the days of his patriotism to forfeit great sums if ever he did. The King told him one day this winter, that he would give none away but to him and to Anspach. This distinction struck him: he could not refuse the honour; but he has endeavoured to waive it, as one imagines, by a scruple he raised against the oath, which obliges the knights, whenever they are within two miles of Windsor, to go and offer. The King would not abolish the oath, but has given a general dispensation for all breaches of

² See Molière's *Bourgeois Gentil-homme*.

³ Thomas Osborne (1713–1789), fourth Duke of Leeds; Chief Justice in Eyre, south of Trent, 1748–56; K.G., 1749; Cofferer of the House-

hold, 1756–61; Chief Justice in Eyre, north of Trent, 1761–74.

⁴ The Pelhams were jealous of Lord Granville's favour with the King.

it, past, present, and to come. Lord Lincoln and Lord Harrington are very unhappy at not being in the list. The sixth riband is at last given to Prince George: the ministry could not prevail for it till within half an hour of the ceremony; then the Bishop of Salisbury⁵ was sent to notify the gracious intention. The Prince was at Kew, so the message was delivered to Prince George himself. The child, with great good sense, desired the Bishop to give his duty and thanks, and to assure the King that he should always obey him; but that, as his father was out of town, he could send no other answer. Was not it clever? The design of not giving one riband to the Prince's children had made great noise: there was a *Remembrancer*⁶ on that subject ready for the press. This is the *Craftsman* of the present age, and is generally levelled at the Duke, and filled with very circumstantial cases of his arbitrary behaviour. It has absolutely written down Hawley, his favourite general and executioner, who was to have been upon the staff.

Garrick is married to the famous Violette, first at a Protestant, and then at a Roman Catholic chapel. The chapter of this history is a little obscure and uncertain as to the consent of the protecting Countess⁷, and whether she gives her a fortune or not.

Adieu! I believe I tell you strange rhapsodies; but you must consider that our follies are not only very extraordinary, but are our business and employment: they enter into our politics⁸, nay, I think they are our politics—and I don't

⁵ John Gilbert, afterwards Archbishop of York.

⁶ A paper written by Ralph. *Walpole*.

⁷ Dorothy, Countess of Burlington. The Violette was a German dancer, first at the Opera, and then at the playhouse, and in such favour at Burlington House, that the tickets for her benefits were designed by

Kent, and engraved by Vertue. *Walpole*.

⁸ This was frequently the case while the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham were ministers: it was so true, that in the case of the Violette, just mentioned, one night that she had advertised three dances and danced but two, Lord Bury and some young men of fashion began

know which are the simplest. They are Tully's description of poetry, '*haec studia juventutem alunt, senectutem oblectant; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur*': so, if you will that I write to you, you must be content with a detail of absurdities. I could tell you of Lord Mountford's⁹ making cricket-matches, and fetching up parsons by express from different parts of England to play matches on Richmond Green; of his keeping aide-de-camps to ride to all parts to lay bets *for him* at horse-races, and of twenty other peculiarities; but I fancy you are tired: in short, you, who know me, will comprehend all best when I tell you that I live in such a scene of folly as makes me even think myself a creature of common sense.

296. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

Mistley, Wednesday, July 5, 1749.

I HAVE this minute received your letter, and it makes me very unhappy. You will think me a brute for not having immediately told you how glad I should be to see you and your sisters; but I trust that you will have seen Mrs. Boscawen, by whom I sent you a message to invite you to Strawberry Hill, when we should be returned from Roel and Mistley. I own my message had rather a cross air; but as you have retrieved all your crimes with me by your letter, I have nothing to do but to make myself as well with you as you are with me. Indeed I am extremely unlucky, but I flatter myself that Mrs. Montagu's will not drop their

a riot, and would have had her sent for from Burlington House. It being feared that she would be hissed on her next appearance, and Lord Hartington, the cherished of Mr. Pelham, being son-in-law of Lady Burlington, the ministry were in

great agitation to secure a good reception for the *Violette* from the audience, and the Duke was even desired to order Lord Bury (one of his Lords) not to hiss. *Walpole*.

⁹ Henry Bromley (1705-1755), first Baron Montfort.

kind intention, as it is not in my power to receive it now : they will give me infinite pleasure by a visit. I stay here till Monday se'nnight ; will that be too late to see you before your journey to Roel ? You must all promise at least to be engaged to me at my return. If the least impediment happens afterwards, I shall conclude my brother has got you from me : you know jealousy is the mark of our family.

Mr. Rigby makes you a thousand compliments, and wishes you would ever think his Roel worth your seeing : you can't imagine how he has improved it ! You have always heard me extravagant in the praises of the situation. He has demolished all his paternal intrenchments of walls and square gardens, opened lawns, swelled out a bow-window, erected a portico, planted groves, stifled ponds, and flounced himself with flowering shrubs and Kent-fences. You may imagine that I have a little hand in all this. Since I came hither, I have projected a colonnade to join his mansion to the offices, have been the death of a tree that intercepted the view of a bridge, for which, too, I have drawn a new white rail, and shall be an absolute travelling Jupiter at Baucis and Philemon's, for I have persuaded him to transform a cottage into a church, by exalting a spire upon the end of it, as Talbot¹ has done. By the way, I have dined at the Vineyard—I dare not trust you with what I think—but I was a little disappointed ! To-morrow we go to the ruins of the Abbey of St. Osyth ; it is the seat of the Rochfords, but I never chose to go there while they were there.

You will probably hear from Mr. L.² (if in any pause of love he rests) that I am going to be first minister to the Prince.

LETTER 296.—¹ Possibly Henry Talbot, a common friend of Montagu and Walpole, elsewhere referred to

as 'the Tiger.'

² Mr. Lyttelton ; an allusion to his impending marriage.

In short, I have occasioned great speculation, and diverted myself with the important mysteries that have been alem-bicked out of a trifle. In short, he had seen my *Ædes Walpoleanæ* at Sir Luke Schaub's, and sent by him to desire one. I sent him one, bound quite in coronation robes, and went last Sunday to thank him for the honour. There were all the new Knights of the Garter. After the Prince had whispered through every curl of Lord Granville's periwig, I dare say about as errant trifles as to me, he turned to me, and said such a crowd of civil things that I did not know what to answer; commended the style and the quotations; said I had sent him back to his Livy; in short, that there were but two things he disliked, one, that I had not given it to him of my own accord, and the other, that I had abused his friend Andrea del Sarto; and that he insisted, when I came to town again, I should come and see two very fine ones that he has lately bought of that master. This drew on a very long conversation on painting, every word of which I suppose will be reported at the other court as a plan of opposition for the winter. Prince George was not there: when he went to receive the riband, the Prince carried him to the closet door, where the Duke of Dorset received and carried him. Ayscough³, or Nugent, or some of the genius's, had taught him a speech; the child began it, the Monarch bounced and cried 'No, no.' When the poor boy had a little recovered a fright, which to be sure flattered Majesty, as nobody has felt a grain of it so long, he began again; but the same tremendous sounds were repeated, and the oration still-born. How could one exert such a silly surly triumph over a poor pretty child?

I believe that soon I shall have a pleasanter tale to tell

³ Rev. Francis Ayscough (1700-1766), tutor to Prince George, and Clerk of the Closet to the Prince of Wales. He was made Dean of

Bristol in 1761. He was brother-in-law of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton, whose tutor he had been at Oxford.

you; it is said my Lady Anson, not content with the profusion of absurdities she utters (by the way, one of her last sayings, and extremely in the style of Mr. Lyttelton's making love, was, as she sat down to play at brag at the corner of a square table: Lady Fitzwalter said she was sorry she had not better room; 'Oh! Madam,' said my Lady Anson, 'I can sit like a nightingale, with my breast against a thorn'): in short, that, not content with so much wit, she proposes to entertain the town to the tune of Doctors' Commons. She does not mince her disappointments: here is an epigram that has been made on the subject.

As Anson his voyage to my lady was reading,
And recounting his dangers,—thank God! she's not
breeding:

He came to the passage, where, like the old Roman,
He stoutly withstood the temptation of woman:
The Baroness smil'd—when continuing, he said,
'Think what terror must then fill the poor lover's head'—
'Alack,' quoth my lady, 'he had nothing to fear,
Were that Scipio as harmless as you are, my dear.'...⁴

297. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1749.

I AM returned to my Strawberry, and find it in such beauty, that I shall be impatient till I see you and your sisters here. They must excuse me if I don't marry for their reception; for it is said the Draxes have impeached fifteen more damsels, and till all the juries of matrons have finished their inquest, one shall not care to make one's choice—I was going to say—*throw one's handkerchief*, but at present that term would be a little equivocal.

As I came to town I was extremely entertained with some excursions I made out of the road in search of

⁴ Passage omitted.

antiquities. At Layer Marney¹ is a noble old remnant of the palace of the Lords Marney, with three very good tombs in the church well preserved. At Messing I saw an extreme fine window of painted glass in the church: it is the duties prescribed in the Gospel, of visiting the sick and prisoners, &c. I mistook, and called it the seven deadly sins. There is a very old tomb of Sir Robert Messing, that built the church². The *Hall Place*³ is a fragment of an old house belonging to Lord Grimston⁴; Lady Luckyn⁵ his mother, of fourscore and six, lives in it with an old son and daughter. The servant who shewed it, told us much history of another brother, that had been parson there: this history was entirely composed of the anecdotes of the doctor's drinking, who, as the man told us, had been *a blood*! There are some Scotch arms taken from the rebels in the '15, and many old coats of arms on glass, bought from Newhall, which now belongs to Olmius⁶. Mr. Conyers bought a window⁷ there for only a hundred pound, on which was painted Harry the Eighth and one of his queens at full length: he has put it up at Copt Hall, a seat which he has bought that belonged to Lord North and Grey. You see I persevere in my heraldry. T'other day the parson of Rigby's parish dined with us—he has conceived as high an opinion of my skill in genealogies, as if I could say the first chapter of Matthew by heart. R. drank my health to him,

LETTER 297.—¹ Layer Marney and Messing are near the high-road between Colchester and Chelmsford.

² The founder's tomb has been removed.

³ It has now entirely disappeared.

⁴ William Grimston (circ. 1683-1756), first Viscount Grimston. He was the second son of Sir William Luckyn, third Baronet, and took the name of Grimston on succeeding to the estates of his great-uncle Sir Samuel Grimston, third Baronet.

⁵ Mary, daughter of William Sherington, Alderman of London, and widow of Sir William Luckyn, third Baronet, of Little Waltham, Essex.

⁶ John Olmius (1711-1762), cr. (1762) Baron Waltham of Philipstown, King's County.

⁷ Now in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. It was sold by Mr. Conyers to that parish (for £400) in 1758.

and that I might come to be Garter King at Arms: the poor man replied with great zeal, *I wish he may with all my heart!* Certainly, I am born to preferment; I gave an old beggar woman a penny once, who prayed that I might live to be Lord Mayor of London! What pleased me most in my travels was Dr. Sayer's parsonage at Witham⁸, which, with Southcote's help, whose old Roman Catholic father lives just by him, he has made one of the most charming villas in England. There are sweet meadows falling down a hill, and rising again on t'other side of the prettiest little winding stream you ever saw.

You did not at all surprise me with the relation of the keeper's brutality to your family, or of his master's to the dowager's handmaid. His savage temper increases every day. George Boscawen⁹ is in a scrape with him by a court-martial, of which he is one; it was appointed on a young poor soldier, who to see his friends had counterfeited a furlough of leave only for a day. They ordered him two hundred lashes; but Nolkejumskoi, who loves blood like a leech, insisted it was not enough—has made them sit three times, though every one adheres to the first sentence, and swears they shall sit these six months till they increase the punishment. The fair Mrs. Pitt has been mobbed in the Park, and with difficulty rescued by some gentlemen, only because this bashaw is in love with her. You heard, I suppose, of his other amour with the Savoyard girl. He sent her to Windsor and offered her a hundred pound, which she refused because he was a heretic; he sent her back on foot. Inclosed is a new print on this subject, which I think has more humour than I almost ever saw in one of that sort.

⁸ In Essex.

⁹ Hon. George Boscawen (1712-1775), fourth son of first Viscount Falmouth; served in the army; was at the battles of Dettingen and Fon-

tenoy; Lieutenant-General, 1760; M.P. for Penryn. He married (1743) George Montagu's first cousin, Miss Anne Trevor. (See Table II.)

Should I not condole with you upon the death of the head of the Cues¹⁰? If you have not heard his will, I will tell you. The settled estate of eight thousand a year is to go between the two daughters¹¹, out of which is a jointure of three thousand a year to the Duchess Dowager, and to that he has added a thousand more out of the unsettled estate, which is nine thousand. He gives, together with his blessing, four thousand per annum rent-charge to the Duchess of Manchester in present, provided she will contest nothing with her sister, who is to have all the rest, and the reversion of the whole after Lady Cardigan and her children: but in case she disputes, Lady Hinchinbrook¹² and hers are in the entail next to the Cardigans, who are to take the Montagu name and livery. I don't know what Mr. Hussy will think of the blessing, but they say his Duchess will be inclined to mind it; she always wanted to be well with her father, but hated her mother. There are two codicils, one in favour of his servants, and the other of his dogs, cats, and creatures; which was a little unnecessary, for Lady Cardigan has exactly his turn for saving everything's life¹³. As he was making the codicil, one of his cats jumped on his knee: *What, says he, have you a mind to be a witness too! You can't, for you are a party concerned.* The Duchess was on the point of losing ten thousand pound by a fit of Marlbro' humour¹⁴. It was in old Fairfax's hands. When he died, she sent for it to his nephew; who owned the

¹⁰ The Duke of Montagu, who died on July 16, 1749.

¹¹ Isabella, widow of second Duke of Manchester, and Mary, Countess of Cardigan (whose husband was afterwards created Duke of Montagu).

¹² Elizabeth (d. 1761), daughter of Alexander Popham, of Littlecot, Wiltshire, by Lady Anne Montagu, daughter of first Duke of Montagu; m. 1. (1707) Viscount Hinchinbroke,

eldest son of third Earl of Sandwich (whom he predeceased); 2. (1728) Francis Seymour, of Sherborne, Dorsetshire.

¹³ 'The Duke of Montagu has an hospital for old cows and horses; none of his tenants near Boughton dare kill a broken-winded horse: they must bring them all to the *reservoir*.' (Spence, *Anecdotes*, ed. 1820, p. 328.)

¹⁴ She was a daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough.

trust, but said he could not give it up without a release from the Duke: she said 'No, it was her own money, and she would have it in her own way; the Duke would do it for a word speaking, but she would have it in her own way.' She sent to the South Sea Company, as it is in their bonds, to order Mr. F. to deliver it: they had nothing to do with it. In the interim the Duke died. Had the Manchester been a legatee, she had lost it, but it will not be worth the Cardigan's while to dispute it, for she has at least ninety more, and never would lend the Duke a shilling in all his purchases.

Lord Stafford is going to send his poor wife with one maid and one horse to a farm-house in Shropshire for ever! The Mirepoix are come; but I have not yet seen them. A thousand compliments to your sisters.

Yours ever,

H. W.

298. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 24, 1749.

You and Dr. Cocchi have made me ashamed with the civilities you showed to my book—I hope it blushed!

You have seen the death of the Duke of Montagu¹ in all the papers. His loss will be extremely felt! he paid no less than 2,700*l.* a year in private pensions, which ought to be known, to balance the immense history of his places; of which he was perpetually obtaining new, and making the utmost of all: he had quartered on the Great Wardrobe no less than thirty nominal tailors and arras-workers. This employment is to be dropped; his others are not yet given away. My father had great opinion of his understanding,

LETTER 298.—¹ John, the last Duke of Montagu, was Knight of the Garter, Great Master of the Order

of the Bath, Master of the Great Wardrobe, Colonel of the Blues, &c., &c. *Walpole.*

and at the beginning of the war was most desirous of persuading him to be Generalissimo; but the Duke was very diffident of himself, and, having seen little service, would not accept it. In short, with some foibles, he was a most amiable man, and one of the most feeling I ever knew. His estate is 17,000*l.* a year; the Duchess of Manchester must have four of it; all the rest he has given, after four thousand a year to the Duchess Dowager shall fall in, to his other daughter Lady Cardigan. Lord Vere Beauclerc² has thrown his into the list of vacant employments: he resigned his Lordship of the Admiralty on Anson's being preferred to him for Vice-Admiral of England; but what heightened the disgust, was Lord Vere's going a party to visit the docks with Sandwich and Anson, after this was done, and yet they never mentioned it to him. It was not possible to converse with them upon good terms every day afterwards. You perceive our powers and places are in a very fluctuating situation: the Prince will have a catalogue of discontented ready to fill the whole civil list. My Lord Chancellor was terrified the other day with a vision of such a revolution: he saw Lord Bath kiss hands, and had like to have dropped the seals with the agony of not knowing what it was for—it was only for his going to Spa. However, as this is an event which the Chancellor has never thought an impossible one, he is daily making Christian preparation against it. He has just married his other daughter³ to Sir John Heathcote's son; a Prince little

² Lord Vere Beauclerc, brother of the Duke of St. Albans, afterwards created Lord Vere of Hanworth. *Walpole*.

³ Hon. Margaret Yorke (d. 1769), second daughter of first Baron (afterwards first Earl of) Hardwicke; m. Gilbert, eldest son of Sir John Heathcote, second Baronet. The wealth of the Heathcote family was acquired

by Sir Gilbert, the first Baronet (d. 1733), who was reputed the richest commoner in England. His avarice was proverbial, and was alluded to by Pope. A peerage was conferred on the descendant of the first Baronet in 1856, when Sir Gilbert John Heathcote was created Baron Aveland.

inferior to Pigwiggin in person ; and procreated in a greater bed of money and avarice than Pigwiggin himself : they say, there is a peerage already promised to him by the title of Lord Normanton. The King has consented to give two earldoms to replace the great families of Somerset and Northumberland in their descendants ; Lady Betty Smithson is to have the latter title after the Duke of Somerset's death, and Sir Charles Windham any other appellation he shall choose. You know Lord Granville had got a grant of Northumberland for him, but it was stopped. These two hang a little, by the Duke of Somerset's wanting to have the earldom for his son-in-law ⁴, instead of his daughter ⁵.

You ask me about the principles of the Methodists : I have tried to learn them, and have read one of their books. The *visible* part seems to be nothing but stricter practice than that of our Church, clothed in the old exploded cant of mystical devotion. For example, you take a metaphor ; we will say our passions are *weeds* ; you immediately drop every description of the passions, and adopt everything peculiar to weeds : in five minutes a true Methodist will talk with the greatest compunction of *hoeing*—this catches women of fashion and shopkeepers.

I have now a request to make to you : Mrs. Gibberne ⁶ is extremely desirous of having her son come to England for a short time. There is a small estate left to the family, I think by the uncle ; his presence is absolutely necessary : however, the poor woman is so happy in his situation with you, that she talks of giving up everything rather than disoblige you by fetching him to England. She has been so unfortunate as to lose a favourite daughter, that was just married greatly to a Lisbon merchant ; the girl was so

⁴ Sir Hugh Smithson. *Walpole*.

⁵ The Duke of Somerset was eventually created Earl of Northumberland with remainder to Sir

Hugh Smithson, and Earl of Egremont with remainder to Sir Charles Windham. *Dover*.

⁶ The mother of Mann's secretary.

divided in her affections, that she had a mind not to have followed her husband to Portugal. Mrs. Leneve, to comfort the poor woman, told her what a distress this would have been either way: she was so struck with this position, that she said, 'Dear Madam, it is very lucky she died!'—and since that, she has never cried, but for joy! Though it is impossible not to smile at these awkward sensations of unrefined nature, yet I am sure your good-nature will agree with me in giving the poor creature this satisfaction; and therefore I beg it. Adieu!

P.S. I forgot to tell you a piece of Methodism, which is that they write up religious sentences everywhere, and have extremely purified the style of writing on public walls: they now scribble the name of the Prince of Peace, instead of the Princess!

299. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 17, 1749.

I HEAR of nothing but your obliging civilities to the Barrets¹: I don't wonder you are attentive to please; my amazement is, when I find it well distributed: you have all your life been making Florence agreeable to everybody that came there, who have almost all forgot it—or worse. But Mr. and Mrs. Barret do you justice, and as they are very sensible and agreeable, I am persuaded you will always find that they know how to esteem such goodness as yours. Mr. Chute has this morning received here a letter from Mr. Barret, and will answer it very soon. Mr. Montagu is here too, and happy to hear he is so well, and recommends

LETTER 299.—¹ Thomas Lennard Barret, afterwards Lord Dacre of the South, and his wife Anne, daughter of Lord Chief Justice Pratt. *Walpole*.—He was born in 1717, suc-

ceeded his mother in the peerage in 1755, and died in 1786. His wife (who was also sister of the first Earl Camden) died in 1806.

several compliments to your conveyance. Your brother mentions your being prevented writing to me, by the tooth-ache; I hate you should have any pain.

You always let us draw upon you for such weight of civilities to anybody we recommend, that if I did not desire to show my attention, and the regard I have for Count Lorenzi², yet it would be burning ingratitude not to repay you. I have accordingly been trying to be very civil to the Chevalier; I did see him once at Florence. To-morrow I am to fetch him hither to dinner, from Putney, where the Mirepoix's have got a house. I gave Madame her father's simple letter, of which she took no more notice than it deserved; but Prince Beauvau has written her a very particular one about me, and is to come over himself in the winter to make me a visit: this has warmed their *politesse*. I should have known the Ambassadors anywhere by the likeness to her family. He is cold and stately, and not much tasted here. She is very sensible; but neither of them satisfy me in one point; I wanted to see something that was the quintessence of the newest *bon ton*, that had the last *bel air*, and spoke the freshest jargon. These people have scarce ever lived at Paris, are reasonable, and little amusing with follies. They have brought a cousin of his, a Monsieur de Lévi, who has a *tantino* of what I wanted to see. You know they pique themselves much upon their Jewish name, and call cousins with the Virgin Mary. They have a picture in the family, where she is made to say to the founder of the house, 'Couvrez-vous, mon cousin.' He replies, 'Non pas, ma très sainte cousine, je sais trop bien le respect que je vous dois³.'

² The French minister at Florence. *Walpole*.

³ There is said to have been another equally absurd picture in the same family, in which Noah is

represented going into the ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which was written *Papiers de la maison de Lévi*. *Dover*.

There is nothing like news: Kensington Palace had like to have made an article the other night; it was on fire: my Lady Yarmouth has an ague, and is forced to keep a constant fire in her room against the damp. When my Lady Suffolk lived in that apartment, the floor produced a constant crop of mushrooms. Though there are so many vacant chambers, the King hoards all he can, and has locked up half the palace since the Queen's death: so he does at St. James's, and I believe would put the rooms out to interest, if he could get a closet a year for them! Somebody told my Lady Yarmouth they wondered she would live in that unwholesome apartment, when there are so many other rooms: she replied, '*Mais pas pour moy.*'

The scagliuola tables are arrived, and only one has suffered a little on the edge: the pattern is perfectly pretty. It would oblige me much if you could make the friar make a couple more for me, and with a little more expedition.

Don't be so humble about your pedigree: there is not a pipe of good blood in the kingdom but we will tap for you: Mr. Chute has it now in painting; and you may depend on having it with the most satisfactory proofs, as soon as it can possibly be finished. He has taken great pains, and fathomed half the genealogies in England for you.

You have been extremely misinformed about my father's writing his own history: I often pressed it, but he never once threw a thought that way. He neither loved reading nor writing; and at last, the only time he had leisure, was not well enough. He used to say, '*that but few men should ever be ministers, for it let them see too much of the badness of mankind.*' Your story, I imagine, was inoculated on this speech. Adieu!

300. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

DEAR GEORGE,

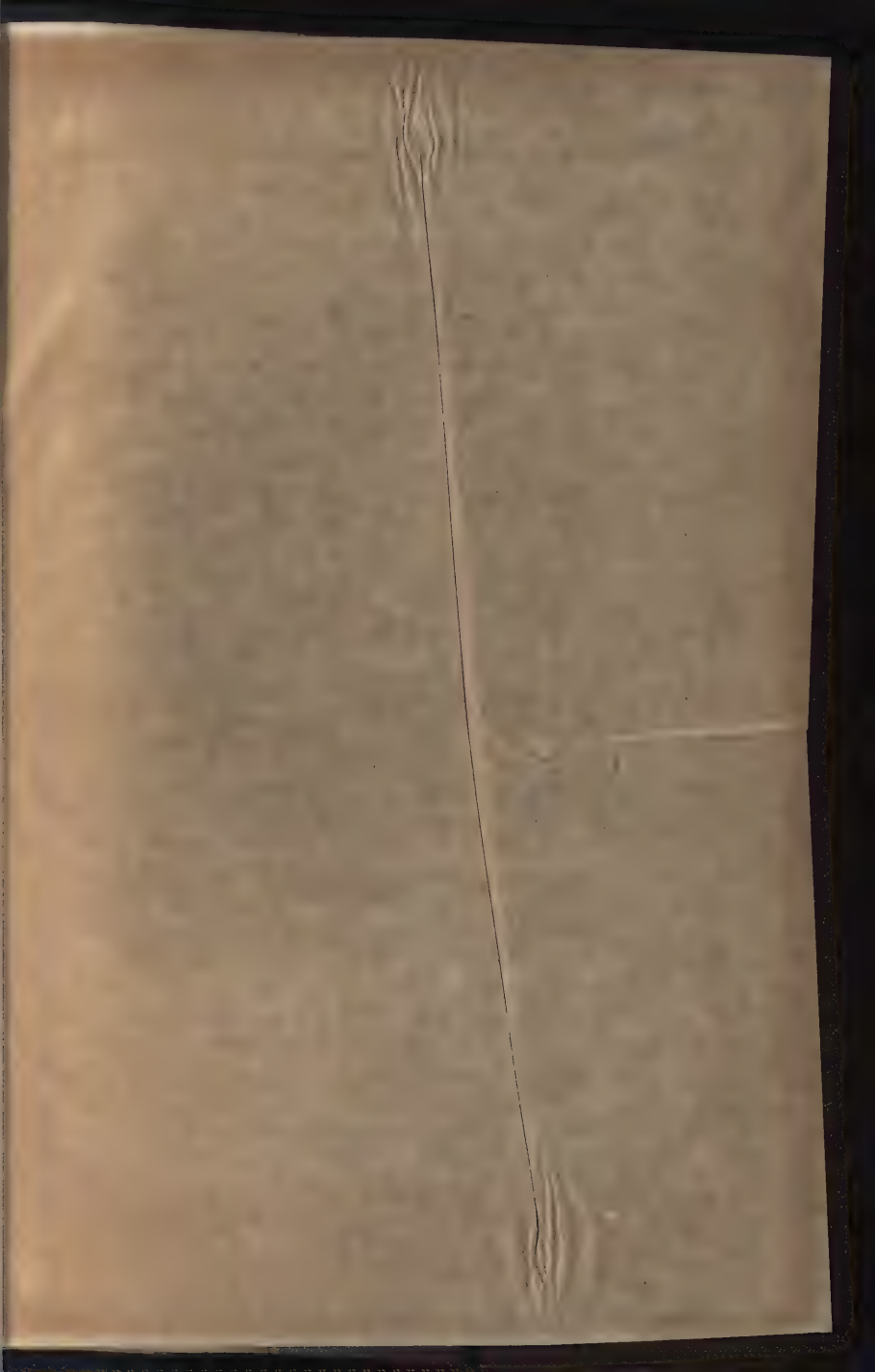
Strawberry Hill, Aug. 26, 1749.

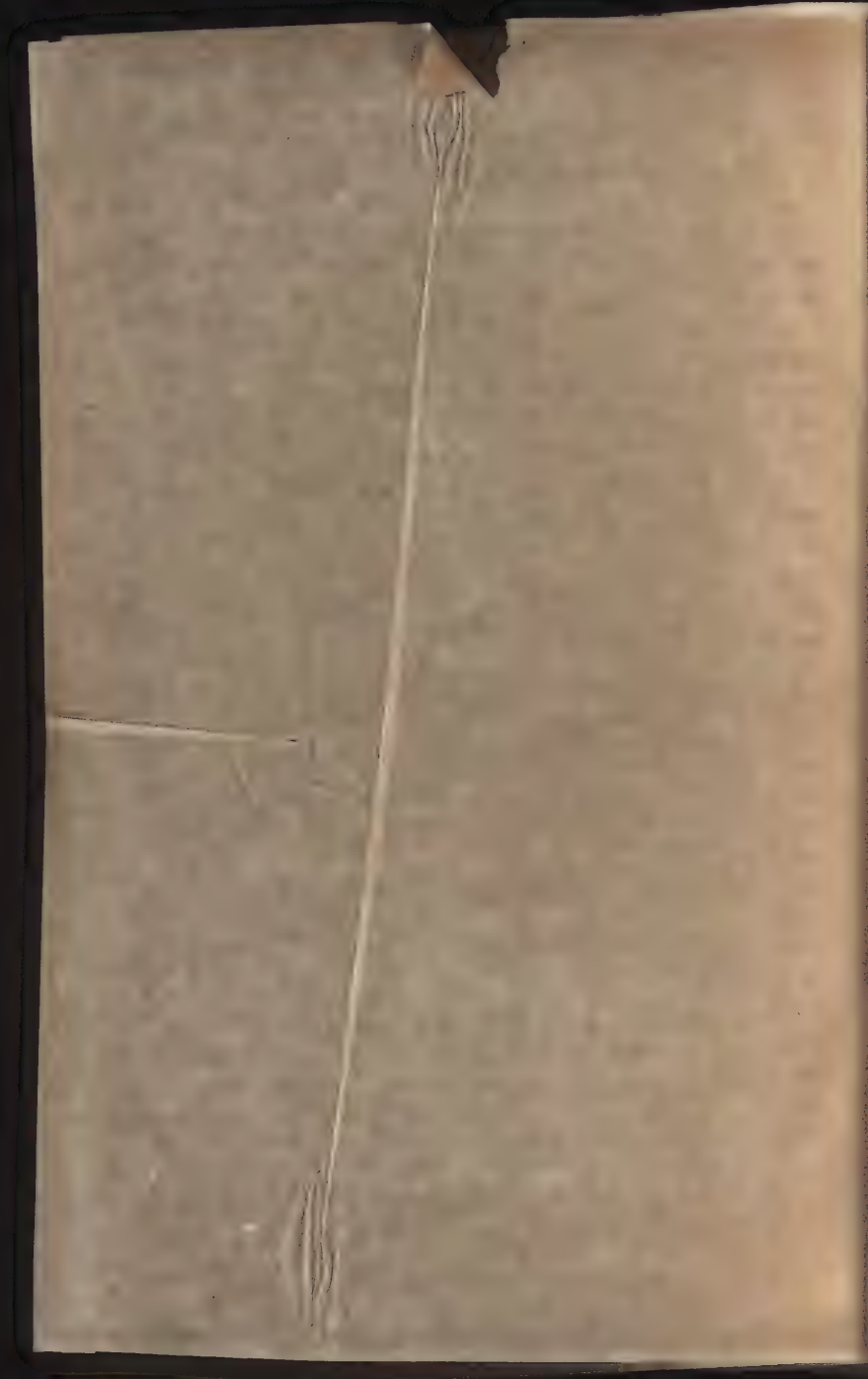
I flatter myself that you are quite recovered of your disorder, and that your sisters will not look with an evil eye on Strawberry Hill.

Mr. Chute and I are returned from our expedition, miraculously well, considering all our distresses. If you love good roads, conveniences, good inns, plenty of postilions and horses, be so kind to yourself as never to go into Sussex. We thought ourselves in the northeast part of England; the whole country has a Saxon air, and the inhabitants are as savage, as if King George the Second was the first monarch of the East Angles. Coaches grow there no more than balm and spices; we were forced to drop our post-chaise, in which we were thrice overturned, and hire a machine that resembled nothing so much as Harlequin's calash¹, which was occasionally a chaise or a baker's cart. We journeyed over Alpine mountains, drenched in clouds, and thought of Harlequin again, when he was driving the chariot of the sun through the morning clouds, and so was glad to hear the *aqua vitæ* man crying a dram. At last we got to Arundel Castle, which was visibly built for defence in an impracticable country. It is now only a heap of ruins, with a new indifferent apartment clapt up for the Norfolks, when they reside there for a week or a fortnight. Their priest showed us about. There are the walls of a round tower where a garrison held out against Cromwell; he planted a battery on the top of the church, and reduced them. There is a gloomy gateway and dungeons, in one of which I conclude is kept the old woman who, in the time of the late Rebellion, offered to show Lord R. Sutton² where

LETTER 300.—¹ A kind of light carriage.

² Second son of third Duke of Rutland; d. 1762.







W. Kenton del. & sculp.

John Chute.



arms were hid at Worksop. The Duchess complimented him into dining before his search, and in the mean time the woman was spirited away, and adieu the arms! There are fine monuments of the old Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel, in the church. Mr. Chute, whom I have created *Strawberry King at Arms*, has had brave sport *à la chasse aux armes*.

We were charmed with the magnificence of the park at Petworth³, which is Percy to the backbone⁴; but the house and garden did not please our antiquarian spirit. The house is entirely new-fronted in the style of the Tuileries, and furnished exactly like Hampton Court. There is one room gloriously flounced all round [with] whole-length pictures, with much the finest carving of Gibbins that ever my eyes beheld. There are birds absolutely feathered; and two antique vases with bas-relieves, as perfect and beautiful as if they were carved by a Grecian master. There is a noble Claud Lorrain, a very curious picture of the haughty Anne Stanhope⁵, the Protector's wife, pretty, but not giving one an idea of her character, and many old portraits; but the housekeeper was at London, and we did not learn half. The chapel is grand and proper. At the inn we entertained ourselves with the landlord, whom my Lord Hervey⁶ had cabinetted when he went to woo one of the Lady Seymours.

³ Then the property of the Duke of Somerset, through his mother, the daughter of the fifth Earl of Northumberland. On the Duke's death Petworth descended to his nephew, Sir Charles Wyndham, who succeeded him as Earl of Egremont. (See Table IV.)

⁴ The manor of Petworth was conveyed in 1140 to Joceline of Louvain by his sister, Queen Adeliza of Louvain. Joceline married Agnes, daughter of William de Percy. He took his wife's name, and carried Petworth into the Percy family.

⁵ Anne (d. 1587), daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, of Shelford, Nottinghamshire; m. (circ. 1537) Edward Seymour, then Viscount Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset.

⁶ George William, Lord Hervey, afterwards second Earl of Bristol. His grandfather Lord Bristol (writing under date of Nov. 10, 1750) proposes to Lord Hervey a match with a Miss Archer, 'hoping you will not let this lady slip through your fingers as you did the sisters Seymour.'

Our greatest pleasure was seeing Cowdry⁷, which is repairing; Lord Montacute⁸ will at last live in it. We thought of old Margaret of Clarence⁹, who lived there; one of her accusations was built on the bulls found there. It was the palace of her great-uncle, the Marquis Montacute¹⁰. I was charmed with the front, and the court, and the fountain; but the room called Holbein's, except the curiosity of it, is wretchedly painted, and infinitely inferior to those delightful histories of Harry the Eighth in the private apartment at Windsor. I was much more pleased with a whole-length picture of Sir Anthony Brown¹¹ in the very dress in which he wedded Anne of Cleves by proxy. He is in blue and white, only his right leg is entirely white, which was certainly robed for the act of putting into bed to her; but when the King came to marry her, he only put his leg into bed to kick her out of it.

I have set up my staff, and finished my pilgrimages for this year. Sussex is a great damper of curiosity. Adieu! my compliments to your sister.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

301. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 12, 1749.

I HAVE your two letters to answer of August 15th and 26th, and, as far as I see before me, have a great deal of

⁷ Near Midhurst, in Sussex.

⁸ Antony Browne (1686-1767), sixth Viscount Montagu.

⁹ Margaret Plantagenet (1478-1541), daughter of George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, wife of Sir Richard Pole; cr. (1513) Countess of Salisbury. The bulls mentioned by Horace Walpole were found at Warblington, near Havant (where the Countess resided), not at Cowdray,

where, however, she remained for some months after her arrest, in the care of Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, the then owner.

¹⁰ John Neville (circ. 1430-1471), Marquis of Montagu, brother of Warwick the King-Maker. He was killed at the battle of Barnet.

¹¹ Master of the Horse to Henry VIII; d. 1548.

paper, which I don't know how to fill. The town is notoriously empty; at Kensington they have scarce company enough to pay for lighting the candles. The Duke has been for a week with the Duke of Bedford at Woburn: Princess Emily remains, saying *civil things*; for example, the second time she saw Madame de Mirepoix, she cried out, 'Ah! Madame, vous n'avez pas tant de rouge aujourd'hui: la première fois que vous êtes venue ici, vous aviez une quantité horrible.' This the Mirepoix herself repeated to me; you may imagine her astonishment,—I mean, as far as your duty will give you leave. I like her extremely; she has a great deal of quiet sense. They try much to be English, and whip into frocks without measure, and fancy they are doing the fashion. Then she has heard so much of that villainous custom of giving money to the servants of other people, that there is no convincing her that women of fashion never give; she distributes with both hands. The Chevalier Lorenzi has dined with me here: I gave him venison, and, as he was determined to like it, he protested it was 'as good as beef.' You will be delighted with what happened to him: he was impatient to make his brother's compliments to Mr. Chute, and hearing somebody at Kensington call *Mr. Schutz*, he easily mistook the sound, and went up to him, and asked him if he had not been at Florence! Schutz with the utmost Hanoverian gravity replied, 'Oui, oui, j'ai été à Florence, oui, oui:—mais où est-il, ce Florence?'

The Richcourts¹ are arrived, and have brought with them a strapping lad of your Count; sure, is it the boy that my Lady O. used to bring up by hand? he is pretty picking for her now. The woman is handsome, but clumsy to a degree, and as much too masculine as her lover Rice is too

LETTER 301.—¹ Count Richcourt, brother of the minister at Florence,

and Envoy from the Emperor: his wife was a Piedmontese. *Walpole.*

little so. Sir Charles Williams too is arrived, and tells me how much he has heard in your praise in Germany. Villette is here, but I have had no dealing with him. I think I talk nothing but foreign ministers to-day, as if I were just landed from the Diet of Ratisbon. But I shall have done on this chapter, and I think on all others, for you say such extravagant things of my letters, which are nothing but gossiping gazettes, that I cannot bear it. Then you have undone yourself with me, for you compare them to Madame Sévigné's; absolute treason! Do you know, there is scarce a book in the world I love so much as her letters?

How infinitely humane you are about Gibberne! Shall I amuse you with the truth of that history, which I have discovered? The poor silly woman, his mother, has pressed his coming for a very private reason—only to make him one of the most considerable men in this country!—and by what wonderful means do you think this mighty business is to be effected? only by the beauties of his person! As I remember, he was as little like an Adonis as could be: you must keep this inviolably; but depend upon the truth of it—I mean, that his mother really has this idea. She showed his picture to—why, to the Duchess of Cleveland, to the Duchess of Portsmouth, to Madame Pompadour; in short, to one of them, I don't know which, I only know it was *not* to my Lady Suffolk, the King's *former* mistress. 'Mon Dieu! Madame, est-il frai que fotre fils est si sholi que ce bortrait? il faut que je le garte; je feux apsolutement l'afoir.' The woman protested nothing ever was so handsome as her lad, and that the nasty picture did not do him half justice. In short, she flatters herself that the Countess² will do him whole justice: I don't think it impossible but, out of charity, she may make him groom of the chambers. I don't know, indeed, how the article of beauty may answer; but

² Lady Yarmouth. *Walpole.*

if you should lose your Gibberne, it is good to have a friend at court.

Lord Granby is going to be married to the eldest of the Lady Seymours; she has above a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. The Duke of Rutland will take none of it, but gives at present six thousand a year.

That I may keep my promise to myself of having nothing to tell you, I shall bid you good night; but I really do know no more. Don't whisper my anecdote even to Gibberne, if he is not yet set out; nor to the Barrets. I wish you a merry, merry baths of Pisa, as the link-boys say at Vauxhall. Adieu!

302. TO JOHN CHUTE.

MY DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 22, 1749.

I expect Sir Charles Williams to scold me excessively. He wrote me a letter, in which he desired that I would send you word by last night's post, that he expected to meet you here by Michaelmas, according to your promise. I was unfortunately at London; the letter was directed hither from Lord Ilchester's, where he is; and so I did not receive it till this morning. I hope, however, this will be time enough to put you in mind of your appointment; but while I am so much afraid of Sir Charles's anger, I seem to forget the pleasure I shall have in seeing you myself; I hope you know that: but he is still more pressing, as he will stay so little time in England. Adieu!

303. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1749.

I AM much obliged to you, dear Sir, and agree with your opinion about the painting of Prince Edward, that it can't

be original and authentic, and consequently not worth copying. Lord Chomley is, indeed, an original! but who are the wise people that build for him? Sir Philip Hobby¹ seems to be the only person likely to be benefited by this new extravagance. I have just seen a collection of tombs like those you describe; the house of Russell robed in alabaster and painted. There are seven monuments in all; one is immense, flaunting in marble, cherubim'd and seraphim'd, crusted with bas-reliefs and titles, for the first Duke of Bedford² and his Duchess. All these are in a chapel of the church at Cheney's³, the seat of the first Earls. There are but piteous fragments of the house remaining, now a farm, built round three sides of a court. It is dropping down, in several places without a roof, but in half the windows are beautiful arms in painted glass. As these are so totally neglected, I propose making a push, and begging them of the Duke of Bedford. They would be magnificent for Strawberry Castle. Did I tell you that I have found a text in Deuteronomy to authorize my future battlements? *When thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence.*

I saw Cheney's at a visit I have been making to Harry Conway at Latimers⁴. This house, which they have hired, is large and bad, old but of a bad age; finely situated on a hill in a beech wood, with a river at the bottom, and a range of hills and woods on the opposite side belonging

LETTER 303.—¹ Sir Philip Hobby (1505-1555), diplomatist. The meaning of the allusion may be that as Sir Philip was employed by the English government to negotiate loans with foreign merchants, so Lord Cholmondeley (whose extravagance and impecuniosity were notorious) would be obliged to employ some go-between to raise money

for him.

² William Russell (1613-1700), fifth Earl and first Duke of Bedford; m. (1637) Lady Anne Kerr, daughter of Robert Kerr, Earl of Somerset.

³ Near Amersham in Buckinghamshire.

⁴ Near Chesham in Buckinghamshire. It belonged then, as now, to the Cavendish family.

to the Bedford. They are fond of it; the view is melancholy. In the church at Cheney's Mr. Conway put on an old helmet we found there: you cannot imagine how it suited him, how antique and handsome he looked; you would have taken him for Rinaldo. Now I have dipped you so deep in heraldry and genealogies, I shall beg you to step into the church of Stoke⁵; I know it is not asking you to do a disagreeable thing to call there; I want an account of the tomb of the first Earl of Huntingdon⁶, an ancestor of mine, who lies there. I asked Gray, but he could tell me little about it. You know how out of humour Gray has been about our diverting ourselves with pedigrees, which is at least as wise as making a serious point of haranguing against the study. I believe neither Mr. Chute nor I ever contracted a moment's vanity from any of our discoveries, or ever preferred them to anything but brag and whisk. Well, Gray has set himself to compute, and has found out that there must go a million of ancestors in twenty generations to everybody's composition⁷.

I dig and plant till it is dark; all my works are revived and proceeding. When will you come and assist? You know I have an absolute promise, and shall now every day expect you. My compliments to your sisters.

I am, dear George,

Yours most faithfully,

H. W.

⁵ Stoke Poges in Buckinghamshire, frequently visited by Gray during the residence there of his mother and aunts. It is commonly supposed that Gray's *Elegy* was inspired by the churchyard of Stoke Poges, where (in the same vault with his mother) Gray is buried. Another poem connected with Stoke Poges is the *Long Story*, in which Gray com-

memorates a visit paid him by Miss Speed and Lady Schaub, the niece and friend of Lady Cobham, who lived at Stoke Manor House.

⁶ George Hastings (d. 1545), first Earl of Huntingdon, was buried in the chancel of Stoke Poges Church, but has no tomb.

⁷ A portion of the original letter has here been cut out.

304. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 27, 1749.

You never was more conveniently in fault in your life: I have been going to make you excuses these ten days for not writing; and while I was inventing them, your humble letter of Oct. 10th arrives. I am so glad to find it is you that are to blame, not I. Well, well, I am all good-nature, I forgive you; I can overlook such little negligences.

Mr. Chute is indefatigable in your service, but Anstis has been very troublesome; he makes as many difficulties in signing a certificate about folks that are dead as if they were claiming an estate. I am sorry you are so pressed, for poor Mr. Chute is taken off from this pursuit: he was fetched from hence this day se'nnight to his infernal brother's, where a Mrs. Mildmay, whom you must have heard him mention, is dead suddenly: this may turn out a very great misfortune to our friend.

Your friend, Mr. Dodington, has not quite stuck to the letter of the declaration he sent you: he is first minister at Carlton House¹, and is to lead the opposition; but the misfortune is, nobody will be led by him. The whole court is in disorder by this event: everybody else laughs.

I am glad the Barrets please you, and that I have pleased Count Lorenzi. I must tell you a speech of the Chevalier, which you will reconnoitre for Florentine; one would think he had seen no more of the world than his brother². He was visiting Lady Yarmouth with Mirepoix: he drew a person into a window, and whispered him; 'Dites-moi un peu en ami, je vous en prie; qu'est ce que c'est que Miledi Yar-

LETTER 304. —¹ The Prince of Wales, in spite of Dodington's previous desertion, took the latter back into his service, and had promised to give him a peerage and to make

him Secretary of State when he should succeed to the crown.

² Who had never been out of Tuscany. *Walpole.*

mouth?—‘Eh! bien, vous ne savez pas?’—‘Non, ma foi: nous savons ce que c’est que Miledi Middlesex.’

Gibberne is arrived. I don’t tell you this apropos to the foregoing paragraph: he has wanted to come hither, but I have waived his visit till I am in town.

I announce to you the old absurd Countess—not of Orford, but Pomfret. Bistino will have enough to do: there is Lady Juliana³, who is very like, but not so handsome as Lady Granville; and Lady Granville’s little child⁴. They are actually in France; I don’t doubt but you will have them. I shall pity you under a second edition of her follies. Adieu! Pray ask my pardon for my writing you so short a letter.

305. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1749.

At last I have seen *le beau* Gibberne: I was extremely glad to see him, after I had done contemplating his person, which surely was never designed to figure in a romance. I never saw a creature so grateful! It is impossible not to be touched with the attachment he has for you. He talks of returning; and, indeed, I would advise it for his sake: he is quite spoiled for living in England, and had entirely forgot what Visigoths his countrymen are. But I must drop him to thank you for the charming intaglio which you have stolen upon me by his means: it is admired as much as it deserves; but with me it has all the additional merit of coming from you. Gibberne says you will be frightened at a lamentable history¹ that you will read of me in the

³ Afterwards married to Mr. Penn. *Walpole*.

⁴ Lady Sophia Carteret, daughter of second Earl Granville; m. (1765) William Petty, second Earl of Shel-

burne (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne); d. 1771.

LETTER 305.—¹ Mr. W. had been robbed the week before in Hyde Park, and narrowly escaped being

newspapers; but pray don't be frightened: the danger, great as it was, was over before I had any notion of it; and the hurt did not deserve mentioning. The relation is so near the truth, that I need not repeat it; and, indeed, the frequent repetition has been much worse than the robbery. I have at last been relieved by the riots² at the new French theatre, and by Lord Coke's lawsuit³. The first has been opened twice; the latter to-day. The young men of fashion, who espouse the French players, have hitherto triumphed: the old ladies, who countenance Lady Mary Coke, are likely to have their grey beards brought with sorrow to the grave. It will be a new æra (or, as my Lord Baltimore calls it, a new *area*) in English history, to have the mob and the Scotch beat out of two points that they have endeavoured to make national. I dare say the Chevalier Lorenzi will write ample accounts to Florence of these and all our English phenomena. I think, if possible, we brutalize more and more: the only difference is, that though everything is anarchy, there seems to be less general party than ever. The humours abound, but

killed by the accidental going off of the highwayman's pistol, which did stun him, and took off the skin of his cheek-bone. *Walpole*.—'The Hon. Horatio Walpole, brother to the Earl of Orford, who was robbed by two men on the 7th [of Nov.] in Hyde Park, when a pistol going off shot through the coach, and scorched his face, received a letter from the robbers, intimating their concern for the accident, and their apprehension of the consequences at that time; and that, if he would send, to a place named, a person would be there to deliver his watch, sword, and coachman's watch, if he would, on his honour, send 40 guineas in less than an hour to the same place, with threats of destruction if he did not. But he did not comply, though he afterwards offered 20, the sum

they fell to in a second letter.' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1749, p. 522.)

² The mob was determined not to suffer French players; and Lord Trentham's engaging in their defence, was made great use of against him at the ensuing election for Westminster, where he was to be re-chosen, on being appointed a Lord of the Admiralty. *Walpole*.

³ Lady Mary Coke swore the peace against her husband. *Walpole*.—After having practically imprisoned her for six months at Holkham, Lord Coke was called upon to produce her before the King's Bench, where she at once took the step mentioned by Horace Walpole. Lady Mary also instituted a suit for divorce, but it fell through. She lived apart from her husband till his death.

there wants some notable physician to bring them to a head.

The Parliament met yesterday: we had opposition, but no division on the Address.

Now the Barrets have left you, Mr. Chute and I will venture to open our minds to you a little; that is, to comfort you for the loss of your friends we will abuse them—that is enough in the way of the world. Mr. Chute had no kind of acquaintance with Mr. Barret till just before he set out: I, who have known him all my life, must tell you that all those nerves are imaginary, and that as long as there are distempers in the world, he will have one or two constantly upon his list. I don't know her; I never heard much of her understanding, but I had rather take your opinion; or at least, if I am not absolutely so complaisant, I will believe that you was determined to like them on Mr. Chute's account. I would not speak so plainly to you (and have not I been very severe?) if I were not sure that your good-nature would not relax any offices of friendship to them. You will scold me black and blue; but you know I always tell you when the goodness of your heart makes you borrow a little from that of other people to lend to their heads. Good night!

306. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1750.

I DON'T at all know what to say to you, for not having writ to you since the middle of November: I only know that nothing has happened, and so I have omitted telling you nothing. I have had two from you in the interim, one of Nov. 28th, and one without a date, in which you are extremely kind about my robbery, of which in my last I assured you there were no consequences: thank you

a thousand times for having felt so much on my account. Gibberne has been with me again to-day, as his mother was a fortnight ago: she talked me to death, and three times after telling me her whole history, she said, 'Well, then, Sir, upon the whole,' and began it all again. *Upon the whole*, I think she has a mind to keep her son in England; and he has a mind to be kept, though in my opinion he is very unfit for living in England—he is too polished! For trade, she says, he is in a cold sweat if she mentions it; and so they propose, by the acquaintance, he says, his mother has among the quality, to get him that nothing called something. I assured them, you had too much friendship for him to desire his return, if it would be a prejudice to his interest—did not I say right? He seems a good creature; too good to make his way here.

I beg you will not omit sending me every tittle that happens to compose my Lady Pomfret's second volume. We see perpetual articles of the sale of the furniture in the Great Duke's villas: is there any truth in it? You would know me again, if you saw me playing at pharaoh on one side of Madame de Mirepoix, as I used to do by her mother: I like her extremely, though she likes nothing but gaming. His pleasure is dancing: don't you envy anybody that can have spirits to be so simple as to like themselves in a minuet after fifty? Don't tell his brother, but the Chevalier Lorenzi is the object of the family's entertainment. With all the Italian thirst for English knowledge, he vents as many absurdities as if he had a passion for Ireland too. He saw some of the Florentine *gesses* at Lord Lincoln's; he showed them to the Ambassadors with great transport, and assured her that the Great Duke had the originals, and that there never had been made any copies of them. He told her the other day that he had seen a sapphire of the size of her diamond ring, and worth more: she said that could not be.

'Oh!' said he, 'I mean, supposing your diamond were a sapphire.'

I want to know Dr. Cocchi's and your opinion of two new French books, if you have seen them. One is Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loix*; which I think the best book that ever was written—at least I never learned half so much from all I ever read. There is as much wit as useful knowledge. He is said to have hurt his reputation by it in France, which I can conceive, for it is almost the interest of everybody there that can understand it to decry it. The other, far inferior, but entertaining, is Hainault's¹ *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France*. It is very amusing, though very full of Frenchisms; and though an abridgement, often so minute as to tell you when the Quinzevingts² first wore flower-de-luces on their shoulders: but there are several little circumstances that give one an idea of the manners of old time, like Dr. Cocchi's treatise on the old rate of expenses.

There has been nothing particular in Parliament: all our conversation has turned on the Westminster election, on which, after a vast struggle, Lord Trentham³ had the majority. Then came on the scrutiny: after a week's squabbling on the right of election, the High Bailiff declared what he would take to be the right. They are now proceeding to disqualify votes on that foot; but as his decision

LETTER 306.—¹ Charles Jean Hainault (1685–1770), successively 'Président au Parlement,' and superintendent of the household of Queen Marie Leczinska. He was on very friendly terms with Voltaire and with Madame du Deffand, at whose house Horace Walpole became acquainted with him. His tragedy, *Cornélie*, was printed at Strawberry Hill.

² Inmates of the *Hospice des Quinze Vingts*, founded about 1254 by Louis IX for three hundred blind men.

³ Granville Leveson-Gower (1721–

1808), Viscount Trentham, eldest son of first Earl Gower, whom he succeeded in 1754; cr. Marquis of Stafford, 1786; M.P. for Westminster; Lord of the Admiralty, 1749–51; Lord Privy Seal, 1755–57, 1784–94; Master of the Horse, 1757–60; Master of the Great Wardrobe, 1760–68; Lord Chamberlain, 1763–65; Lord President of the Council, 1767–79, 1783–84. He was a prominent member of the Bedford party, sometimes known as the 'Bloomsbury gang.'

could not possibly please both sides, I fear it will come to us at last.

Lord Pembroke⁴ died last night: he had been at the Bridge Committee⁵ in the morning, where, according to custom, he fell into an outrageous passion; as my Lord Chesterfield told him, that ever since the pier sunk he has constantly been *damming and sinking*. The watermen say to-day, that now the great *pier* (*peer*) is quite gone. Charles Stanhope⁶ carried him home in his chariot; he desired the coachman to drive gently, for he could not avoid those passions; and afterwards, between shame and his asthma, he always felt daggers, and should certainly one day or other die in one of those fits. Arundel⁷, his great friend and relation, came to him soon after: he repeated the conversation, and said, he did not know but he might die by night. 'God bless you! If I see you no more, take this as my last farewell!' He died in his chair at seven o'clock. He certainly is a public loss; for he was public-spirited and inflexibly honest, though prejudice and passion were so predominant in him that honesty had not fair play whenever he had been set upon any point that had been given him for right. In his lawsuit with my Lady Portland⁸ he was scurrilously indecent, though to a woman; and so blasphemous at tennis, that the present primate of Ireland⁹ was forced to leave off playing with him. Last year he

⁴ Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Groom of the Stole. *Walpole*.

⁵ The Committee appointed to superintend the construction of Westminster Bridge.

⁶ Charles Stanhope (d. 1760), of Elvaston, son of John Stanhope and brother of first Earl of Harrington; sometime Secretary to the Treasury and Treasurer of the Chamber. He figures in Sir C. H. Williams' poem *Isabella, or the Morning*.

⁷ Richard Arundel, Treasurer of

the Chamber: his mother, the Dowager Lady Arundel, was second wife of Thomas, Earl of Pembroke, father of Earl Henry. *Walpole*.

⁸ Probably Jane Martha Temple (d. 1751), Dowager Baroness Berkeley of Stratton, and second wife of William Bentinck, first Earl of Portland.

⁹ Dr. George Stone. *Walpole*.—He became Archbishop of Armagh in 1747. He exercised great political influence in Ireland, and died in 1764.

went near to destroy post-chaises, on a quarrel with the postmaster at Hounslow, who, as he told the Bishop of Chichester¹⁰, had an hundred devils and Jesuits in his belly. In short, he was one of the lucky English madmen who get people to say, that whatever extravagance they commit, 'Oh, it is his way.' He began his life with boxing, and ended it with living upon vegetables, into which system avarice a little entered. At the beginning of the present war, he very honourably would resign his regiment, though the King pressed him to keep it, because his rupture hindered his serving abroad. My father, with whom he was always well, would at any time have given him the blue riband; but he piqued himself on its being offered to him without asking it: the truth was, he did not care for the expense of the instalment. His great excellence was architecture: the bridge at Wilton is more beautiful than anything of Lord Burlington or Kent. He has left an only son, a fine boy about sixteen¹¹. Last week, Lord Crawford¹² died too, as is supposed, by taking a large quantity of laudanum, under impatience at the badness of his circumstances, and at the seventeenth opening of the wound which he got in Hungary, in a battle with the Turks. I must tell you a story apropos of two noble instances of fidelity and generosity. His servant, a French papist, saw him fall; watched, and carried him off into a ditch. Lord Crawford told him the Turks would certainly

¹⁰ Matthias Mawson, afterwards Bishop of Ely.

¹¹ Henry Herbert (1734-1794), tenth Earl of Pembroke; served in the army; Lieutenant-Colonel, First Foot Guards, 1756; Lord of the Bedchamber to George III, as Prince of Wales and as King, 1756, 1760-63, 1769; General, 1782; Governor of Portsmouth, 1782. His elopement (in 1762) with Miss Hunter deprived

him of his place at court for some time, but he was ultimately restored to favour. He wrote a book on *Military Equitation*, which went through three editions.

¹² John Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, premier Earl of Scotland. His life, which indeed had little remarkable in it, was published afterwards in a large quarto. *Walpole*.

find them, and that, as he could not live himself, it was in vain for him to risk his life too, and insisted on the man making his escape. After a long contest, the servant retired, found a priest, confessed himself, came back, and told his lord that he now was prepared to die, and would never leave him. The enemy did not return, and both were saved. After Lord Crawford's death, this story was related to old Charles Stanhope, Lord Harrington's brother, whom I mentioned just now: he sent for the fellow, told him he could not take him himself, but, as from his lord's affairs he concluded he had not been able to provide for him, he would give him fifty pound, and did.

To make up for my long silence, and to make up a long letter, I will string another old story, which I have just heard, to this. General Wade was at a low gaming-house, and had a very fine snuff-box, which on a sudden he missed. Everybody denied having taken it: he insisted on searching the company. He did: there remained only one man, who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him: there the man told him, that he was born a gentleman, was reduced, and lived by what little bets he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. 'At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket; I was afraid of being exposed; here it is! Now, Sir, you may search me.' Wade was so struck, that he gave the man a hundred pounds; and immediately the genius of generosity, whose province is almost a sinecure, was very glad of the opportunity of making him find his own snuff-box, or another very like it, in his own pocket again.

Lord Marchmont is to succeed Lord Crawford as one of the sixteen¹³: the House of Lords is so inactive that at last the ministry have ventured to let him in there. His brother

¹³ The sixteen representative peers of Scotland.

Hume Campbell, who has been in a state of neutrality, begins to frequent the House again.

It is plain I am no monied man; as I have forgot, till I came to my last paragraph, what a ferment the money-changers are in! Mr. Pelham, who has flung himself entirely into Sir John Barnard's hands, has just miscarried in a scheme for the reduction of interest, by the intrigues of the three great companies and other usurers. They all detest Barnard, who, to honesty and abilities, joins the most intolerable pride. By my next, I suppose, you will find that Mr. Pelham is grown afraid of somebody else, of some director, and is governed by him. Adieu!—Sure I am out of debt now!

P.S. My dear Sir, I must trouble you with a commission, which I don't know whether you can execute. I am going to build a little Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill. If you can pick me up any fragments of old painted glass, arms, or anything, I shall be excessively obliged to you. I can't say I remember any such things in Italy; but out of old châteaux, I imagine, one might get it cheap, if there is any.

307. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1750.

You will hear little news from England, but of robberies¹; the numbers of disbanded soldiers and sailors have all taken to the road, or rather to the street: people are almost afraid of stirring after it is dark. My Lady Albemarle² was robbed

LETTER 307.—¹ 'Tuesday, Jan. 30. Several persons of distinction having been, within a few days, robbed in the streets, it was thought necessary to republish in the *Gazette* of this day, his Majesty's proclamation of £100 for taking any robber, &c., in

the cities of London or Westminster, or within 5 miles of the same, with a promise of pardon to impeachers.' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1750, p. 41.)

² Lady Anne Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, wife of William Anne Keppel, Earl of Albemarle,

the other night in Great Russell Street, by nine men: the King gave her a gold watch and chain the next day. She says, 'the manner was all'—and indeed so it was, for I never saw a more frippery present; especially considering how great a favourite she is, and my Lady Yarmouth's friend. The Monarch is never less generous than when he has a mind to be so: the only present he ever made my father was a large diamond, cracked quite through. Once or twice, in his younger and gallant days, he has brought out a handful of maimed topazes and amethysts, and given them to be raffled for by the Maids of Honour. I told my Lady Yarmouth it had been a great loss to me that there was no Queen, for then I suppose I should have had a watch too when I was robbed.

We have had nothing remarkable in Parliament, but a sort of secession the other day on the Mutiny Bill, when Lord Egmont and the opposition walked out of the House, because the ministry would go on upon the Report, when they did not like it. It is a measure of the Prince's court to lie by, and let the ministry demolish one another, which they are hurrying to do. The two Secretaries³ are on the brink of declaring war: the occasion is likely to be given by a Turnpike Bill, contested between the counties of Bedford and Northampton; and it grows almost as vehement a contest as the famous one between Aylesbury and Buckingham⁴. The Westminster election is still hanging in scrutiny; the Duke of Bedford paid the election⁵, which he owns to have cost seven thousand pounds; and Lord Gower pays the scrutiny, which will be at least as much. This bustling little Duke has just had another miscarriage

Ambassador at Paris, and Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Caroline. *Walpole.*

³ The Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford. *Walpole.*

⁴ For the removal of the assizes from the former to the latter.

⁵ The Duke of Bedford's second wife was sister of Lord Trentham, the candidate. *Walpole.*

in Cornwall, where he attacked a family borough of the Morrices⁶. The Duke⁷ espouses the Bedford; and Lord Sandwich is espoused by both. He goes once or twice a week to hunt with the Duke; and as the latter has taken a turn of gaming, Sandwich, to make his court—and fortune—carries a box and dice in his pocket; and so they throw a main, whenever the hounds are at fault, ‘upon every green hill, and under every green tree.’

But we have one shocking piece of news, the dreadful account of the hurricane in the East Indies⁸: you will see the particulars in the papers; but we reckon that we don’t yet know the worst. Poor Admiral Boscawen⁹ has been most unfortunate¹⁰ during his whole expedition; and what increases the horror is, that I have been assured by a very intelligent person, that Lord Anson projected this business on purpose to ruin Boscawen, who, when they came together from the victory off Cape Finisterre, complained loudly of Anson’s behaviour. To silence and to hurt him, Anson dispatched him to Pondicherry, upon slight intelligence and upon improbable views.

Lord Coke’s suit is still in suspense; he has been dying: she was to have died, but has recovered wonderfully on his taking the lead. Mr. Chute diverted me excessively with a confidence that Chevalier Lorenzi made him the other night—I have told you the style of his *bon-mots*! He said

⁶ Launceston; the seat was vacant by the death of Sir William Morice, third Baronet, of Werrington, Devonshire.

⁷ Of Cumberland. *Walpole*.

⁸ On April 12 or 13, 1749, in consequence of a violent hurricane, three ships of Admiral Boscawen’s fleet (including his flagship, the *Namur*) were wrecked at Fort St. David on the Coromandel coast. The Admiral’s escape was due to his being on shore.

⁹ Edward, next brother of Lord Falmouth. *Walpole*.

¹⁰ Lack of reticence on the part of the government as to Boscawen’s object—the reduction of Pondicherry—made it possible for the French to put Dupleix on his guard, and the ignorance of the engineer officers, under whose orders Boscawen was to act, protracted the operations until the sickly season, when the Admiral was forced to raise the siege.

he should certainly return to England again, and that whenever he did, he would land at Bristol, because baths are the best places to make acquaintance,—just as if Mr. Chute, after living seven years in Italy, and keeping the best company, should return thither, and land at Leghorn, in order to make Italian acquaintance at Pisa!

Among the robberies, I might have told you of the eldest Miss Pelham¹¹ leaving a pair of diamond earrings, which she had borrowed for the birth-day, in a hackney chair; she had put them under the seat for fear of being attacked, and forgot them. The chairmen have sunk them. The next morning, when they were missed, the damsel began to cry; Lady Catherine¹² grew frightened, lest her infant should vex herself sick, and summoned a jury of matrons to consult whether she should give her hartshorn or lavender drops? Mrs. Selwyn¹³, who was on the panel, grew very peevish, and said, ‘Pho! give her brilliant drops.’ Such are the present anecdotes of the court of England! Adieu!

308. TO HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 25, 1750.

I AM come hither for a little repose and air. The fatigue of a London winter, between Parliaments and rakery, is a little too much without interruption for an elderly personage, that verges towards—I won’t say what. This accounts easily for my wanting quiet—but air in February will make you smile—yet it is strictly true, that the weather is unnaturally hot: we have had eight months of warmth

¹¹ Frances, eldest unmarried daughter of Henry Pelham. She became a confirmed gambler, and eventually ruined herself at play. She died unmarried in 1805.

¹² Lady Catherine Manners, sister of John, Duke of Rutland, and wife

of Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole*.

¹³ Mary Farendon, wife of John Selwyn, Treasurer to Queen Caroline, and Woman of the Bedchamber. *Walpole*.

beyond what was ever known *in any other country*; Italy is quite north with respect to us!—You know we have had an earthquake. Mr. Chute's Francesco says, that a few evenings before it there was a bright cloud, which the mob called *the bloody cloud*; that he had been told there never were earthquakes in England, or else he should have known by that symptom that there would be one within a week. I am told that Sir Isaac Newton foretold a great alteration in our climate in the year '50, and that he wished he could live to see it. Jupiter, I think, has jogged us three degrees nearer to the sun; but I don't tell you this for gospel, though I talk as bad astronomy as if I were inspired.

The Bedford Turnpike, which I announced to you in my last, is thrown out by a majority of fifty-two against the Duke of Bedford. The Pelhams, who lent their own persons to him, had set up the Duke of Grafton, to list their own dependents under against their rival. When the Chamberlain would head a party, you may be sure the opposite power is in the wane. The Newcastle is at open war, and has left off waiting on the Duke, who espouses the Bedfords. Mr. Pelham tries to patch it up, and is getting the Ordnance for the Duke¹; but there are scarce any terms kept. Lord Sandwich, who governs the little Duke² through the Duchess, is the chief object of the Newcastle's hatred. Indeed there never was such a composition! he is as capable of all little knavery, as if he was not practising all great knavery. During the turnpike contest, in which he laboured night and day against his friend Halifax, he tried the grossest tricks to break agreements, when the opposite side were gone away on the security of a suspension of action: and in the very middle of that I came to the knowledge of a cruel piece of flattery which he paid to his protector. He had made interest for these two years for one Parry, a poor

LETTER 308.—¹ Of Cumberland.² Of Bedford.

clergyman, schoolfellow and friend of his, to be Fellow of Eton, and had secured a majority for him. A Fellow died: another wrote to Sandwich to know if he was not to vote for Parry according to his engagement,—‘No, he must vote for one who had been tutor to the Duke of Bedford,’ who by that means has carried it. My Lady Lincoln³ was not suffered to go to a ball which Sandwich made the other night for the Duke, who tumbled down in the middle of a country dance; they imagined he had beat his nose flat, but he lay like a tortoise on the top shell, his face could not reach the ground by some feet. My Lady Anson⁴ was there, who insisted on dancing minuets, though against the rule of the night, with as much eagerness as you remember in my Lady Granville. Then she proposed herself for a *louvre*⁵; all the men vowed they had never heard of such a dance, upon which she dragged out Lady Betty Leveson⁶, and made her dance one with her.

At the last ball at the same house, a great dispute of precedence, which the Duchess of Norfolk had set on foot but has dropped, came to a trial. Lord Sandwich *contrived* to be on the outside of the door to hand down to supper whatever lady came out first. Madame de Mirepoix and the Duchess of Bedford were the rival queens; the latter made a faint offer to the ambassadress to go first; she returned it, and the other briskly accepted it; upon which the ambassadress, with great cleverness, made all the other women go before her, and then asked the Duke of Bedford if he would not go too. However, though they continue to visit, the

³ Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Pelham, and wife of Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln. *Walpole*.

⁴ Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Chancellor, and wife of George, Lord Anson. *Walpole*.

⁵ A *louvre* or *loure*, ‘danse grave

de paysans à deux temps, et d’un mouvement marqué.’ (Littré.)

⁶ Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower (d. 1784), fifth daughter of first Earl Gower; m. (1751) Hon. John (afterwards third Earl) Waldegrave. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses Amelia and Caroline.

wound is incurable: you don't imagine that a widow⁷ of the House of Lorrain, and a daughter of Princess Craon, can digest such an affront. It certainly was very absurd, as she is not only an ambassadress but a stranger; and consequently all English women, as being at home, should give her place. King George the Second and I don't agree in our explication of this text of ceremony; he approves the Duchess—so he does Miss Chudleigh, in a point where ceremony is out of the question. He opened the trenches before her a fortnight ago, at the masquerade—but at the last she had the gout, and could not come; he went away *fort* cross. His son is not so fickle. My Lady Middlesex has been miscarrying; he attends as incessantly as Mrs. Cannon⁸. The other morning the Princess came to call him to go to Kew; he made her wait in her coach above half an hour at the door. You will be delighted with a *bon-mot* of a chair-maker⁹, whom he has discarded for voting for Lord Trentham; one of his black-caps was sent to tell this Vaughan that the Prince would employ him no more; 'I am going to bid another person make his Royal Highness a chair.'—'With all my heart,' said the chair-maker; 'I don't care what they make him, so they don't make him a throne.'

The Westminster election, which is still scrutinizing, produced us a parliamentary event this week, and was very near producing something much bigger. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt moved to send for the High Bailiff to inquire into the delay. The opposition took it up very high, and on its being carried against them, the Court of Requests was filled

⁷ Madame de Mirepoix, eldest daughter of Prince Craon, and widow of the Prince de Lixin. *Walpole*.

⁸ The midwife. *Walpole*.—Mrs. Sidney Kennon (so called by Arthur Young, who gives some account of her in his *Autobiography*) was a well-known personage, and formed a large

collection of medals, bronzes, shells, books, &c. On her death in 1754 her curiosities were sold, and some items found a place at Strawberry Hill.

⁹ George Vaughan, sedan-chair maker to the royal family.

next day with mob, and the House crowded, and big with expectation. Nugent had flamed and abused Lord Sandwich violently, as author of this outrageous measure. When the Bailiff appeared, the pacific spirit of the other part of the administration had operated so much, that he was dismissed with honour; and only instructed to abridge all delays by authority of the House—in short, ‘we spit in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday.’ This is a new fashionable proverb which I must construe to you. About ten days ago, at the new Lady Cobham’s¹⁰ assembly, Lord Hervey¹¹ was leaning over a chair talking to some women, and holding his hat in his hand. Lord Cobham came up and spit in it—yes, spit in it!—and then, with a loud laugh, turned to Nugent, and said, ‘Pay me my wager.’ In short, he had laid a guinea that he committed this absurd brutality, and that it was not resented. Lord Hervey, with great temper and sensibility, asked if he had any farther occasion for his hat?—‘Oh! I see you are angry!’—‘Not very well pleased.’ Lord Cobham took the fatal hat, and wiped it, made a thousand foolish apologies, and wanted to pass it for a joke. Next morning he rose with the sun, and went to visit Lord Hervey; so did Nugent: he would not see them, but wrote to the Spitter (or, as he is now called, Lord Gob’em), to say, that he had affronted him very grossly before company, but having involved Nugent in it, he desired to know to which he was to address himself for satisfaction. Lord Cobham wrote him a most submissive answer, and begged pardon both in his own and Nugent’s name. Here it rested for a few days; till getting wind,

¹⁰ Anna Chamber, wife of Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, afterwards Earl Temple. *Walpole*.—She was an occasional correspondent of Horace Walpole, chiefly in reference to her *Select Poems*, printed in 1764 at

Strawberry Hill. She died suddenly in April, 1777.

¹¹ George, eldest son of John, late Lord Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol, whom this George succeeded in the title. *Walpole*.

Lord Hervey wrote again to insist on an explicit apology under Lord Cobham's own hand, with a rehearsal of the excuses that had been made to him. This too was complied with, and the *fair conqueror*¹² shows all the letters. Nugent's disgraces have not ended here: the night of his having declaimed so furiously against Lord Sandwich, he was standing by Lady Catherine Pelham, at the masquerade, without his mask: she was telling him a history of a mad dog (which I believe she had bit herself), young Leveson¹³, the Duchess of Bedford's brother, came up, without his mask too, and looking at Nugent, said, 'I have seen a mad dog to-day, and a silly dog too.'—'I suppose, Mr. Leveson, you have been looking in the glass.'—'No, I see him now.' Upon which they walked off together, but were prevented from fighting (if Nugent would have fought), and were reconciled at the side-board. You perceive by this that our factions are ripening. The Argyll carried all the Scotch against the turnpike: they were willing to be carried, for the Duke of Bedford, in case it should have come into the Lords, had writ to the sixteen peers to solicit their votes; but with so little deference, that he enclosed all the letters under one cover, directed to the British Coffee-house!

The new Duke of Somerset¹⁴ is dead: that title is at last restored to Sir Edward Seymour, after his branch had been most unjustly deprived of it for about one hundred and fifty years. Sir Hugh Smithson and Sir Charles Windham are Earls of Northumberland and Egremont, with vast estates; the former title, revived for the blood of Percy, has the misfortune of being coupled with the blood of a man that either let or drove coaches—such was Sir Hugh's grand-

¹² George, Lord Hervey, was a very effeminate-looking man, which probably encouraged Lord Temple to risk this disgusting act of incivility.
Dover.

¹³ Hon. Richard Leveson-Gower,

second son of first Earl Gower; M.P. for Lichfield; d. 1753.

¹⁴ Algernon, seventh Duke of Somerset, who had succeeded his father in 1748.

father! This peerage vacates his seat for Middlesex, and has opened a contest for the county, before even that for Westminster is decided. The Duchess of Richmond¹⁵ takes care that house shall not be extinguished: she again lies in, after having been with child seven-and-twenty times: but even this is not so extraordinary as the Duke's fondness for her, or as the vigour of her beauty: her complexion is as fair and blooming as when she was a bride.

We expect some chagrin on the new Regency, at the head of which is to be the Duke; 'An Augustum fessâ aetate totiens in Germaniam commeare potuisse,' say the mutineers in Tacitus—*Augustus* goes in April. He has notified to my Lord Orford his having given the reversion¹⁶ of New Park to his daughter Emily; and has given him leave to keep it in the best repair. One of the German women, Madame Munchausen, his minister's wife, contributes very kindly to the entertainment of the town. She is ugly, devout, and with that sort of coquetry which proceeds from a virtue that knows its own weakness so much as to be alarmed, even when nothing is meant to its prejudice. At a great dinner which they gave last week, somebody observed that all the sugar-figures in the dessert were girls: the Baron replied, 'Sa est frai; ordinairement les petits cupitons sont des garçons; mais ma femme s'est amusée toute la matinée à en ôter tout ça par motestie.' This improvement of hers is a curious refinement, though all the geniuses of the age are employed in designing new plans for desserts. The Duke of Newcastle's last was a baby Vauxhall, illuminated with a million of little lamps of various colours.

We have been sitting this fortnight on the African Company: *we*, the British Senate, that temple of liberty,

¹⁵ Sarah, daughter of Earl Cadogan, and wife of Charles, Duke of Richmond. *Watpole*.

¹⁶ Of the Rangership of New Park, Richmond.

and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have this fortnight been pondering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone!—it chills one's blood. I would not have to say that I voted in it for the continent of America! The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards was but a momentary misfortune, that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering these poor creatures for the good of their souls!

I have just received your long letter of Feb. 13th, and am pleased that I had writ this volume to return it. I don't know how almost to avoid wishing poor Prince Craon dead, to see the Princess end upon a throne¹⁷. I am sure she would invert Mr. Vaughan's wish, and compound to have nothing else made for her, provided a throne were.

I despise your *litterati* enormously for their opinion of Montesquieu's book. Bid them read that glorious chapter on the subject I have been mentioning, the selling of African slaves. Where did he borrow that? In what book in the world is there half so much wit, sentiment, delicacy, humanity?

I shall speak much more gently to you, my dear child, though you don't like Gothic architecture. The Grecian is only proper for magnificent and public buildings. Columns and all their beautiful ornaments look ridiculous when crowded into a closet or a cheesecake-house. The variety is little, and admits no charming irregularities. I am almost as fond of the *Sharawaggi*, or Chinese want of symmetry, in buildings, as in grounds or gardens. I am sure, whenever

¹⁷ There was a notion that King Stanislaus, who lived in Lorrain, was in love with her. *Walpole*.

you come to England, you will be pleased with the liberty of taste into which we are struck, and of which you can have no idea! Adieu!

309. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 11, 1750.

PORTENTS and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name¹.

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last (exactly a month since the first shock), the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. . . .² I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again . . .² on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles³, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Fran-

LETTER 309.—¹ Dryden's *All for Love*. Walpole.

² Passage omitted.

³ Rear-Admiral Charles Knowles

(d. 1777); afterwards Rear-Admiral of Great Britain and a Baronet. He had been Commander-in-Chief at Jamaica.

cesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn⁴. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say, they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord! one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had, was on the *ridotto*, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, 'I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgement.' If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of *cedrati* and orange-flower water: I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

The Middlesex election is carried against the Court⁵: the Prince, in a green frock (and I won't swear, but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat), sat under the Park wall in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford⁶. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant—this is wise! They will spend their money to carry a few more seats in a Parliament where they will never have the majority, and so have none to carry the general elections. The omen, however, is bad for Westminster; the High Bailiff went to vote for the opposition.

I now jump to another topic; I find all this letter will be detached scraps; I can't at all contrive to hide the seams:

⁴ In 1742.

Frazer Honywood.

⁵ The successful candidate was George Cooke; the defeated one

⁶ The polling place for Middlesex.

but I don't care. I began my letter merely to tell you of the earthquake, and I don't pique myself upon doing any more than telling you what you would be glad to have told you. . . .⁷ I told you too how pleased I was with the triumphs of another old beauty, our friend the Princess⁸. Do you know, I have found a history that has great resemblance to hers; that is, that will be very like hers, if hers is but like it. I will tell it you in as few words as I can. Madame la Maréchale de l'Hôpital was the daughter of a sempstress⁹; a young gentleman fell in love with her, and was going to be married to her, . . .⁷ but the match was broken off. An old *fermier-général*, who had retired into the province where this happened, hearing the story, had a curiosity to see the victim; he liked her, married her, died, and left her enough not to care for her inconstant . . .⁷ She came to Paris, where the Maréchal de l'Hôpital married her for her riches. After the Maréchal's death, Casimir, the abdicated King of Poland, who was retired into France, fell in love with the Maréchale, and privately married her. If the event ever happens, I shall certainly travel to Nancy, to hear her talk of *ma belle fille la Reine de France*. What pains my Lady Pomfret would take to prove that an abdicated King's wife did not take place of an English countess¹⁰; and how the Princess herself would grow still fonder of the Pretender¹¹ for the similitude of his fortune with that of *le Roi mon mari*! Her daughter, Mirepoix, was frightened the other night, with Mrs. Nugent's calling out, *Un voleur! un voleur!* The ambassadress had heard so much of robbing, that she did

⁷ Passage omitted.

⁸ The Princess Craon.

⁹ Marie Mignot, according to another account the daughter of a washerwoman. Her first suitor was Pontus de la Gardie (afterwards a distinguished general in the Swedish service). Her first husband was the

Sieur Desportes, Receiver-General of Dauphiné.

¹⁰ Lady Pomfret and Princess Craon did not visit at Florence, upon a dispute of precedence. *Walpole*.

¹¹ The Pretender, when in Lorraine, lived in Prince Craon's house. *Walpole*.

not doubt but, *dans ce pays-ci*, they robbed in the middle of an assembly. It turned out to be a *thief in the candle!* Good night!

310. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 2, 1750.

YOU will not wonder so much at our earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in town have taken them up upon the foot of *Judgements*¹; and the clergy, who have had no windfalls of a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations: Secker, the jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the next shock; and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's good pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock², who has much better sense, and much less of the Popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter, of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for, since the two first editions. You never read so impudent, so absurd a piece! This earthquake, which has done no hurt, in a country where no earthquake ever did any, is sent, according to the Bishop, to punish bawdy prints, bawdy books (in one of which Mrs. Pilkington³ drew his Lordship's picture), gaming, drinking—(no, I think, drinking and avarice, those orthodox vices, are omitted), and all other sins, natural or

LETTER 310.—¹ By judgements here is not meant anything that is the effect of judiciousness, but a kind of punishment, invented by divines, by which, on any great calamity, God is supposed to chastise a general people or posterity for the crimes of particulars, or for the sins of their

ancestors. *Walpole*.

² Thomas Sherlock, Master of the Temple, first Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards of London. *Walpole*.

³ Letitia Pilkington (1712-1750), adventuress and author. Her *Memoirs* were published in 1748.

not, which he makes a principal ingredient in the composition of an earthquake, because not having been able to answer a late piece, which Middleton has writ against him, he has turned the Doctor over to God for punishment, even in this world. Here is an epigram, which this subject put into my head :

When Whitfield preaches, and when Whiston writes,
All cry, that madness dictates either's flights.
When Sherlock writes, or canting Secker preaches,
All think good sense inspires what either teaches.
Why, when all four for the same gospel fight,
Should two be crazy, two be in the right?
Plain is the reason—every son of Eve
Thinks the two madmen, what they teach, believe.

I told you the women talked of going out of town : several families are literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow ; for what adds to the absurdity, is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter now I have begun it, lest you should think I am laughing at you : but it is so true, that Arthur of White's told me last night, that he should put off the last ridotto, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic. Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, 'Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake !' But I have done with this ridiculous panic : two pages were too much to talk of it.

We have had nothing in Parliament but trade bills, on

one of which the Speaker humbled the arrogance of Sir John Barnard, who had reflected upon the proceedings of the House. It is to break up on Thursday se'nnight, and the King goes this day fortnight. He has made Lord Vere Beauclerc a baron⁴, at the solicitation of the Pelhams, as this Lord had resigned upon a pique with Lord Sandwich. Lord Anson, who is treading in the same path, and leaving the Bedfords to follow his father-in-law, the Chancellor, is made a privy councillor, with Sir Thomas Robinson and Lord Hyndford. Lord Conway is to be an earl⁵, and Sir John Rawdon⁶ (whose follies you remember, and whose boasted loyalty of having been kicked downstairs for not drinking the Pretender's health, though even that was false, is at last rewarded) and Sir John Vesey⁷ are to be Irish lords; and a Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, and a Mr. Loyd⁸, Knights of the Bath.

I was entertained the other night at the house of much such a creature as Sir John Rawdon, and one whom you remember too, Naylor. He has a wife who keeps the most indecent house of all those that are called decent: every *Sunday* she has a counterband assembly: I had had a card for *Monday* a fortnight before. As the day was new, I expected a great assembly, but found scarce six persons. I asked where the company was—I was answered, 'Oh! they are not come yet: they will be here presently; they all supped here last night, stayed till morning, and I suppose are not up yet.' In the bedchamber I found two beds, which is too cruel to poor Naylor, to tell the whole town that he is the only man in it who does not lie with his wife!

⁴ He took the title of Baron Vere of Hanworth.

⁵ Lord Conway became Earl of Hertford.

⁶ Sir John Rawdon (1720-1793), fourth Baronet, cr. Baron Rawdon

of Moira, co. Down, and (1761) Earl of Moira.

⁷ Sir John Denny Vesey (d. 1761), second Baronet; cr. Baron Knapton.

⁸ The two last promotions did not take place.

My Lord Bolingbroke has lost his wife⁹. When she was dying, he acted grief; flung himself upon her bed, and asked her if she could forgive him. I never saw her, but have heard her wit and parts excessively commended. Dr. Middleton told me a compliment she made him two years ago, which I thought pretty. She said she was persuaded that he was a very great writer, for she understood his works better than any other English book, and that she had observed that the best writers were always the most intelligible.

Wednesday.

I had not time to finish my letter on Monday. I return to the earthquake, which I had mistaken; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day:

‘On Monday next will be published (price 6*d.*) A true and exact List of all the Nobility and Gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another Earthquake.’

Several women have made earthquake gowns; that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose: she says, all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel¹⁰, and Lord and Lady Galway¹¹, who go this evening to an

⁹ She was a Frenchwoman, the widow of a Monsieur de Villettes. *Walpole*.—Marie Clara Deschamps de Marcilly, Marquise de Villette, married to Lord Bolingbroke in 1720. Her first husband was related to Madame de Maintenon.

¹⁰ Lady Frances Manners, third daughter of second Duke of Rutland;

m. (1732) Hon. Richard Arundel, second son of Lord Arundel of Tre-rice; d. 1769.

¹¹ John Monckton (1695–1751), first Viscount Galway, and his second wife Jane (d. 1788), daughter of Henry Westenra, of Dublin. His first wife was a daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish. The prophet of all this (next to the Bishop of London, whom Mr. Chute and I have agreed not to believe till he has been three days in a whale's belly) is a trooper of Lord Delawar's, who was yesterday sent to Bedlam. His *colonel* sent to the man's wife, and asked her if her husband had ever been disordered before. She cried, 'Oh dear! my Lord, he is not mad now; if your *Lordship* would but get any *sensible* man to examine him, you would find he is quite in his right mind.'

I shall now tell you something more serious: Lord Dalkeith¹² is dead of the small-pox in three days. It is so dreadfully fatal in his family, that besides several uncles and aunts, his eldest boy¹³ died of it last year; and his only brother¹⁴, who was ill but two days, putrefied so fast that his limbs fell off as they lifted the body into the coffin. Lady Dalkeith¹⁵ is five months gone with child; she was hurrying to him, but was stopped on the road by the physician, who told her that it was a miliary fever. They were remarkably happy.

The King goes on Monday se'nnight¹⁶; it is looked upon as a great event that the Duke of Newcastle has prevailed on him to speak to Mr. Pitt, who has detached himself from the Bedfords. The Monarch, who had kept up his Hanoverian resentments, though he had made him Paymaster, is now beat out of the dignity of his silence: he was to pretend not to know Pitt, and was to be directed to him by the Lord in Waiting. Pitt's jealousy is of Lord Sandwich,

¹² Francis Scot, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch. *Walpole*.

¹³ John Scott, Lord Whitechester.

¹⁴ Lord Charles Scott, who died at Oxford in 1747.

¹⁵ Caroline, eldest daughter and

heiress of John, Duke of Argyle. She was married again in 1755 to Charles, second son of Lord Townshend, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty. *Walpole*.

¹⁶ To Hanover. *Walpole*.

who knows his own interest and unpopularity so well, that he will prevent any breach, and thereby what you fear, which yet I think you would have no reason to fear. I could not say enough of my anger to your father, but I shall take care to say nothing, as I have not forgot how my zeal for you made me provoke him once before.

Your genealogical affair is in great train, and will be quite finished in a week or two. Mr. Chute has laboured at it indefatigably: General Guise has been attesting the authenticity of it to-day before a Justice of the Peace. You will find yourself mixed with every drop of blood in England that is worth bottling up: the Duchess of Norfolk and you grow on the same bough of the tree. I must tell you a very curious anecdote that Strawberry King-at-Arms¹⁷ has discovered by the way, as he was tumbling over the mighty dead in the Heralds' Office. You have heard me speak of the great injustice that the Protector Somerset did to the children of his first wife, in favour of those by his second; so much, that he not only had the dukedom settled on the younger brood, but, to deprive the eldest of the title of Lord Beauchamp, which he wore by inheritance, he caused himself to be anew created *Viscount Beauchamp*. Well, in Vincent's Baronage, a book of great authority, speaking of the Protector's wives, are these remarkable words: *Katherina, filia et una Coh. Gul: Fillol de Fillol's Hall in Essex, uxor prima; repudiata, quia pater ejus post nuptias eam cognovit*. The Speaker has since referred me to our Journals, where are some notes of a trial in the reign of James the First, between Edward, the second son of Katherine the *dutiful*, and the Earl of Hertford, son of Anne Stanhope, which in some measure confirms our MS.; for it says, the Earl of Hertford objected, that John, the eldest son of all, was begotten while the Duke was in

¹⁷ Mr. Chute. Walpole.

France. This title, which now comes back at last to Sir Edward Seymour, is disputed: my Lord Chancellor has refused him the writ, but referred his case to the Attorney-General¹⁸, the present great opinion of England, who, they say, is clear for Sir Edward's succession¹⁹.

I shall now go and show you Mr. Chute in a different light from heraldry, and in one in which I believe you never saw him. He will shine as usual; but, as a little more severely than his good-nature is accustomed to, I must tell you that he was provoked by the most impertinent usage. It is a parcel of epigrams on Lady Caroline Peter-sham, whose present fame, by the way, is coupled with young Harry Vane. . . .²⁰

What makes Clodio, who always was fond of new faces,
So notoriously constant to Fulvia's embraces?
Ask Fulvia the cause—she can tell you the true one,
Who makes her old face every morning a new one.

The next is on her and her friend Miss A.²¹

Fulvia the tall wears Nana on her arm,
Both vain, both varnish'd, wanton both and warm;
Twin sisters both in everything but this:
Nana leaps up and Fulvia stoops to kiss.

WHO IS THIS?

Her face has beauty, we must all confess,
But beauty on the brink of ugliness:
Her mouth's a rabbit feeding on a rose;
With eyes—ten times too good for such a nose!
Her blooming cheeks—what paint could ever draw 'em?
That paint, for which no mortal ever saw 'em.
Air without shape—of royal race divine—
'Tis Emily—oh! fie!—'tis Caroline.

¹⁸ Sir Dudley Ryder. *Walpole*.

¹⁹ The title of Beauchamp did not pass to Sir Edward Seymour with the Dukedom of Somerset, but became

the second title of Horace Walpole's cousin, the Earl of Hertford.

²⁰ Passage omitted.

²¹ Miss Ashe. See note on p. 452.

Do but think of my beginning a third sheet ! but as the Parliament is rising, and I shall probably not write you a tolerably long letter again these eight months, I will lay in a stock of merit with you to last me so long. Mr. Chute has set me too upon making epigrams ; but as I have not his art, mine is almost a copy of verses : the story he told me, and is literally true, of an old Lady Bingley ²² :

Celia now had completed some thirty campaigns,
And for new generations was hammering chains ;
When whetting those terrible weapons, her eyes,
To Jenny, her handmaid, in anger she cries,
'Careless creature ! did mortal e'er see such a glass !
Who that saw me in this, could e'er guess what I was !
Much you mind what I say ! pray how oft have I bid you
Provide me a new one ? how oft have I chid you ?'
'Lord, Madam !' cried Jane, 'you're so hard to be pleas'd !
I am sure every glassman in town I have teas'd :
I have hunted each shop from Pall Mall to Cheapside :
Both Miss Carpenter's man ²³, and Miss Banks's ²⁴ I've tried.'
'Don't tell me of those girls !—all I know, to my cost,
Is, the looking-glass art must be certainly lost !
One us'd to have mirrors so smooth and so bright,
They did one's eyes justice, they heighten'd one's white,
And fresh roses diffus'd o'er one's bloom—but, alas !
In the glasses made now, one detests one's own face ;
They pucker one's cheeks up and furrow one's brow,
And one's skin looks as yellow as that of Miss Howe ²⁵ !'

After an epigram that seems to have found out the longitude, I shall tell you but one more, and that wondrous short. It is said to be made by a cow. You must not

²² Lady Elizabeth Finch, eldest daughter of Heneage, Earl of Aylesford, and widow of Robert Benson, Lord Bingley. *Walpole*.

²³ Countess of Egremont. *Walpole*.—Hon. Alicia Maria Carpenter (d. 1794), daughter of second Baron Carpenter and sister of first Earl of Tyrconnel ; m. 1. Charles Wyndham,

second Earl of Egremont ; 2. Count Brühl. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Charlotte.

²⁴ Miss Margaret Banks, a celebrated beauty. *Walpole*.

²⁵ Charlotte, sister of Lord Howe, and wife of Mr. Fettiplace. *Walpole*.

wonder; we tell as many strange stories as Baker²⁶ and Livy:

A warm winter, a dry spring,
A hot summer, a new King.

Though the sting is very epigrammatic, the whole of the distich has more of the truth than becomes prophecy; that is, it is false, for the spring is wet and cold.

There is come from France a Madame Bocage²⁷, who has translated Milton: my Lord Chesterfield prefers the copy to the original; but that is not uncommon for him to do, who is the patron of bad authors and bad actors. She has written a play too, which was damned, and worthy my Lord's approbation. You would be more diverted with a Mrs. Holman, whose passion is keeping an assembly, and inviting literally everybody to it. She goes to the Drawing-room to watch for sneezes; whips out a curtsy, and then sends next morning to know how your cold does, and to desire your company next Thursday.

Mr. Whithed has taken my Lord Pembroke's house at Whitehall; a glorious situation, but as madly built as my Lord himself was. He has bought some delightful pictures too, of Claude, Gaspar, and good masters, to the amount of four hundred pounds.

Good night! I have nothing more to tell you, but that I have lately seen a Sir William Boothby, who saw you about a year ago, and adores you, as all the English you receive ought to do. He is much in my favour.

²⁶ Sir Richard Baker, Knight (1568-1645), whose *Chronicle of the Kings of England from the time of the Romans' Government unto the death of King James* was long a popular book, especially with country gentlemen.

Addison mentions it as forming part of Sir Roger de Coverley's library.

²⁷ Marie Anne le Page (1710-1802), wife of Pierre Joseph Fiquet du Boccage. Her tragedy *Les Amazones* was produced in 1749.

311. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, May 15, 1750.

THE High Bailiff, after commending himself and his own impartiality for an hour this morning, not unlike your cousin Pelham, has declared Lord Trentham. The mob declare they will pull his house down to show their impartiality. The Princess has luckily produced another boy¹, so Sir George Vandeput² may be recompensed with being godfather. I stand to-morrow—not for a member, but for godfather to my sister's girl, with Mrs. Selwyn and old Dunch³: were ever three such dowagers? when shall three such meet again? If the babe has not a most sentimentally yellow complexion after such sureties, I will burn my books, and never answer for another skin.

You have heard, I suppose, that Nugent must answer a little more seriously for my Lady Lymington's⁴ child. Why, she was as ugly as Mrs. Nugent, had had more children, and was not young. . . .⁵

Adieu! I have told you all I know, and as much is scandal, very possibly more than is true. I go to Strawberry on Saturday, and so shall not know even scandal.

Yours ever,

H. W.

312. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1750.

I DID not doubt but you would be diverted with the detail of absurdities that were committed after the earth-

LETTER 311.—¹ Prince Frederick William, d. 1765.

² Sir George Vandeput, second Baronet; d. 1784.

³ Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Charles Godfrey by his wife Arabella, daughter of Sir Winston Churchill (and former mistress of James II); m. Edmund Dunch, Comptroller of

the Household to George I; d. 1761.

⁴ Catherine (d. July 7, 1750), daughter of John Conduitt, of Cranberry, Hampshire; m. (1740) John Wallop, Viscount Lymington, eldest son of first Earl of Portsmouth, whom he predeceased in 1749.

⁵ Passage omitted.

quake : I could have filled more paper with such relations, if I had not feared tiring you. We have swarmed with sermons, essays, relations, poems, and exhortations on that subject. One Stukely¹, a parson, has accounted for it, and I think prettily, by electricity—but that is the fashionable cause, and everything is resolved into electrical appearances, as formerly everything was accounted for by Descartes's vortices, and Sir Isaac's gravitation. But they all take care, after accounting for the earthquake systematically, to assure you that still it was nothing less than a judgement. Dr. Barton, the Rector of St. Andrews, was the only sensible, or at least honest divine, upon the occasion. When some women would have had him pray to them in his parish church against the intended shock, he excused himself on having a great cold. 'And besides,' said he, 'you may go to St. James's Church ; the Bishop of Oxford is to preach there all night about earthquakes.' Turner, a great china-man, at the corner of next street, had a jar cracked by the shock : he originally asked ten guineas for the pair : he now asks twenty, 'because it is the only jar in Europe that has been cracked by an earthquake.' But I have quite done with this topic. The Princess of Wales is lowering the price of princes, as the earthquake has raised old china ; she has produced a fifth boy. In a few years we shall have Dukes of York and Lancaster popping out of bagnios and taverns as frequently as Duke Hamilton². George Selwyn said a good thing the other day on another cheap dignity : he was asked who was playing at tennis ? He replied, 'Nobody but three markers and a *Regent*,' your friend Lord Sandwich. While we are undervaluing all principali-

LETTER 312.—¹ William Stukeley (1687–1765), writer on antiquarian and scientific subjects. He was at this time Vicar of St. George the Martyr, in Queen Square, London.

His publication on this occasion was entitled *The Philosophy of Earthquakes, Natural and Religious*.

² James Hamilton (1724–1758), sixth Duke of Hamilton.

ties and powers, you are making a rout with them, for which I shall scold you. We had been diverted with the pompous accounts of the reception of the Margrave of Baden Dourlach at Rome; and now you tell me he has been put upon the same foot at Florence! I never heard his name when he was here, but on his being mobbed as he was going to Wanstead³, and the people's calling him the Prince of Bad-door-lock. He was still less noticed than he of Modena.

Lord Bath is as well received at Paris as a German Margrave in Italy. Everybody goes to Paris: Lord Mountford⁴ was introduced to the King, who only said brutally enough, '*Ma foi! il est bien nourri!*' Lord Albemarle⁵ keeps an immense table there, with sixteen people in his kitchen; his aide-de-camps invite everybody, but he seldom graces the banquet himself, living retired out of the town with his old Columbine⁶. What an extraordinary man! with no fortune at all, and with slight parts, he has seventeen thousand pounds a year from the government, which he squanders away, though he has great debts, and four or five numerous broods of children of one sort or other!

The famous Westminster election is at last determined, and Lord Trentham returned: the mob were outrageous, and pelted Colonel Waldegrave⁷ (whom they took for Mr. Leveson) from Covent Garden to the Park, and knocked down Mr. Offley, who was with him. Lord Harrington⁸ was scarce better treated when he went on

³ In Essex, the seat of Earl Tylney.

⁴ Henry Bromley, Lord Mountford. *Walpole*.

⁵ William Anne Van Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle, Ambassador at Paris, Knight of the Garter, Groom of the Stole, Governor of Virginia, Colonel of a regiment of Guards, &c. *Walpole*.

⁶ Mademoiselle Gauchet. *Walpole*.

⁷ Hon. John Waldegrave (1718-1784), third son of first Earl Waldegrave; succeeded his brother as third Earl Waldegrave, 1768; served in the army; Master of the Horse to Queen Charlotte, 1770; General, 1772.

⁸ William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, Lord Lieutenant. *Walpole*.

board a ship from Dublin. There are great commotions there about one Lucas⁹, an apothecary, and favourite of the mob. The Lord Lieutenant bought off a Sir Richard Cox, a Patriot, by a place in the revenue, though with great opposition from that silly mock-virtuoso, Billy Bristow¹⁰, and that sillier Fred. Frankland, two oafs, whom you have seen in Italy, and who are commissioners there. Here are great disputes in the Regency, where Lord Harrington finds there is not spirit enough to discard these puppet-show heroes!

We have got a second volume of Bower's¹¹ *History of the Popes*, but it is tiresome and pert, and running into a warmth and partiality that he had much avoided in his first volume. He has taken such pains to disprove the Pope's supremacy being acknowledged pretty early, that he has convinced me it was acknowledged. Not that you and I care whether it were or not. He is much admired here; but I am not good Christian enough to rejoice over him, because he turned Protestant; nor honour his confessorship, when he ran away with the materials that were trusted to him to write for the

⁹ Charles Lucas (1713-1771), whose denunciations of the proceedings of Dublin aldermen and of Irish parliamentary corruption attracted the attention of the government. In order to prevent him from becoming a parliamentary candidate, he was called before the bar of the Irish House of Commons and declared an enemy to his country. A resolution was also passed, ordering his imprisonment in Newgate. Lucas escaped to the Isle of Man, and thence to London. He did not return to Ireland until 1761.

¹⁰ 'Mr. Bristow, brother of the Countess of Buckingham, friend of Lord Bath, and a great pretender to taste.' (Note by Horace Walpole in *Description of Strawberry Hill*.)

¹¹ Archibald Bower (1686-1766), a

Scotchman, who became a Jesuit in 1706. He afterwards left the Roman Church, was readmitted to it, and again left it. His Protestant orthodoxy fell under suspicion in 1754, and in 1756 he engaged in a war of pamphlets to refute charges brought against him by Sir Henry Bedingfield and John Douglas (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury). Some account of this controversy is given by Horace Walpole (who was strongly prejudiced in Bower's favour) in his letter to Mann of Feb. 23, 1756. Bower was indebted to Lyttelton's steady friendship for two posts enjoyed by him—those of Keeper of Queen Caroline's library and Clerk of the Buck Warrants. His *History of the Popes* was published between 1748 and 1766.

papacy, and makes use of them to write against it. You know how impartial I am ; I can love him for being shocked at a system of cruelty supporting nonsense ; I can be pleased with the truths he tells ; I can and do admire his style, and his genius in recovering a language that he forgot by six years old, so well as to excel in writing it, and yet I wish that all this had happened without any breach of trust !

Stosch has grievously offended me ; but that he will little regard, as I can be of no use to him : he has sold or given his charming *intaglia* of the Gladiator to Lord Duncannon¹². I must reprove you a little who sent it ; you know how much I pressed you to buy it for me, and how much I offered. I still think it one of the finest rings¹³ I ever saw, and am mortified at not having it.

Apropos to Bower ; Miss Pelham had heard that he had foretold the return of the earthquake-fit : her father sent for him, to convince her that Bower was too sensible ; but had the precaution to talk to him first : he replied gravely, that a fire was kindled under the earth, and he could not tell when it would blaze out. You may be sure he was not carried to the girl ! Adieu !

313. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, June 23, 1750.

As I am not Vanneck'd¹, I have been in no hurry to thank you for your congratulation, and to assure you that I never

¹² William Ponsonby, son of the Earl of Besborough, and a Lord of the Admiralty. *Walpole*.

¹³ It is engraved in Stosch's book : it is a Gladiator standing, with a vase by him on a table, on an exceedingly fine garnet. *Walpole*.

LETTER 313.—¹ 'May 26. Horatio Walpole, Esq., brother to Lord Orford, to the eldest daughter of Joshua Van Neck, Esq., merchant.'

(*Gent. Mag.*, 1750, p. 284.) The announcement refers to the marriage of Thomas, second son of Horatio Walpole (afterwards Lord Walpole of Wolterton), and first cousin of Horace Walpole. In later years Horace Walpole was on very friendly terms with Thomas Walpole, who was a banker. A series of letters addressed to him is included in the present edition.

knew what solid happiness was till I was married. Your Trevors and Rices dined with me last week at Strawberry Hill, and would have had me answer you upon the matrimonial tone, but I thought I should imitate cheerfulness in that style as ill as if I really were married. I have had another of your friends with me there some time, whom I adore, Mr. Bentley²; he has more sense, judgement, and wit, more taste, and more misfortunes, than sure ever met in any man. I have heard that Dr. Bentley, regretting his wanting taste for all such learning as his, which is the very want of taste, used to sigh and say, 'Tully had his Marcus.' If the sons resembled as much as the fathers did, at least in vanity,

² Richard Bentley (1708-1782), son of the famous scholar of the same name. Bentley's wit and artistic talents were peculiarly acceptable to Horace Walpole. He lived for some time at Teddington, and became a frequent guest at Strawberry Hill. Besides numerous Gothic designs, utilized by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, Bentley made architectural drawings in that style for Lords Holderness and Strafford, Lady Mary Churchill, and others. He also illustrated the edition of Gray's *Poems* published by Horace Walpole in 1753. During Bentley's absence in Jersey (to avoid his creditors), Horace Walpole corresponded with him, and showed keen interest in his pecuniary affairs and artistic pursuits. In 1761 their friendly relations came to an end. Various reasons have been assigned for the quarrel—Bentley's impatience of patronage (according to his nephew Cumberland)—an attempt on Bentley's part to borrow money from Horace Walpole—or (according to the latter's own account to Cole) Bentley's being 'forward to introduce his wife at his [Walpole's] house when people of the first fashion were there.' Before their parting Walpole had procured for Bentley a small place, probably in the Custom House, which

he afterwards resigned. Bentley's subsequent patrons were Lord Melcombe (to whom he addressed a poem) and Lord Bute, through whom he obtained two sinecures—a Commissionership of the Lottery, and a place in the Post Office. He died in Abingdon Street, Westminster, in 1782, leaving several children, for whose benefit Horace Walpole invested a sum of money in the funds. From a letter of George Hardinge to Walpole, dated July 17, 1780, it appears that Walpole assisted Bentley long after their acquaintance ceased:—'at Sir John Griffin's the other day I met *your* Bentley, whom I was glad to see, as a very singular genius. I discovered by an accident that you are still generous to him.' (Nichols, *Illust. Lit. Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 207.) Besides translating Hentzner's *Travels* (printed at Strawberry Hill in 1757), Bentley wrote at least one paper in *The World*, as well as several unsuccessful plays. Cole records Bentley's opinion of Walpole as a letter writer:—'Walpole was the best letter writer that ever took pen in hand; . . . he wrote with the greatest ease imaginable, with company in the room, and even talking to other people at the time.' (*Athene Cantabrigienses*, quoted by Nichols, *Lit. Anec.*, vol. viii. p. 573.)

I would be the modest agreeable Marcus. Mr. Bentley tells me that you press him much to visit you at Hawkhurst³. I advise him, and assure him he will make his fortune under you there; that you are an agent from the Board of Trade to the smugglers, and wallow in contraband wine, tea, and silk handkerchiefs. I found an old newspaper t'other day, with a list of outlawed smugglers; there were John Price, *alias* Miss Marjoram, Bob Plunder, Bricklayer Tom, and Robin Cursemother, all of Hawkhurst in Kent. When Miss Harriet⁴ is thoroughly hardened at Buxton, as I hear she is by lying in a public room with the whole Wells, from drinking waters, I conclude she will come to sip nothing but run brandy.

As jolly and abominable a life as she may have been leading, I defy all her enormities to equal a party of pleasure that I had t'other night. I shall relate it to you to show you the manners of the age, which are always as entertaining to a person fifty miles off as to one born an hundred and fifty years after the time. I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house at half an hour after seven, and found her and the little Ashe⁵, or the pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. On the cabinet stood a pair of Dresden candlesticks, a present from the virgin hands of Sir John Bland⁶; the branches of each formed a

³ In Kent. Montagu's presence there might be due to his cousin, Lord Halifax, possessing property there in right of his wife, heiress of Sir Thomas Dunk, of Tong's Wood in that parish.

⁴ Miss Harriet Montagu.

⁵ Miss Elizabeth Ashe, stated, indirectly by Wraxall and directly by Mrs. Piozzi (who describes her as 'a pretty creature, but particularly

small in her person'), to have been of very high parentage. After many adventures, including a Fleet wedding and an elopement with the younger Wortley-Montagu, she married Captain Falconer or Falkner, a naval officer.

⁶ Sir John Bland, seventh Baronet, of Kippax Park, Yorkshire. He ruined himself at play, and committed suicide in 1755.

little bower over a cock and hen treading, yes, literally! We issued into the Mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just so many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by *chance*. We mustered the Duke of Kingston, whom Lady Caroline says she has been trying for these seven years, but alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf, Lord March⁷, Mr. Whithed, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sparre⁸. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly conduct of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up the Mall with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham⁹, with his nose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us on the outside, and repassed again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called to him; he would not answer: she gave a familiar spring, and, between laugh and confusion, ran up to him, 'My Lord, my Lord! why, you don't see us!' We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward in expectation how all this would end, for my Lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of anybody: she said, 'Do you go with us, or are you going anywhere else?'—'I don't go with you, I am going somewhere else'; and away he stalked, as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall. There, if we had so pleased, we might have had the vivacity of our party increased by a quarrel, for a

⁷ William Douglas (1724-1810), third Earl of March and Ruglen; succeeded his cousin as fourth Duke of Queensberry in 1778; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1760-89; Vice-Admiral of Scotland, 1767-76; First Lord of Police, 1776-82. He was a well-known man about town, and patron of the turf and the opera, and was

latterly known as 'Old Q.'

⁸ Miss Amelia Melesina Sparre, daughter of Baron Sparre (who served under Charles XII of Sweden in all his campaigns) by Countess Gyllenberg, daughter of a former Swedish prime minister.

⁹ His gait procured him the nickname 'Peter Shamble.'

Mrs. Loyd¹⁰, who is supposed to be married to Lord Haddington, seeing the two girls following Lady C. and Miss Ashe, said aloud, 'Poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company.' Miss Sparre, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel, a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky to see,—took due pains to make Lord March resent this; but he, who is very lively and agreeable, laughed her out of this charming frolic with a great deal of humour. Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny's Whim¹¹; where, instead of going to old Strafford's catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with Lady Fitzroy¹², and left her and eight other women and four other men playing at brag. He would fain have made over his honourable love upon any terms to poor Miss Beauclerc, who is very modest, and did not know at all what to do with his whispers or his hands. He then addressed himself to the Sparre, who was very well disposed to receive both; but the tide of champagne turned, he hiccupped at the reflection of his marriage, of which he is wondrous sick, and only proposed to the girl to shut themselves up and rail at the world for three weeks. If all the adventures don't conclude as you expect in the beginning of a paragraph, you must not wonder, for I am not making a history, but relating one strictly as it happened, and I think with full entertainment enough to content you. At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from

¹⁰ Mary (d. 1785), widow of Gresham Lloyd, and daughter of Rowland Holt, of Redgrave, Suffolk; m. (Oct. 1750) Thomas Hamilton, seventh Earl of Haddington.

¹¹ A tavern at Chelsea.

¹² Elizabeth (d. 1788), daughter of Colonel William Cosby, Governor of

New York; m. (1) Lord Augustus Fitzroy, third son of second Duke of Grafton (by whom she was the mother of the third Duke of Grafton, and of Charles Fitzroy, created Lord Southampton); (2) James Jeffreys, Commissioner of Customs.

the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his Norsa and *petite partie*, to help us mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady C. stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty¹³, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction.—There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland, who would get the Duchess of Manchester from Mr. Hussey, if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to Lady Car., 'Madam, Miss Ashe desires you will eat this O'Brien strawberry'; she replied immediately, 'I won't, you hussey!'—You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned.—After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, 'Now, how anybody would spoil this story that was to repeat it, and say, I won't, you jade!' In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth: at last, they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper, and drank their healths, and was proceeding to

¹³ 'Aug. 30. Aged 67, at her house, facing St. James's Street, at the top of Park Place, Mrs. Elizabeth Neale, better known by the name of *Betty*. She had kept, for very many years, a house in St. James's Street, as a fruit-shop, from which she had retired about 14 years. She had the first pre-eminence in her occupation, and might be justly called the Queen of Apple-women. Her knowledge of families and characters, of the last and present age, was wonderful. She

was a woman of pleasing manners and conversation, and abounding with anecdote and entertainment. Her company was even sought for by the highest of our men of rank and fortune. She was born in the same street in which she ever lived, and used to say she never slept out of it but twice, on a visit to a friend in the country, and at a Windsor installation.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1797, Pt. ii. p. 891.)

treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home.—I think I have told you the chief passages. Lord Granby's temper had been a little ruffled the night before : the Prince had invited him and Dick Lyttelton to Kew, where he won eleven hundred pound of the latter, and eight of the former, then cut, and told them he would play with them no longer, for he saw they played so idly, that they were capable of *losing more than they would like*.

Adieu ! I expect in return for this long tale that you will tell me some of your frolics with Robin Cursemother, and some of Miss Marjoram's *bon-mots*.

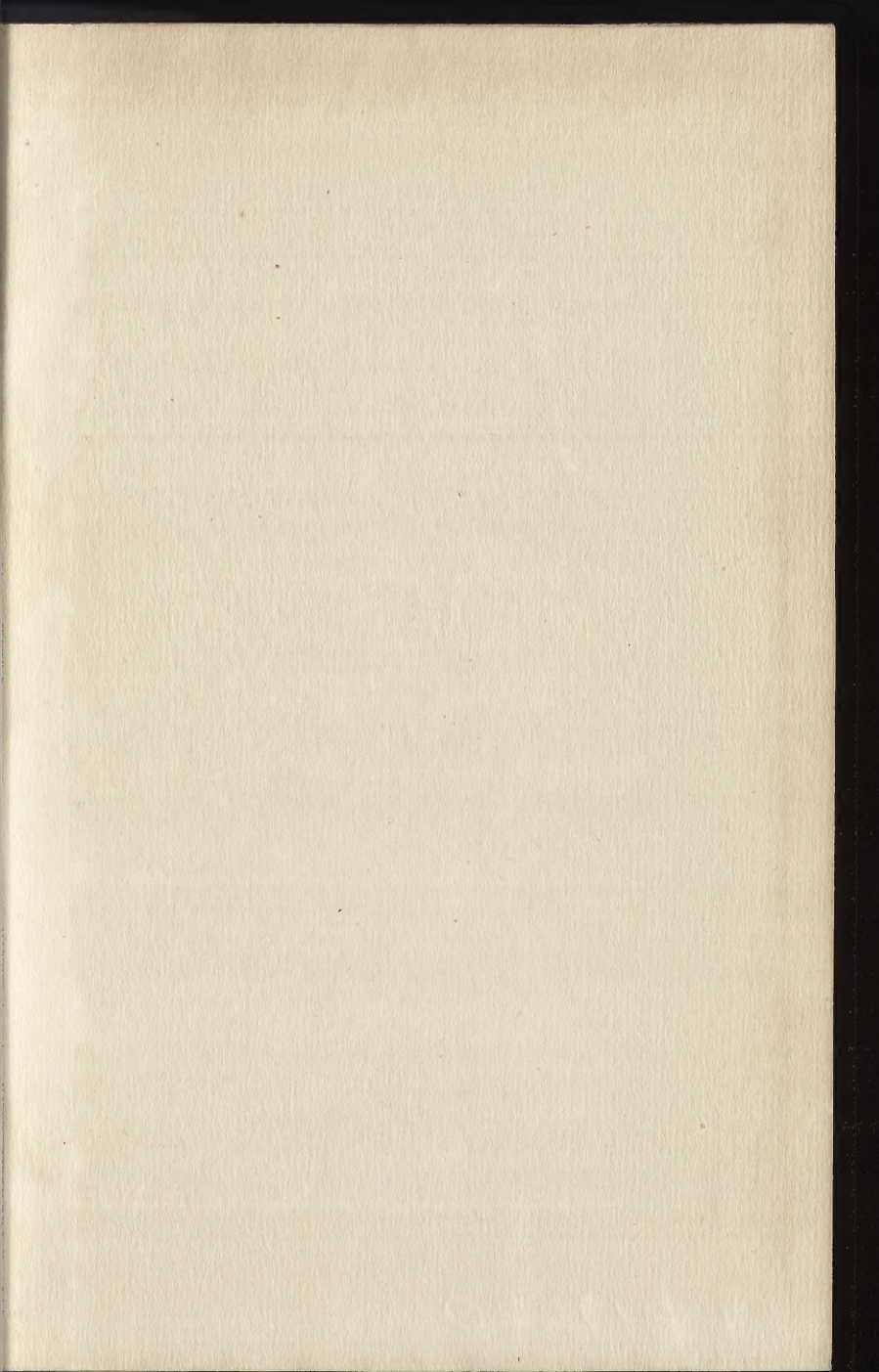
Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Dr. Middleton called on me yesterday : he is come to town to consult his physician for a jaundice and swelled legs, symptoms which, the doctor tells him, and which he believes, can be easily cured ; I think him visibly broke, and near his end. He lately advised me to marry, on the sense of his own happiness ; but if anybody had advised him to the contrary, at his time of life, I believe he would not have broke so fast.

ERRATUM.

Page 39, Letter 156, note 1. For 'Trojano Boccacini wrote a satirical poem,' &c., read 'Trajano Boccacini (1556=1613) wrote a satirical work, *Ragguagli di Parnaso*, which was translated into English, under the title of *Advertisements from Parnassus*, by Henry Carey, second Earl of Monmouth, in 1656.'



87-B19220

GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00602 4596

